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[LORD INGARSTONE EXPRESSES HIS SUSPICION OF HOLT.]

THE WARNING VOICE.

By the Author of "Mrs. Larkill's Boarding School," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

THE UNNATURAL PARENT.

I had a son, now
Outlaw'd from my blood;
But lately, very late, I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer. *Shakespeare.*

The reward of one hundred pounds for news of Tim Holt had been offered by Lord Ingarstone at the suggestion of his daughter Beatrice.

"It is a large sum," she had said; "but if the apprehension of this man should lead to the vindication of Nolan's innocence, is it too large?"

His lordship admitted that it was not. "He must be found, dear father," Beatrice had urged; "could never rest in my bed with the thought that my sister's murderer was prowling at large about the country, and that, perhaps an innocent man is suffering all the agony of being falsely suspected."

"Right. The reward shall be offered," Ingarstone had replied.

Ormond Redgrave was present when that conversation took place in the drawing-room.

He sat at a distance, mechanically turning over a photographic album; but his eyes were fixed on Beatrice, and the ardent expression of them was unmistakable.

"She is good as she is beautiful," he thought. Then the consequences of this act of goodness struck him, and a jealous pang shot through his heart.

"If his innocence is proved she must receive him again as her suitor," he reflected; "she cannot throw him off. People would call her cruel and unjust. They would say I had taken advantage of his misfortunes to supplant him in her affection. And perhaps, after all, she loves him. He is as handsome as a fellow of no birth can be,"—he had accidentally opened the album at Nolan's portrait, and sat gazing at it as he

spoke,—a frank, manly, dare-devil sailor all over, and she may love him. Heaven knows!"

As he thought this, Beatrice approached.

"You think this a right step, do you not?" she asked.

"If your happiness is involved in it, yes," he answered, rising.

She looked into his handsome face with a pained expression. It was impossible to doubt the feeling which had dictated that answer, and perhaps the knowledge of that feeling was not unpleasant to her; but she would rather he had not spoken so.

"And if it simply involves justice to the accused?" she asked.

"You have still done right," was his reply.

"My position," resumed the lady, in a melancholy tone, "is a most painful one, and makes me more dependent on the sympathy and advice of others than I am accustomed to be. And from the part you have taken in this matter, I am naturally anxious for your approval in all that is done."

"You are only too considerate," answered Redgrave. "I can but regret again and again the part I was compelled to take in this matter. If I appear wanting in sympathy for the accused, it is because—"

"Because you believe him guilty?" interposed her ladyship.

"No. I cannot say that to you. It would be cruel: it would be unmanly. Besides, I have no right to indulge any belief on a subject that is one of proof, not of probability. Till this gentleman is proved guilty I will not inflict on you the cruelty of expressing any opinion."

"Thank you," said Beatrice, holding out her hand frankly; "that is kind and generous. It is what I might have expected from you."

And having suffered him to press her white hand in his, the lady quitted the apartment.

This was but one of many similar interviews.

While he remained almost the sole guest at Ingardstone, Ormond Redgrave was constantly thrown into the society of this beautiful woman, whose presence could hardly fail of inspiring a feeling that was beyond simple admiration. Every hour that he spent

under that roof he felt this emotion deepening and intensifying, until the bare idea of tearing himself away became intolerable.

It was not long before he was forced to admit to himself that he loved Beatrice Ingardstone with all the intensity of a warm and passionate temperament.

But fate seemed to have ordained that this love must remain the secret of his own breast.

At least, it could not be expressed in words.

It is as impossible for love to lie concealed in the heart as it is for a star to hide itself in the blackness of night. Every glance of the eye reveals it—every accent of the tongue that addresses the beloved one betrays the secret. Love exerts a subtle and potent influence over the human being. It lends brightness to the eyes, music to the voice, and softens and modulates the entire being. It is impossible but that inward ecstasy should find expression, and the outward signs of it are never difficult to read.

So it is possible that the passion she had inspired was no secret to Beatrice Ingardstone. But while there was a chance of Andrew Nolan's innocence, she dared not appear to perceive it; while, on his part, Redgrave could not even hint at it.

It would have been unmanly and dishonourable to the last degree: it would have been cruel to Nolan, insulting to Beatrice, and degrading to the man who could so far forget himself as to be guilty of such conduct.

Redgrave sat in the drawing-room, musing over this melancholy state of affairs, while Lord Ingardstone had retired to his study to draw up the heads of the notice which he had promised Beatrice to have issued during the day.

Before signing the paper, however, it struck him that it might be as well to send for Holt, and apprise him of what he was about to do.

The old man was speedily in attendance.

He entered the study in a quiet, self-possessed manner; and his face, on which the light of the window streamed, was as hard as stone, and unmoved as usual.

"Holt," said his lordship, "I am about to do a monstrous painful thing."

The old man inclined his head respectfully. "I am about," resumed his lordship, "to issue a reward for the apprehension of your boy."

"Not Curly, my lord?" asked Holt, aghast.

"No, not Curly—of your elder son."

The old man made an impatient movement of his right hand, as if waving off an obtrusive subject, and his face relaxed into its ordinary stolidity.

"I am willing to spare you, Holt, the pain which I am contemplating," his lordship resumed; "indeed, I am anxious to do so. It's for that reason that I have sent for you."

"Kind, my lord," muttered Holt, again bending his head.

"Not at all. You are an old servant of mine. You have served me faithfully and well, and I appreciate your worth. For that reason I would spare you a trial, if I can. Now, tell me, Holt, is this rumour true? Is this lad lurking about in the neighbourhood?"

"By all accounts, my lord, he is."

"But he is said to have been to your cottage—is it so?"

"I can't deny it."

"You've seen him, then?"

"I? I see him there? I see my son's brother under my roof?"

"Holt," said his lordship, with more than his usual solemnity, "this is a serious matter. And let me tell you that your conduct throughout has been more than suspicious. Positively, more than suspicious. Your hatred of your eldest son is unnatural, and there are many who don't believe in it. Understand? They think you're assuming it, for a purpose. That you pretend ignorance of your son's whereabouts, so that you may keep your position here, and so effectually shelter him, while you remain free from suspicion and reproach. That is what people think."

Morris Holt listened to these words with a twitching mouth, strangely in contrast to the general stolidity of his face.

"They lie, my lord," was his blunt answer.

Ingarstone shook his head doubtfully.

"Why should I do this, my lord?" pleaded Holt.

"Why should I demean myself to do it?"

"Natural affection for your son might prompt you," was his lordship's answer. "You are his father."

Again the old man used that impatient movement of his hand, as if he would beat off what had become the nightmare of his life.

"In name I am, my lord," he replied. "In name—more's the pity. But no further. What's he ever been to me that I should own him, or try to shelter him? Has he ever been a comfort to me, or a credit to me? Has he ever done a thing to help me, or to draw my heart towards him? Never, my lord, never! Every trouble I've ever known's been through him. Every sorrow that's helped to break his mother's heart, he's brought upon her. Why aren't we like other folks? Why can't we hold up our heads with the best of 'em about us? Why is the name of Holt, that was respected through all the country side—why's it tainted like? why's it flattered at, and made a scoff of, as if it was not fitten for honest life? All his doings, my lord, every bit of it. Is it any wonder then that I've cast him off, and won't own him, and won't hear his name, and won't hold out a finger to him if 'twas to save his life?"

His lordship listened to this outbreak with the quiet composure natural to him.

Then he replied:

"There's a deuced deal in what you say, Holt—deuced deal. But you overdo it. Sons compromise father's names, break mother's hearts, and all that sort of thing, we know; but the natural affections, you know, they set all this sort of thing right. Fathers don't hate sons."

"They cast 'em off, my lord," retorted Holt, savagely.

"Pretend to," yawned his lordship.

"I've cast off my son's brother!" cried Holt, bringing his clenched fist on the table before him, by way of emphasis. "I've torn him out of my heart. I'll never own him, never see him. He's disgraced me, and I'll never forgive him!"

"If this feeling is not assumed," said Ingarstone, "how do you account for his being seen at your cottage?"

"It was not with my knowledge," replied Holt.

"You will find it mon'ous difficult to persuade a jury of that, I'm afraid," was the reply; "he was seen to come out yesterday morning, a few minutes after you had left. So you were in the cottage together."

"My lord!" cried Holt, "if I'd known it, I'd have given him up to justice with my own hands."

"You would?"

"I would this very minute if I'd the chance."

"Then it's unnecessary for me to consider your feelings in the course I'm compelled to adopt. Read that."

He handed him a paper on which he had written the

words we have already read, offering the reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of the younger Holt.

The father put on his spectacles, and holding the paper at arm's length in the manner of aged people, read it slowly and painfully through. Ingarstone steadily watched his face; but it only once expressed any emotion. That was when he read his own disgraced name, which stood out boldly, having been penned in printing letters.

"You see what we have determined on?" said Ingarstone.

"I do, my lord," was the quiet answer.

"And that any further attempts at concealment on the part of this lad, or of his friends, on his behalf, will be useless?"

"But, my lord—"

"It think it right also to warn you, that you, and those about you, may get into serious trouble should you aid him in escaping, after this notice has been issued, if you still oblige me to issue it."

"I, my lord?"

"You. I can't ask you as a father to give up your son; but I do expect, from a man in your position, that you should not conceal him from so serious a charge. Don't speak. That'll do. You prefer that the notice should be issued?"

"I do," said Holt, firmly.

"Very good; I will sign it, then. Send Crofts to me as you go out."

"Crofts, my lord?"

"Yes. I will despatch him with it at once to the printer's, at Rochester."

Morris Holt heard, and a sudden gleam came into his eyes.

"Beg pardon, my lord," he said.

"Well, what is it?"

"You doubted me in this business, my lord; and you still doubt me."

"Well?"

"You think I'm screenin' that lad. You think my feelings have made me his complice—his pardner—and that I'm for all the world as bad as he."

"No, I do not; but if I did?"

"You think I haven't cast him off! that I wouldn't do what I said I would."

"And what then?"

"Why, I ask it as a favour, my lord, to prove my words."

"And how can you do that?"

"By putting out these bills offering this reward, my lord. It's my place to do it. If it was anybody else but he, I should have that job. Let me have it now. I'll take that paper. My son Curly shall ride to Rochester with it, and bring back the printed bills. And before folks are up to-morrow morning, there shall be one pasted up on every wall for five miles round Ingarstone. That'll prove whether Morris Holt's in league with burglars and murderers and such like vermin."

There was something revolting in the idea of the father begging to be the instrument of bringing his son, it might be, to the gallows. Ingarstone felt this, and hesitated; but he was anxious to test the genuineness of the feeling by which his retainer appeared to be influenced—and which seemed most unnatural—so he handed him the paper.

"Let me see one of the placards the moment it arrives," he said.

The other promised, and took his leave.

Up till a late hour that night a light burned in the kitchen in Morris Holt's cottage.

The study at Ingarstone was also illuminated.

In both places an anxious face watched and waited. Long after midnight the owner of Ingarstone himself paced the luxurious apartment which was called the study, with restless eye and uncertain step.

"It was wrong!" he muttered. "The happiness of my child and the innocence of Nolan both seem to depend on the discovery of this lad. I had no right to risk both on a fancy. I had no right either to put such a temptation in a father's way. I may wait—but he'll not come."

As if to give the direct negative to his lordship's surmise, there was a sharp knock-rap at the study-door as he ceased speaking.

Almost before he had time to call out, it was thrown open.

Then Morris Holt entered.

His eyes were unnaturally bright, and his cheeks—usually red—were livid.

"Where are the placards?" asked his lordship.

"Gone, my lord! Curly's been attacked and robbed. Only this minute he has been brought home for dead!"

Ingarstone turned a glance of withering contempt on the old man.

"More robbery! more violence!" he sneered. "Go, sir! 'Tis as I expected. Not a word. Go!"

He advanced toward the door with an imperious air, which Morris Holt dared not disobey.

CHAPTER XIII.

COMPANIONS IN GUILT.

I do conjure, implore thee to fly hence
If thou hast yet one spark of innocence.

Lalla Rookh.

WHILE MORRIS HOLT stumbled from the threshold of Ingarstone, blinded with rage, and stung beyond endurance by the unjust suspicions cast upon him, a painful scene was enacting in the old sand-pit.

It will not have been forgotten how the fugitive, Tim Holt, recoiled from the face that peered over his shoulder while he read the bill offering the reward for his capture.

It was not a pleasant face, and the expression upon it at that moment did not add to its attractiveness.

The face was that of an old man; but it had some of the qualities which give a charm to age, and render the old often scarcely less attractive than the young. There was nothing venerable or kindly or benevolent about it. A long, lantern-jawed face, crowned by a bald yellow forehead, fringed with dirty white hair, is not prepossessing. And when this general outline is modified by green, glittering eyes, masked under long, drooping, yellow eyebrows; and when, in addition, the mouth is large and loose and fleshy and toothless, and is buried in the midst of a matted beard, the impression produced is not apt to be pleasing.

From so much of his attire as was visible in the lantern-light, the man appeared to be a beggar. He wore a pied rabbit-skin waistcoat, threaded with rosette coat, and corded knee-breeches, so old and greasy, that they fairly glistened in the light. To complete the description, we must add that his throat was encircled with a yellow handkerchief, tied in a loose knot, so as to reveal the throat itself, which was so wasted that it looked like a bundle of cords.

To Tim this figure was not unfamiliar. They had been companions in the hut of the sand-pit many a day.

But while in his loneliness and his isolation, the wanderer had not shrunk even from that revolting face, since it was human—and a man must have the companionship of his race; he had never seen it with the expression it wore at that moment.

And it was that at which he started.

"You will betray me?" he gasped.

"I? No—no, my lad; not I," the man chuckled.

"Not for a hundred pounds?"

"Not for a thousand, my lad. I'm your friend, you know. You've trusted me; not with your name, certainly—there's that to be said, isn't there?"

"What need was there to tell you of a name I'd give up, done with?" asked the youth.

"What indeed?" murmured the old man.

And Holt, looking toward him, saw that his eyes glowed in the light, bright and vivid as the skin of a lizard in the sun.

"Time I'd done with it, I think," said Tim.

"I should think so too," was the answer. "Quite time, with this sort of thing about."

He pointed to the placard as he spoke.

"You didn't tell me of this?" he added.

"But I'll tell you why I didn't," replied Tim. "It's because I'm as innocent of this thing as a child unborn. As innocent as he is."

His forefinger pointed to Curly, who still lay insensible and blood-be沫ored before them.

"Ah, that's nasty, too, that is," said the old man, as if it had only just struck him. "Let's see. How does the account stand against you. Item, the burglary at Ingarstone. Item, one murder. Item, one fratricide. I tell you what it is, young sir, I shall have to cut your delightful company. You're getting on a little too hot—just a little too fast for me."

The face of the lad, which had been livid, turned to scarlet.

"If I die for it, I'm innocent of this, as of the rest. It was a fair struggle. One must have got the worst of it; him or me—"

"Quite true, only it's awkward that he should have been set upon by you while he had these things about him, these bills giving a reward for your neck. You'll have a slight difficulty, I fancy, my lad, in persuading them that it was a fair fight."

"But he won't die?" "Tisn't so bad as that!" cried the young man. "He's stunned, but he can't die. We've only to move him into the hut and give him a little nursing, and he'll come round."

The man shook his head.

"If you're wise," he said, "you'll leave him where he is."

"But he's my brother. He's a good lad, and—"

"And you'd like to be hung for him," sneered he of the green eyes. "Don't be a fool, Childers—Holt, I mean. Leave him here. If he wants air, there's plenty of it about; if he don't still, what he goes won't hurt him. Somebody'll pick him up, never fear. In with you."

He laid his hands on Tim's broad shoulders, but hardly repressed a moan as he did so, as if it pained

him to use his limbs. Tim half resisted the suggestion to leave the spot.

He was angry with himself and with the world. He felt himself the victim of a fate against which he struggled in vain. Perhaps he also felt some compunction for the rough usage he had bestowed upon his brother, whose goodness was a perpetual reproach to him.

But whatever his feelings, he was powerless in the hands of his companion, against whose stronger will he contended in vain.

Almost before he knew it, they had commenced the descent of the path leading down into the sand-pit.

At that moment, a low but shrill whistle sounded through the silent night.

"On with you! On with you!" cried the old man, nervously; and at the same moment he dropped the lantern which he had carried in his hand, and crushed it, with the light in it, beneath his feet.

As Tim found himself in sudden darkness, he looked up, and perceived with a shudder that the eyes under the pent-house brows were shining of a bright clear green, like the eyes of some beast of prey.

But this was only for a second or two. While he looked they disappeared, and, knowing something of the habits of his strange companion, he mechanically continued his descent to the hut in which they had both sought shelter.

Before he had gone many steps he heard voices in conversation. One of these voices he easily recognized as that of the old man, nor did the other appear unfamiliar.

But still as the night was, he could not overhear what passed.

He could only tell that a stranger came there by appointment, and gave a preconcerted signal.

Sick at heart, he obeyed the instructions he had received, and dragged his limbs wearily toward the hut, which, in spite of the darkness, he succeeded in finding. Once there, he threw himself despairingly on the ground.

"It's all over with me," he said. "They suspect me of the murder—that's enough. I give up. Everything goes against me. Others get into scrapes, and come out of the fire safe enough; but 'tisn't for me to do it. Not for me—not for me."

Burying his face in his hands, he lay grovelling upon the earth—his breast a volcano, not of remorse, but of strong, maddening feeling, to which he sought in vain to give utterance.

And his brother's death, you will ask—did not the thought of that strike terror into his soul? Did he not shrink, utterly overcome, at the thought of the probable crime with which he had stained his soul?

No: it was the charge of the murder of Lydia Ingarstone that troubled him—that seemed to drive him to the verge of frenzy.

As he lay in the darkness, he could see the words written in the air in letters of fire:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!"

This glowed and scintillated on his mental vision, growing larger and larger, till the letters seemed to fill the hut with light.

"MURDER!" That horrible word had a lurid aspect, as of fire fed with blood.

And then his own name! Was it a delusion, or had he read "TIM HOLT, alias CHILDERS," in larger type than he had ever seen in his life before?

He could hardly persuade himself but that the name was printed in red—bright, vivid, glowing red—while the rest of the placard was black. It was only a fancy, but it was very real.

And then how did it happen that he could recollect every word of that long sentence as vividly as if he had learned it by heart, as he used to do verses of hymns at his mother's knee, long, long ago—so long that the time hardly seemed to belong to this life? It was very strange that every word should be there, fixed, riveted in his mind; and the mystery of this took away from the strangeness that he could think of nothing else—not even of the senseless corpse of poor Curly lying out there in the cold dews of night.

Darkness begets terror; and lying there, seeing the phantoms of those dreadful words ever before his eyes, the poor, cowering outcast gradually worked himself up into a state of alarm, which made inaction suddenly intolerable.

"What a fool I have been to lie here all this time!" he muttered; "I might have walked a mile in it. I might have got away—safe away. And to think that I should have trusted this old man! Trust him! He's deceiving me! He's betraying me! He may be gone to denounce me—to give me up! Fool, fool that I am!"

He had scrambled to his feet. With restless, nervous fingers he was tightening the handkerchief that, loosened about his neck, left his breast bare. One of the buttons of his jacket, too, he was seeking in vain

to thrust through a button-hole, when his quick ear detected the sounds of approaching footsteps.

Somebody was blundering towards the hut.

They had no light, that he could tell. Every moment they stumbled into holes, or fell over scattered logs or fragments of stone; but no oaths or exclamations were uttered.

"It may be the old man," thought Tim; "anyhow, there's only one. I'm a match for one." "A cold shudder passed over him.

He was, indeed, he felt, a match for one: but God send that he might have to shed no more blood! No more, not even in self-defence!

Hardly thinking what he did, he threw himself on the ground, as if asleep.

That position he felt would give him some advantage. He might not be noticed; and he might gain time to think how to act, whether to pounce upon an adversary and take him unawares, or to steal off in the darkness.

The footsteps came steadily on.

A hand was laid upon the planks of the hut.

Then the man, whoever he was, looked in and listened.

Tim Holt stilled the beating of his heart.

"He said I should find some one here: this must be the place," muttered the intruder, speaking to himself.

On this he knelt down on one knee, fumbled at his pockets, rattling money and keys as he did so, and suddenly there was a sharp crack, followed by a stream of light.

He had simply ignited a common fusee; but the effect was startling.

The blue light streaming momentarily out disclosed the face of the intruder, and that of the fugitive, who had sprang up in alarm, not understanding what was passing.

"Nolan!" cried the latter, who was the first to speak.

An instant and angry flash of recognition glowed in the eyes of the young sailor.

"You are the man! You are the murderer!" he cried out.

And he threw himself forward upon the body of the outcast, struggling to get a firm clutch at his neck.

The light was by this time out.

Only a red spot of dull fire glowed on the ground.

The antagonists were in darkness.

This, however, was only momentary. They had hardly closed before they became conscious of footsteps without, and then a long, vivid stream of light shot into the hut—Paralysed with astonishment, the contending men looked to the source of the dazzling brilliance. They were surrounded by a body of the county constabulary, each armed with his bull's-eye.

"Betrayed!" shrieked Tim Holt, unable to suppress his indignation.

Nolan looked on with livid cheeks; but no word escaped his lips.

"Service to you, gentlemen," said the foremost of the constables, with ironical politeness. "Sorry to interrupt your little game. Sorry, sorry. Oh, oh! Mr. Nolan, is it? The innocent Mr. Andrew Nolan! Well, I didn't expect to see you here, sir; that I didn't. And whose you're friend? Well, I am blessed. Why, it's Tim Holt!"

"And what of it?" demanded Tim, growing pugnacious as his position grew desperate.

"What of it?" said the constable, in his ironical manner; "why this off it. Everything's hoot. Everything's as clear as the sun in noon-day. It ain't, Nolan, lor' no; nor it ain't Holt. Not a bit of it! It's Holt and Co. That's what it is. Or Nolan and Co. Whichever way you likes to have it."

"What do you mean?" demanded Nolan, not yet catching the drift of the fellow's remarks.

"Mean! Why, I mean that, for what I can see, you two are a Murder and Robbery Joint-Stock Company (limited), and very clever you've done it. Nolan don't know Holt, and Holt don't know Nolan, and both says 'tother's guilty.' Strikes me, gentlemen, as you're both being found here together, close to another murdered man—"

"Another?" cried Nolan.

Holt knew well enough what was meant, and only winced.

"Yes—another," continued the constable; "he knows, you see, without telling"—and he pointed his finger at Holt. "I was a sayin' it strikes me as you're being found in this cut-throat place together, close by another body, may go far to blow up the Company, and," he added, with a chuckle, "to string up the directors."

And he executed a piece of pantomime, expressive of a man's neck being jerked in a noose.

"As I am standing here," cried Nolan, "I know nothing of this fresh outrage."

"Nor he either, I daresay," said the constable, pointing his thumb at Tim Holt. "No, no; it's all

right. You're innocent enough, both on ye. Too innocent to go alone unpunished. Here Smithson, and you Rogers, on with the bracelets."

The men addressed, advanced promptly, and before either of the accused parties could remonstrate they were handcuffed together.

Andrew Nolan and Tim Holt handcuffed, one to the other!

CHAPTER XIV.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Who comes at this, the crisis of his fate?

And by what passion guided—love or hate?

Manner.

A RAY of early morning sunshine, stealing in between the rose-tinted curtains of her bed-room, awoke Beatrice Ingarstone from troubled sleep.

Before she had time to open her eyelids there was a sound as of a sob in the room.

A hasty glance explained the reason of it.

Her ladyship's maid, Crofts—she was the daughter of the under-bailiff already mentioned—sat near the dressing table, with her apron thrown over her head, indulging a paroxysm of grief.

"Crofts!" exclaimed her ladyship.

The girl instantly slipped down her apron and disclosed a comely face—round, and extra rosy with crying—and anything but adorned with red eyes, which she continued to dab with one apron corner.

"What is the matter, child?" asked Beatrice, kindly.

"Oh, my lady," returned the girl, "I wouldn't have woken you, I wouldn't indeed; but—but—oh, it's too horrible!"

And she broke into a fresh fit of weeping.

"Pray tell me," said Beatrice, with firmness, "what has occurred?"

The habit of obedience is stronger even than grief, and trying to gulp down what she described as a ball in her throat, Crofts replied:

"Oh, if you please, my lady, the police was out on their beats last night, and they found him lying on the grass—"

"Found him? Found who?" asked the mistress.

"Curly, my lady," answered the girl; "Holt's son Curly—he's my sweetheart, begging your pardon—and they found him as good as dead, lying out in the night—and he'd been murdered a most—oh, so bad!—and they took him home, and it was ever so long before they brought him round, and maybe he'll never recover—never, never!—and they went back to try and see who'd done it, and they hunted about in the old sand-pit, and there they found 'em, my lady, two of 'em, concealed like, both together, huddled up in the dark—"

"And who were these?" interrupted her ladyship, eagerly.

"One was Tim Holt, my lady."

"What! His brother?"

"Yes, for sure. Him as the reward was out for."

"They have found—him?"

"Yes, my lady. It was he had robbed Curly of the bills, he and the other."

"What other? What was his name?"

"It was Mr. Nolan, my lady."

"Andrew Nolan! In Holt's company!"

The beautiful girl uttered these words in an incredulous tone. Her astonishment was intense and overwhelming. She had done full justice to Nolan—further justice than even he gave her credit for. His accusation had given her the acutest pain, and she had clung to the hope that he was innocent. She had prayed to heaven that it might prove so. And in advising the offer of that large reward for Holt's apprehension, she was actuated solely by the conviction that if Holt could be found, and confronted with Nolan, it must result in the latter's exculpation.

And now, if the girl's story was true, these men were partners in guilt!

To understand her feelings at that discovery it must be borne in mind that Beatrice Ingarstone still recognised Nolan as her lover. Ormond Redgrave was agreeable to her; but she had never sought to define the true feelings of her breast toward him. She had not even gone so far as to acknowledge to herself that but for Nolan she might have thought of him. No; even that admission would have seemed dishonourable to her pure and lofty mind.

She had accepted Nolan as her suitor; and while he held that position, she would have deemed it treasonable to him, and wrong and wicked to permit herself to entertain a single thought of another in any other light than as a friend.

Thus it was that the words of the girl Crofts shocked her so greatly.

Dismissing the weeping damsel—who, by the way, had hitherto chiefly shown her love for Curly Holt by teasing and snubbing him—she made a hasty toilet, all the while indulging painful and perplexing thoughts.

On descending to the breakfast-room, Beatrice

found only one person present. It was Ormond Redgrave. He stood looking from the open window; but the closing of the door caused him to look round. Perceiving Beatrice, he instantly hurried to her side. "You have heard the sad news? You are aware of what has happened?" he said, with some confusion.

"Yes," replied Beatrice; "and I need not say how greatly I am pained."

"It is unnecessary, I am sure, for me to express my deep sympathy," said Ormond; "or to say how more than delighted I should have been if events had not justified my worst suspicions."

"Thank you," returned Beatrice, in her quietly impressive manner, "I am sure I have your good wishes."

Redgrave blushed like a schoolboy.

"See," he said, recovering himself and pointing to the window, "the facts have got wind."

She walked to the window and looked out. Beneath it, on the wide-spreading lawn, a crowd had assembled—an eager, excited, inquiring crowd, who were evidently on the alert with expectation.

"The magistrates are to meet early, and they have assembled to see the prisoners," Ormond explained.

As he did so, the crowd below caught sight of the fair face of Ingarstone's daughter at the window: it was instantly recognised, and attention was drawn to it. At the same time, the crowd were not slow to perceive by whom her ladyship was attended. Their admiration for her led them to the verge of cheering; but the sight of Redgrave elicited a few hisses.

The impression had already got abroad that it was the jealous rival who had denounced an innocent man for his own purposes.

Some even went so far as to blame her ladyship for the encouragement she gave to her new admirer, a feeling of which she was totally unconscious. She had no idea that she was treating Redgrave with more courtesy than was due to her father's guest.

Feeling that there was some strong feeling on the part of the crowd, and not understanding it, Beatrice cast an inquiring look at her companion.

Instantly a voice in the crowd volunteered an explanation.

"That's him!" it shouted, in a loud, coarse tone; "that's her new sweetheart!"

A laugh and a half-cheer followed this pleasantry.

Beatrice turned away from the window, white and trembling. The words seemed to have had the effect of a blow. She was overcome with shame and indignation. Her sensitive nature quivered under the unjust reproach, and even the pride of conscious innocence failed to sustain her.

To Redgrave she dared not look.

His position was as trying and embarrassing as her own.

She felt that to meet his eye would cause her to sink to the earth with confusion; and at the same time it was impossible for either to allude in words to what both had heard with such painful distinctness.

With genuine politeness, Redgrave took the opportunity of retiring, and so relieving her ladyship from the restraint of his presence—and for this she was grateful; but it was in vain that she sought to recover her equanimity.

"Condemned on all hands!" she said. "Am I, then, cruel? Have I been unjust? Heaven knows that I have not had a moment's peace since that dreadful accusation. My heart has bled for Nolan; he is never absent from my thoughts. What can I do more? Do they expect me to play the heroine of romance, and become his companion in his cell? Because I have received his addresses, am I bound to assert his innocence against the world? Surely not. I pity him from the bottom of my heart. I will do my duty by him; but I will not compromise myself with a man who may be—heaven help him!—my sister's murderer."

She paced the room as she spoke; thinking deeply, painfully.

"As to this brutal suggestion that I am favouring Redgrave—a man I had almost forgotten—'tis beneath my notice—beneath my contempt. He is no more to me than—than—"

She failed in finding a simile.

Touched by the talismanic wand of Ormond Redgrave's name, her thoughts wandered away she scarce knew where. They were full of him—of his handsome face, of his manly figure, of the proud curl of his aristocratic lip, of the brief but pleasant interviews they had held, and of much besides pertaining to him; but all this unconsciously passed through her mind, and it was only with a sudden start that she awoke to the fact that she had thought less of Nolan than of one who was nothing, and she felt ought to be nothing to her.

Her ladyship was interrupted by the entrance of the red-eyed Crofts.

"The prisoners are here, my lady," said the girl, respectfully.

"Before their worship?"

"Yes, and they do say that my lord has received a piece of intelligence that has startled him very much." Beatrice was about to inquire the nature of this communication, when Lord Ingarstone himself entered the room in a hurried and excited manner.

"See Beatrice," said his lordship. "Strangest thing, positively! Look at this paper."

He handed her a dirty fragment, torn from the corner of a newspaper, as he spoke.

Looking at it, Beatrice, with difficulty, made out these words, written in pencil, in print letters, and in a shaky and almost illegible hand.

"Pray, my lord, don't hang Mister Nolan. You must not. He is innocent. I know it; but I dursn't say the word. I dursn't."

"Who can have written this?" exclaimed Beatrice. "Who indeed? Mon'sieur strange! Some fellow knows all 'bout it. Would taken ponies to penny pieces Nolan was guilty—was in league with that scoundrel Holt; and now—"

A servant entered as he was speaking.

"Their worships request your immediate attendance, my lord," he said.

And he retired.

(To be continued.)

HOPE.

A magic thing is Hope!

Hope, the "dear deceiver;"

Bright fancies bringing,

To the heart of the dreamer.

A joyous thing is Hope!

Telling us ever,

Of sunny days and glowing,

To be shadowed never.

A beautiful thing is Hope!

Rivalling all others,

In her power of charming,

And her rainbow colours.

A generous thing is Hope!

Giving us sweet flowers,

Rich and rare, though fading,

And creating fairy bowers.

A cheerful thing is Hope!

She's ever the bearer

Of dreams to the despairing,

Of other skies and fairer.

A deceitful thing is Hope!

Trust her, believe her, never!

She's fair, but false and fleeting,

Though she smiles for ever.

R. H. E. K.

RESTORING OIL PAINTINGS.—A remarkable process for restoring old oil pictures, by submitting them to the vapour of alcohol, has, it is said, been perfected by a German savant (Herr Pettenkofer), who thus restores them without any real chemical action, and without touching them at all. His process professes to be mechanical, and merely to replace the losses which age and desiccation have produced, and to restore the original brilliancy of the pictures by a process which is simple and effectual, and yet perfectly safe. In this view the blackness on old pictures must be supposed not at all to arise from smoke or dirt on the varnish.

THE NEW ACT ON STREET MUSIC.—On July 28 the act for the better regulation of street music within the metropolitan district was printed. Any householder within the metropolitan police district, personally, or by his servant, or by any police constable, may now require any street musician or street singer to depart from the neighbourhood of the house on "account of illness, or on account of the interruption of the ordinary occupation or pursuits of any inmate of such house, or for other reasonable or sufficient cause." Any person who shall sound or play an instrument, or sing in any public place near such house, after being so required to depart, may be fined 40s., or committed, in the discretion of a magistrate, for three days. The party giving the offender into charge is to accompany the officer to the station, and to sign the charge sheet. When a police court is closed, the party charging the offender is to sign a recognizance; and, in default, the prisoner is to be discharged.

A STRANGE FISH.—All day a strange fish has been on exhibition in front of McDonald's saloon, at the corner of Leidesdorff and Clay streets. It is apparently of the eel species, although it has a head like that of a codfish. The jaws are uncommonly strong, and garnished, both on the upper and lower, with five large, bony teeth, a quarter of an inch long, which interlock when the mouth is shut. The creature is about four feet long; the head, which is the largest part, is about three inches broad and one inch thick, the body tapering to a point. Instead of the usual

round, the body is more of an oval shape, the back being ornamented with a broad fin which runs the entire length of the body, while there are two broad fins just back of the throat. The colour of the fish is a dark grey-brown, darker in some places than others. We learn that the fish is a rare one, and that it was taken by some Italian fishermen at sea, near the Farallones. The only name by which it is known is that of "wool-eel," which was given to it by fishermen.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER.

My first interview with my dear departed friend Sir William Napier was on the battle-field of Cull Noval. I was then captain of the grenadier company of the Royal Scots.

We were advancing towards the enemy, when I saw an officer, at the distance of about eighty yards, stretched on the ground beneath an olive-tree to the right of my company. Believing him to be either dead or badly wounded, I ran towards him and said: "I hope you are not dangerously wounded;" at which he shook his head. "Have you been attended to by a surgeon?" He nodded assent. "Can I be of any service to you?" I said; and he again shook his head, but did not utter a word. He looked dusky pale, and I was deeply impressed with the classical outline and beautiful expression of his handsome countenance!

I told him I had some cold tea and brandy in my flask, and asked if I should give him a little of it; at which he raised his head, a sudden beam of pleasure sparkled in his eyes—he stretched out his hand, and I gave him a tumblerful, which he drank with a most interesting expression of unexpected enjoyment—so much so, that I gave him a second dose; and when he had finished, he seized my hand and grasped it several times, as much as to say, "I don't know who you are, my good fellow, but I feel most gratefully thankful for your kindness."

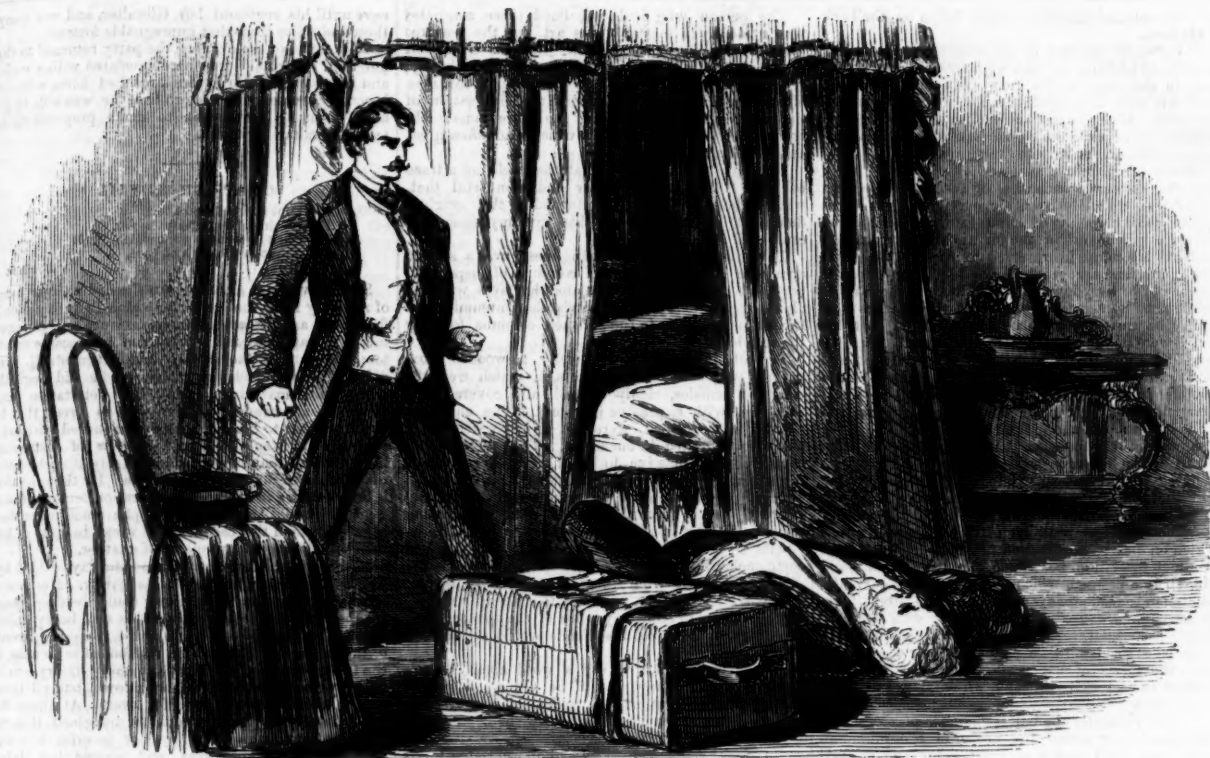
I then said, "Heaven protect you!" and ran off to join my company. I had not the slightest knowledge who he was, and amidst the firing and excitement of the moment I did not notice his uniform.

In after life I often spoke of this wounded officer as the handsomest man I had ever beheld. I never met him again in my wanderings through the various thoroughfares of military life, until about sixteen years afterwards, when he resided at Freshford, near Bath.

I was then on a visit to Lady Wilson's father, when dear "William" dined there; and after dinner, when we were just about to join the ladies, and while I was standing near the fireplace with my arm resting on the mantelpiece, the gentlemen were speaking about "handsome men," and I said, of all the handsome men I had ever seen in the various parts of the world where I had been, there was none to be at all compared with the one whom I then described to them as above written. Napier sprang from his chair, put his arms round me, and exclaimed, "My dear Wilson, was that you? that glass of tea and brandy saved my life!" And a few tears trickled from his bright and animated eyes, expressive of his grateful recollection of the good service I had rendered him in that hour of his need and painful suffering.—*Life of General Sir William Napier, K.C.B.* By H. A. Bruce, M.P.

A HANDSOMELY-BOUND COPY of the "Speeches of the late Prince Consort" has arrived, as a gift from the Queen to the South Australian Institute. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by its bearing an inscription with her Majesty's autograph, to the effect that it is presented "as a memorial of her great and good husband, by his broken-hearted widow."

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A natural curiosity, which completely puzzles naturalists and geologists, is now in possession of Isaac S. Joseph, the wholesale jeweller of Washington Street, San Francisco. It is an irregular hexagonal quartz crystal, about one inch in diameter and two inches in length, pointed at one end, and broken squarely off at the base. Within the body of the crystal, rising from the base like a miniature mountain, and occupying about half the entire length of the stone, is a mass of beautifully crystallized gold, silver, and copper, each metal distinctly defined, and all embedded in the stone, which is as clear as glass, in exactly the style of the flowers and other objects in a glass paperweight. This curious specimen of the handiwork of nature, when in an eccentric tone of mind, was found by a miner at Gold Gulch, Calaveras county, some four years ago, and has been carried about in his pocket ever since, until some two months ago, when it was purchased by the superintendent of a copper mine, and sent to the present possessor as a curiosity. Geologists who have examined it declare that nothing of the kind has ever been seen or heard of before, and are utterly at a loss to account for its formation.



[MR. LITTLEBOY TAKES POSSESSION OF MORE THAN THE FORTMANTEAU.]

THE BONDAGE OF BRANDON.

CHAPTER XLVII

And when the tumult of the air is fled,
And quenched in silence all the tempest flame,
Then come the grim forms of the mighty dead.

Grenville Mellen.

Perchance that very hand now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh's glass; or
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

Horace Smith.

ORIENTALS of every grade are decidedly slow. There is no energy or rapidity of action about them. To European, that is, to western ideas, the natives of the sunny east are lazy, and good for little.

The guides who accompanied the little party from the Rock of Gibraltar were no exception to the general rule.

They took everything in an easy manner. They did not offer to put themselves out of the way, although they knew that a life depended upon the swiftness of their movements. Their slouching gait was not departed from; and when they reached the pack or sumter mules, upon whose backs the provisions were strapped, they stood still for a short time, as if thinking where they should look for the ropes and the candles they required.

At length the cobwebs which had obscured their mental vision were brushed aside, and they contrived to procure a dozen or so yards of stout rope and a box of large wax candles.

These they conveyed to Captain O'Shaughnessy, who was impatiently awaiting their arrival, and in weighing against their delay with Hibernian vehemence.

It did not take the captain long to fasten a candle to the end of the rope, and when all was in readiness he applied a light to the wick, and, amidst general expectation and a buzz of eager curiosity, he knelt by the side of the aperture, and prepared to lower the candle into the vault.

During all this time Lady Brandon had been in a torment of doubt and anxiety.

It was excruciating to her to think that she should lose her husband so soon after her marriage, and that he should come to an untimely end in so ignoble a manner.

If he had been in the army and had perished on the battle-field at the head of his men, he would have died

with a halo of glory round his head; but it was intolerable that he should be killed through an accidental fall into the dismal, dark, and gloomy recesses of a funeral vault lying below some insignificant ruins in a deserted part of Africa.

A hope that he might be alive and well buoyed her up, though in such emergencies the mind will run away with us, and the imagination cannot be prevented from running riot—for it was just as likely that he had fallen into a deep well, as that he had merely dropped a few feet without injuring himself in the least.

The candle at first burned feebly, but as it descended lower and lower it gave out a steady light, which was as unexpected as it was agreeable to those watching above. When about eleven or twelve feet of rope had been paid out, the candle suddenly struck against a hard substance, and was at once extinguished.

The captain pulled it up again as quickly as he could, and while it was being relighted, he called out through the aperture,

"Welby!"

A low groan answered him.

"He lives," cried O'Shaughnessy.

"Thank heaven for that!" replied Blanche, clasping her hands together thankfully.

"Are you much hurt?" continued O'Shaughnessy. Another groan, more prolonged and deeper than the first, rewarded his exertions.

"Make haste with the candle, and get another rope ready," shouted the captain. "Some one must descend immediately."

The guides looked blankly at one another.

O'Shaughnessy gazed critically at their sleek, well-fed bodies, and selected one.

"Hamet!" he exclaimed.

"Si signor!" replied the man, who, like most of his class, spoke excellent Spanish—and small blame to him, seeing it was his native language—and vile English, which would have disgraced a French "ma'mselle" who had only been studying "zo Engleese" a couple of months.

"Take off your coat and fasten this rope round your waist, for I shall want you to go down after 'Il Capitano.'"

The man opened his eyes with terror and amazement, and without a word took to his heels, and ran as if the Prince of Darkness was after him, never thinking of stopping until he had put a considerable distance between himself and the temple.

"The cowardly rascal!" ejaculated the captain, "Here, El Cale."

This was another of the guides, who no sooner heard his name pronounced, than he, too, ran as if his life was in danger.

"Garez!" shouted the captain to another of the guides.

"No, signor, not Garez," replied the man, who was too fat to run, and consequently stood his ground with unusual bravery, and not without a dash of effrontery.

"Why not, you olive-skinned villain?" vociferated the irascible Irishman.

"Because of the Djins (evil spirits)," and he shook his head gravely, lighting a cigarette as he spoke.

"I shall have to go myself, I suppose," remarked O'Shaughnessy, with an audible grunt of disgust.

"These half-hearted Spaniards are not worth half-a-crown a bushel. We wouldn't have them in Ireland for cutting peat."

The captain divested himself of his coat, stuck a pistol and an open bowie knife in his belt, so as to defend himself against serpents or any animal that might make the cave a lurking-place, and pulling his "solar topee" well on his head, fastened a coil of half-inch rope round his waist, and carrying a candle in each hand, told his friends, who were eager to render him what assistance lay in their power, to hold themselves in readiness to let him go. When he had completed his arrangements, he stood over the hole, the dimensions of which did not exceed two feet by four, and said,

"Lower away!"

They lowered him gently down, and in the course of a minute his feet touched the ground.

"Easy all," cried the captain.

He did not unfasten the rope from his body, because he did not know whether it might not be necessary for him to tell those above to haul up in a hurry. No noxious gases had as yet assailed his nostrils, which somewhat surprised him. There was a musty, confined smell, but not altogether unpleasant. It was possible to discover now and then a tinge of some spice from Araby the Blest, which gave the captain an idea that he had penetrated into some place where mummies were preserved, as he well knew that the most delicious spices were used by the Egyptians in embalming their dead.

He looked around him, and, by the aid of his lights, discovered that the floor was level and formed of red tiles. For a few seconds he did not see Reginald, owing to his having looked too far off from him. When he narrowed the circuit of his vision, he found him lying almost at his feet. Instantly falling on his knees, he raised him up, and found that he was

partially stunned, through having fallen on the back of his head.

It instantly occurred to O'Shaughnessy that much more could be done for him up above in the open air than in the vault, so he generously untied the rope from his own body and fastened it round that of Reginald. When he had accomplished his task to his satisfaction, he gave the rope a jerk, which was a preconcerted signal for it to be drawn up.

Slowly it began to ascend, and soon O'Shaughnessy had the extreme satisfaction of seeing the injured man drawn up to the open air once more. A slight shouting and clapping of hands informed him of the arrival at the mouth of the pit, and having got that load off his mind, he resolved to explore the vault during the time that would have to elapse before the rope could be sent down again. Holding the candles up aloft, he was enabled to see that the apartment in which he was was circular in shape, and that the walls were made of blocks of stone, something resembling granite. He approached to examine it, and as he did so, a sibilant noise informed him that a snake of some kind was beating a retreat before his advancing footsteps. He had thick boots on, and wore leather gaiters or knickerbockers to keep the sand out of his boots, so that he did not feel much afraid of the venomous tribe, who seemed to content themselves with hissing. The light frightened them, and they slunk away to their holes without offering to make a hostile demonstration.

As he neared the wall he perceived an open space, which on closer investigation proved to be a doorway. Without hesitation, he passed through it, and found himself in a passage, which he threaded. It gave him admission to a square apartment of large size, which, as he entered, caused him to cry out with surprise. Along each wall were placed pedestals, upon which stood what seemed to be statues. They were, however, the forms of men, cunningly embalmed and clothed in the rich vestments which they had worn when alive.

It was evidently the burial-chamber of some very rich family, for round the necks of the mummies hung long gold chains of great value and colossal size. Upon their fingers were rings made of the same precious metal and studded with precious stones. Around the ankles of some were chains and bars of gold, and upon the plinths and bases of the pedestals were coins of large dimensions, more resembling medals than the coinage of modern times. There were four-and-twenty of these statues in all. O'Shaughnessy touched one of the figures on the arm, and the drapery it wore instantly crumbled into dust and fell upon the ground in an ashy shower.

If all the chains and rings and golden ornaments had been collected and sold, they would have realized a respectable sum, and so the captain thought; but at first he had a natural repugnance to robbing the dead. He knew that there were others who would not be so scrupulous.

After some deliberation, he selected one of the largest and handsomest of the chains, and flung it over his head, taking it more as a memento of his visit and the singular adventure he had met with than with a view to make money out of it. He was animated by feelings worthy of an officer and a gentleman.

There was none of the cupidity of the Jew about him. He had sufficient to live upon honourably and well, and he did not care about augmenting his small fortune by any means which might expose him to the taunt and the reproach of robbing the dead.

O'Shaughnessy was filled with curious speculations as to the age of the solemn, stately-looking figures that seemed so real as they frowned upon the bold intruder. Who were they, and what had they been? What tales those withered tongues could develop! What spectacles those sightless orbs had seen! Perhaps they had seen the world fresh and green after the deluge, and were lineal descendants of the great Noah.

They might have brandished battle-axes, and led the storming parties against one of the hundred gates of Thebes; have had something to do with the building of the great pyramid, or designed the musical statue of Memnon, and have been able to enlighten us about the Sphinx.

Were they alive when the great Persian Cambyzes overthrew Osiris, and trampled upon the Asian mysteries? At all events, it was fair to infer that a heart had beat beneath that leathern skin, that those dried-up lips had kissed the rosy cheek of blushing maidenhood, and that little, lisping children had climbed the rigid knees, and called the name of father.

There was something awfully solemn about the place and its associations. It conjured up a thousand memories, and made the brain reel with a fierce, unquenchable thirst of curiosity. The captain wished that he possessed some magic power which would galvanize those soulless bodies into life, and make them speak their history.

The person who had embalmed these magnates was evidently a master of his art, for the features were perfect in every respect. Not one lineament was shrunken. They stood, grim and ghastly, yet so terribly life-like, looking down upon the man of modern times, who represented the civilization of the nineteenth century, as if he were lamentably ignorant of a thousand secrets which made them great and mighty.

The only misfortune is that they left not a trace behind. Still it was singular and wonderful that, while a thousand kings had returned to their original dust, not a fragment of this mummy flesh had crumbled.

Towards the right of O'Shaughnessy was a sort of arcade, or cloister, formed of columns of jasper and porphyry. After he had satiated his eyes with the almost regal look of the patriarchal mummies, he turned his attention to the polished columns forming the arcade.

Beneath this shelter lay many a wooden box, covered with cabalistic characters, in which were the bodies of females, richly dressed, and covered, like the men, with expensive jewellery. The chains, it should be mentioned, were not so elaborately made as those exhibited in our shops. They were simply constructed of massive links of great size. Their faces had been enamelled, and were in a wonderful state of preservation. O'Shaughnessy could hardly prevent himself from thinking that he was gazing upon a number of sleeping beauties, who had been bewitched into a lengthened slumber by the wand of some enchanter.

Turning away from these, he perceived several long corridors, leading, no doubt, to other apartments; but he forbore to enter any more of the subterranean dwellings, as he feared his friends would be anxious about him.

He determined not to say a word about his adventure, for he knew that if he did so, a perfect throng of avaricious natives would instantly descend, and rob the mummies of all they had. This he looked upon as a sacrilege.

He hastily put the chain he had appropriated to his own uses in his pocket, and returning to the anti-chamber, called out to those above to lower the rope. His application was instantly responded to, and he was quickly hauled up to the outer air once more.

He shook himself when he reached the surface, as if to shake off the dust of ages.

"We thought you were lost," exclaimed a friend. "Oh! no," he replied. "I waited patiently for you to lower the rope, but as you did not do so, I called out as loud as I was able. It is not very pleasant down there, amongst snakes and lizards, and a darkness so thick as to be impenetrable, as to induce any one to spend the night, or any time longer than he can help within its precincts."

On enquiring for Reginald Welby, he found that he was very much better, although the wound at the back of his head gave him considerable annoyance. They had pitched a small tent they had brought with them, and made him up a bed inside, upon which he was endeavouring to snatch a little repose.

Lady Brandon sat with her husband and nursed him affectionately until he fell asleep, when she gently quitted the tent and sought the interior of the temple, where the rest of the party were carousing.

O'Shaughnessy rose when he saw her ladyship approaching, and made room for her between himself and the colonel of the regiment.

"I was just remarking to Colonel Langton," he said, "that it was cruel of you to deprive us of your agreeable society, when we stand so much in need of it."

He accompanied this speech with a look towards two maiden ladies, who sat near him, and talked geology, and wore spectacles, and ate veal and ham pies voraciously, and drank bitter beer in a way that must have been acceptable to retailers of that harmless but invigorating beverage.

"I was with that boy," she replied, significantly, alluding to the captain's remark of a few days before.

"What can I offer you, Mrs. Welby?" said Colonel Langton.

"Thank you, I will have some Moselle."

One of the guides instantly brought some wine, agreeably iced.

"What detained you so long underground, Mr. O'Shaughnessy?" asked Lady Brandon.

"A few remnants of antiquity."

"Indeed! What were they?"

"Oh! nothing remarkable. A fossil toad, and a froggy petrification, whilst a few lively vipers lent enchantment to the scene."

Lady Brandon laughed, saying:

"I am deeply grateful to you for your exertions on my husband's behalf; had it not been for you, he might have perished in the vault."

The captain religiously kept the resolution he had made, and did not divulge the secret of the mummy

cave until his regiment left Gibraltar, and was many thousand miles from that impregnable fortress.

In the cool of the evening the party returned to the garrison. Reginald was accommodated with a mule, and although a little bruised, reached home without becoming worse. In a short time he was able to go about as usual, and began to make preparations to leave Gibraltar for Cadiz.

CHAPTER XLVIII

I feel not now as then I felt,
The sunshine of my heart is o'er,
The spirit now is changed which dwelt
Within me in the days of yore.

Moultrie.

SIR LAWRENCE ALLINGFORD showed no symptoms of recovery from the grief in which Lady Brandon's fickleness and treacherous behaviour had plunged him. His appetite failed him, and he became so attenuated as to be the shadow of his former self. He did not hate Blanche so much as he did Reginald Welby for marrying her. His detestation and thorough abhorrence of him was so great, that he could not bear to hear his name pronounced without a shudder. It was more with a view of destroying his happiness than of occasioning Lady Blanche pain, that he had resolved to follow them. He thought that if he succeeded in effecting a separation between them, Reginald would feel the catastrophe much more than his wife, whom the baronet still loved, in spite of her being the inalienable property of another.

His heart was in mourning, and the days glided by, but did not bring him back his gaiety. Her image was never forgotten by him, nor could the deep, painful shadow which had clouded his soul be exorcised by the cheerful voice of Mimi, or the reassuring words of the Count de Cannes. He had hoped to be able, in the future—now alas! so interminably dreary—to be able to make her heart his pillow; but all those fanciful notions were gone for ever. At times his grief made him frantic, and he imagined that he would rather have stood by her feverish bed, and watched her glazing eyes, and viewed her dying agony, than seen her the wife of a hated and detested rival. But after awhile his transient harshness melted away to tears of love, and if he could not forgive her, he at least ceased to nourish hatred against her.

Mimi Zedern grew impatient at the long stay the baronet and her brother De Cannes were making. She wished them to start immediately, and they were allowing the grass to grow under their feet. There was danger lurking in the air too, for Mr. Littleboy had taken up his quarters in the Priory, and was employed once or twice a day in telegraphing to London, which augured badly for the Count de Cannes, whose apprehensions were at length so much aroused, that he had his traps put together, and ordering a carriage, made arrangements to leave Kirkdale at a certain hour.

The Earl of Brandon had rallied a little, but not sufficiently to admit of his being removed from his bed, or to allow him to take any part in his business affairs. Mr. Littleboy had made two applications to his physician to be allowed to see him, but on each occasion had been refused.

If you wish to endanger my patient's life, see him," replied the physician; "if not, keep away from him until the proper time arrives."

"Only assure me that his life is not in danger, and I will do as you tell me."

"You have my assurance to that effect," replied the doctor. "The earl is in no immediate danger, but his nervous system has been so severely shocked, that it is difficult to say if he will ever be himself again."

After this interview, Mr. Littleboy sought Mrs. Cob in the housekeeper's room, and was cordially greeted by that amiable domestic.

"Mrs. Cob," exclaimed the lawyer.

"Sir, to you," she replied.

"I want to have a little talk with you, if you will allow me."

"Certainly, sir, and glad to do so. Pray be seated."

"I should like Mr. Webster to be present, for I wish to question him as well as yourself."

"Oh! you needn't be afraid, sir, of having no witnesses, though I have been informed that the gentlemen of the law are very particular, and for all the world, like an act of Parliament, which, it is well known, is drawn up strict, with a view to avoid mistakes."

"It is not that, Mrs. Cob."

"If you say so, sir, I'm bound to take your word."

"Will you call the butler?"

"I will, sir, if you so desire me; but if a severe rheumatism settled in the left heel is any excuse for idleness and sitting still, I do hope you'll accept it on the present occasion, which it's a most trying," replied Mrs. Cob, lugubriously.

"Where is he?" asked Mr. Littleboy, smiling.

"In the pantry, sir."

"Where is that?"

"It adjoins this room, sir, which it hadn't ought to, for what with the jingle-jangle of plate and the noise of Mr. Webster a-rowing of the footman, my nerves gets that upset, and my hand shakes so bad as not to be able to hold a glass of water without the liquid running over the brim, which it's not becoming a woman of my age and position, and makes me blush the colour of a red rose when any one stands by and sees me."

Mr. Webster, on being called, directly responded to the summons, and made his appearance, with a black leather apron on, which he had assumed for the purpose of bottling some wine, which had lain in the cellar until it was sufficiently ripe; but being overcome by the fumes of the vintage, he had taken refuge in his apartment up-stairs, leaving the bottling business to his subordinates, who took care to first fill themselves and afterwards the bottles.

"Servant, sir," exclaimed Mr. Webster.

"Good morning. I just wish to put a few questions to you, relative to the robbery which took place here, on the night the earl, your master, met with his accident."

"Certainly, sir, answer any question you like to put to me."

"You have no reason to suspect any one?"

"None at all, sir."

"In your opinion, who perpetrated the robbery?"

"Can't say, sir."

"In point of fact, you have no opinion about the matter?" said Mr. Littleboy.

"I can't say I have."

"And you, Mrs. Cob?"

"Not having had a father in the police, sir, and not being brought up to detective pursuits, which I'm told they're vulgar, I must agree with Webster."

"Of course you think that some one broke into the house?"

"No doubt about that, when the windows were found open and all."

"Did it never occur to you that the robbery might have been committed by some one in the house?"

Mr. Webster laughed aloud at the idea.

"Not it, sir, not it."

"The Count de Cannes, sleeps near the earl's bedroom, I believe?"

"So close as to be next door, sir."

"You never saw anything suspicious in the behaviour of the count?"

"Ah! you're on a wrong scent there, sir," remarked Mrs. Cob, "why the count's the finest gentleman out, let alone his being a furrier, which it's his misfortune, and not his fault, seeing he was born so, and the mistake of his parents for not living on the free soil of Great Britain, which it's the first country in the world, and no other can't hold a candle to it; no, nor even a rushlight to it. The count, sir, gave me this very morning a five pound note, which it's liberal, considering the short time he's been in the house; and he's treated us all alike, from the housemaids down to the groom, though of course they don't expect so much as a housekeeper."

"Is he going away?"

"That's just it, sir. The count was only waiting until the earl was pronounced out of danger, and now that such is—thanks be to glory—the case, he's going to take his departure along with his bosom friend Sir Lawrence Allingford, which they do say he smokes opium like a turbaned Turk, and the carriage has been ordered at two o'clock—it's now twelve—so that in two hours' time, sir, if my calculation does not deceive me, they will both of them be on the road to —. I didn't think to ask where they were going, and not having seen the labels on the boxes, I'll leave that, with your kind permission, sir, to your imagination, which it's to be hoped is vivid and will supply the gap."

Mrs. Cob looked round her complacently, as if she thought she had set a difficult question at rest, and was entitled to some applause in consequence.

"At two o'clock, you say?"

"Two precise."

"Mr. Webster, be good enough to countermand the order for the carriage," said Mr. Littleboy, decisively.

"Could not do it, sir, much as I respect you, or any other friend, acquaintance, or professional adviser of the Earl of Brandon. It's more nor my place is worth to do such a thing on the strength of vague insinuations," replied Mr. Webster, with dignity.

"Which you're right Mr. Webster, and I very much approve the same," ejaculated Mrs. Cob, rubbing her hands together with satisfaction.

The lawyer remarked the stress the butler laid on the phrase "professional adviser," and saw that those who serve aristocrats become aristocratic themselves, and do not think much of people who have to work for their living. A butler in a nobleman's family very often thinks himself as good, if not better than many a barrister without briefs, or any number of poor curates who have only a miserable stipend to look to

for subsistence. "Money and birth" is the pampered menial's motto, and to it, and it alone, he bows his haughty head, and bends his stiffened neck.

"What if I were to tell you that the Count de Cannes is no count at all?" observed Mr. Littleboy.

"Won't do, sir," replied Mr. Webster; "leastways, not with a old bird to whom chaff is not his natural food, and would sooner have corn instead."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Littleboy, indignantly.

"No offence, sir, only I must take the liberty of observing that this is not the first of April, and consequently fools is scarce, and 'sells' not the fashion, and unbecoming of a gentleman given to the law, which I am led to understand is your standing in society."

"I am telling you the simple truth; I believe the so-called count to be at the bottom of the robbery, and all this mischief."

"What you believe, sir, is one thing; what is evidence in a court of justice is another," replied Mr. Webster.

The lawyer felt the force of this reproof, and contented himself with saying:

"So you refuse to render me the slightest assistance?"

"Will you take a glass of Madeira, sir?" said Mr. Webster, moving the previous question, as they say in the House of Commons.

Mr. Littleboy felt himself getting into a passion, so he thought the best thing he could do would be to beat a speedy retreat, more especially as there was no chance of his obtaining the least assistance from either of those whose aid he had solicited.

"Are you a going, sir?" exclaimed Mrs. Cob, as he rose from the chair. "Well, I did hope as you would have stayed a little longer."

"No, thank you; I haven't the time to spare."

"May I venture to express a hope, sir, that you're not offended in any way?"

"Well, I am offended. I have a blunt way of speaking, and I am offended."

"Mr. Webster—he's always offending somebody, sir, including your humble servant, which she has to endure much from him at times."

"I am annoyed at the stupidity of both of you."

"Stupidity!" repeated Mrs. Cob. "I'm going to Kirkdale to-morrow, sir, and if Mr. Kent—he's the solicitor there—says that word's actionable, I'll make somebody pay for it, and have the rightful amount of damages to which my injured feelings is, by law, entitled."

Mr. Littleboy uttered something like a curse, and ran from the room, but as he did so he heard the draconic voice of Mrs. Cob exclaim:

"Mr. Webster, you're a witness, which it's lucky, as lawyers will swear anything."

"Is that true, Mrs. Cob?"

"Ah! that it is, Mr. Webster; it's gospel. Lawyers and me 'as met before. There was my poor husband, he's dead and gone now—peace to him—didn't he have a Chancery suit, and spent all his money, which it was the cause of my going to service, though I've nothing to complain of in a good master and nice fellow domestics."

Mr. Littleboy was glad when he got out of hearing; for in spite of his equanimity, Mrs. Cob's remarks stung him like the attacks of a gad-fly in hot weather do a horse whose withers are unstrung.

He was quite positive that the Count de Cannes was an impostor, who had by means of some specious pretence gained admission to Kirkdale Priory. The fact of his title not being in the French peerage was quite sufficient to prove that he was not what he represented himself to be. That he was sailing under false colours Mr. Littleboy had no doubt whatever. He called himself the Count de Cannes, giving himself a specific title, and the keen-witted London attorney had proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he had no right whatever to the rank he assumed. It seemed a serious thing to jump from this stepping-stone to the top of the ladder, and say that he was the perpetrator of the robbery which had been accompanied with such disastrous results to the Earl of Brandon, but Mr. Littleboy had a firm conviction that such was the case. In order to make his case stronger, he sought Sir Lawrence Allingford on leaving the housekeeper's room.

He found that gentleman lying under a tree, smoking medicated tobacco and reading Longfellow, amidst whose hexameters he was wading to ascertain the fate of Evangelina, whose wrongs are put down to the crimes of the British. He read how her father was turned from his home and fled to the forests primeval; how Gabriel followed her there, and sought in a wide desolation for some trace of the woman he loved beyond all other things in creation. He sighed for the hopeless flame which burned in the breast of the lover, born under a star unlucky and cursed by the fates unpropitious.

He was surprised at the intrusion of Mr. Littleboy, whose society he had avoided because the count had advised him to do so. Glancing up languidly, he

looked at the attorney in an insulting manner; but the latter, in no way abashed, exclaimed:

"Taking it easy, sir Lawrence?"

"I am not aware that my 'taking it easy,' or in any other way, is a matter that concerns you," replied the baronet, with an insolent stare.

"Oh, I don't know! It is a matter of opinion."

"Counsel's opinion, probably."

"No, not counsel's opinion, because it is not paid for. Is your 'friend' the count stirring yet?"

"Pon my word, you had better ask him. I am not the gentleman's keeper."

"Known him long?"

"I am not in the witness-box, and consequently don't feel inclined to answer your questions, impertinent or the reverse."

"Ticklish question, perhaps?"

"Eh, sir!" cried Sir Lawrence, angrily.

Mr. Littleboy saw that he might "move the court" as much as he liked, but that it was impossible he would take much by his motion, so he gave up the attempt in despair, and walked away.

It was just half-past twelve, so that if he were to take any decided action, he had only one hour and thirty minutes to do it in, as the count would leave the Priory in that time. He had telegraphed to the different police-stations in London to know if they were acquainted with a Count de Cannes, and described his personal appearance accurately, but they all sent back word that they were not. Not to be deterred by his ill-success in this quarter, he determined to beard the lion in his den. By dint of persevering inquiry, he found that the count was in his bedroom, packing up his things in his portmanteau, which he would not allow any one to do for him.

This in itself to a detective mind was a suspicious circumstance.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Those to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown,
Who seem appalled the unreal scene,
While fancy lifts the veil between.
Ah! fear, ah! frantic fear,
I see, I see thee near.

Collins.

THE Count de Cannes had determined to leave Kirkdale Priory, not because Mimi, in a semi-authoritative manner, commanded him to do so, but because he saw that to remain there any longer would be an insane act, little short of madness. He could read character, and he was able to tell at a glance that the London solicitor was a sharp, shrewd, clever man, and he feared him. He scarcely knew why; but he felt that Mr. Littleboy was his enemy. He thought that if he pitted his talents against those of any antagonist with whom he might have to do battle in the course of his chequered career, he would gain an easy victory, but being essentially a prudent man, he was averse to running any risk, and he rather avoided a conflict with Littleboy.

He had just put the finishing touch to his portmanteau when he heard a knock at his bedroom-door.

"Who is there?" he exclaimed.

Mr. Littleboy made no answer, for he was the applicant for admittance.

"Confound them, why can't they speak?" muttered the Count de Cannes. "Some of those stupid servants, I suppose. What a nuisance it is that you cannot go to a country house in England without being obliged to fee every domestic, from the butler to the scullery-maid. If the coachman gives you a mount he expects a sovereign for it. It's a shameful tax."

Grumbling in this manner, he advanced to the door, and flinging it open, said "Come in," in a gruff voice.

Mr. Littleboy entered. When the count saw who his visitor was, he changed colour, and exclaimed, with polite irony:

"I have yet to learn upon what ground one gentleman intrudes upon the privacy of another."

"I have something to say to you, count; and hearing that you were busy, I thought I would talk to you while you were arranging your portmanteau, which must be an important operation, as you dispense with the services of a valet."

"That is my business."

"Certainly. I commend you for your independence."

The two men looked at one another. Both saw that a serious encounter was about to ensue.

The count contented himself with pulling the straps which bound his baggage tighter together.

"My dear count," exclaimed Mr. Littleboy, "you are the most charming companion I ever remember to have met."

"Your imagination is elastic," replied the count, "for I have no intention of being agreeable or entertaining to you."

"You take great care of your portmanteaus."

"Why should I not?"

"Do you carry your bank about with you?"

"Very rarely," replied the count, caustically.

"Do you know I read sometimes, count?"
 "Most people do."
 "Oh, how witty you are! Your remarks are almost as good as those of my great friend Lord Rose-from-Nothing, who, in addressing a meeting of eminent men connected with educational matters, said, 'We all remember our "charity-school days." What do you think engaged my attention to-day?"

"How should I know?"
 "I read French, and I took up a French peesage."
 The Count de Cannes started and looked hard at Mr. Littleboy.

"It is an entertaining volume," resumed the latter; "but what is very strange, they have omitted your name in this year's edition, count."

De Cannes stepped up to Mr. Littleboy with a menacing look, and said, hoarsely:

"Is it war between you and I?"
 "Well, that depends on circumstances."

"What are those circumstances?"
 "Nothing much. If you submit to me without a struggle there will be no war; if you resist, there most decidedly will be."

"Come," said the count, taking a chair, and lighting a cigar, "let us have it out at once. Say what you have to say, and then we shall understand our relative positions."

"It seems to me," said Mr. Littleboy, with what was foolish frankness, "that the matter lies in a nutshell. You represent yourself as a French nobleman, while you are nothing of the sort, and consequently you are here under false pretences."

"Well," ejaculated the count, with a half-smile.
 "A robbery is committed in this house with singular audacity. No one can unravel the matter, and I come upon the scene."

"Better for you had you not!" muttered the count, between his teeth.

"I put this and that together, and the conclusion I arrive at is, that my estimable friend the count—*soi-disant*—the Count de Cannes, knows more of the matter than he would like to reveal."

"Your sagacity does you credit," replied the count, still smiling—this time defiantly.

"I hear that you are going to leave us to-day, and I come here to request you to stay until the matter can be investigated further."

"Or else?" exclaimed the count.
 "Or else it will be my painful necessity to detain you on my own responsibility."

"My dear sir," said De Cannes, in a tone of mild remonstrance, "you are no doubt very clever, but you are in this instance acting the part of a child. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that all you have alleged within the last five minutes is strictly matter-of-fact—what then?"

"Oh, a great deal! Justice would be vindicated by your capture."

"And you think you are the man to effect that capture? Now, I will be plain, candid, and straightforward with you. I have defied the police of some of the largest continental nations for a longer period of time than I can remember; and do you suppose for a moment that it is possible or reasonable that I should allow myself to be brought to bay by a writ-serving, six-and-eightpenny London attorney—I, who have laughed at Fouché, and baffled the Italian *sbirri*?"

"You admit it all then?" cried Mr. Littleboy, rather astounded.

"Admit what?"

"That you are not the Count de Cannes; that—"

"I am the count, since I choose to call myself so. What law is there to prevent a man changing his name? To-morrow I may be the Marquis of Wallsend, or Mr. Bighchild, solicitor, Bartlett's buildings."

"And the robbery?"

"Was very skilfully executed by me. The proceeds of it are deposited in that portmanteau. The numbers of the notes are unknown, and will be changed by me this afternoon at the Bank of England, for sterling coin of the realm."

"I think not," replied Mr. Littleboy, with a satisfied smile.

"I know it," exclaimed de Cannes, confidently.
 "Well, Mr. Littleboy, what do you think of your important discovery?"

"I am unable to over-rate its importance. It is lucky for you that you have confessed, although in a peculiar manner, as your confession may have some weight with the judges at the summer assizes."

The count laughed aloud.
 "Go on," he said.

"Do you intend to deliver yourself up to me, and be driven over to Kirkdale, or shall I send to that town for a policeman?"

"You may send for a dozen, my dear sir," was the unconcerned reply.

"I feel it my duty at once to take possession of that portmanteau," said Mr. Littleboy.

The lawyer advanced to the portmanteau as he spoke, and was about to sit down upon it, when the count dealt him a tremendous blow on the side of the head, saying, between his clenched teeth:

"Take possession of that too! you may as well have enough while you are about it."

Mr. Littleboy rolled over, and fell like a log upon the carpet.

The count then opened a small travelling-bag, and took from it a bottle and a sponge. The contents of the bottle were of a pale white colour. He poured some of this liquid upon the sponge, and the pungent odour it emitted proclaimed it as chloroform immediately.

Holding the sponge to Mr. Littleboy's nostrils, he took out his watch and looked at it. The lawyer breathed heavily, and inhaled the soporific in large quantities.

After the drug had been applied for two minutes and a half, the count took the sponge away, squeezed it dry in the wash-hand-basin, and placed it within the bag again, saying to himself:

"He is sure to sleep for six hours. That will be time enough for me. I shall be in London at a certain hour; and, having concluded my business, I shall be half-way on the road to Paris before he is himself again. Where shall I put him, so as to have him out of the way of the servants? Oh! under the bed—no one will think of looking there."

Taking the unfortunate lawyer by his heels, and dragging him along the carpet, De Cannes threw him under the bed, afterwards carefully drawing down the ruffled valence so as to ensure secrecy until all danger of pursuit was put on one side by the many miles between them.

When this was satisfactorily arranged, he rang the bell, told the servant who replied to the summons to take his luggage into the hall, and went down-stairs to see if Sir Lawrence Allingford was in readiness.

He found the baronet standing on the steps under the portico, speaking to a man who had the appearance of a groom.

"I am engaging a man," said Sir Lawrence.

"Doing what?"

"Hiring a servant. It is an article of domestic use and social utility I stand much in need of."

"Is he a stranger to you?"

"Perfect stranger."

"Can he produce a character?"

"No; but he can give me a reference, which is just as good. He says that he was in the employ of Lady Brandon, and has mentioned one or two circumstances which convince me of the truth of his assertion, so I am inclined to engage him."

"Do as you like," returned the count, "but by all means make as much haste as you can, for we start in half-an-hour."

"I don't want heavy wages, sir," said the man.

"Never mind that. We shall not quarrel about a few pounds, more or less. If you do your work well, I would rather give you fifty pounds a year than forty. There is nothing so delicious as being well served by those we hire to minister to our wants."

"What is your name?" said the count, eyeing him critically.

The man hesitated, as if a name was not part of his programme.

"Well?"

"William, sir."

"What else?"

"Ling, sir."

"Ling? That's an odd name."

"Wait there till the carriage comes round; then you shall go to town with us."

Sir Lawrence took the count's arm, and they walked into the dining-room to have some luncheon before they left. Neither of them had much appetite, a slice of tongue and a couple of tumblers of champagne being all they took.

At last the carriage arrived, the luggage was piled up, and the new servant took his place in the rumble. As the carriage drove off, a smile of triumph flitted over his face.

"Allingford," said the count, "I do not like that man of yours."

"Why not?" replied the baronet.

"I have taken a prejudice against him."

"Absurd, my dear count."

De Cannes was right, nevertheless; for that man was William Girling.

(To be continued.)

THE death watch (*Anobium striatum*) is a very common inmate of our houses. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects, there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. This noise, however, is caused by a small beetle, which, during its boring operations, rubs the neck and thorax (chest) together, by which means this (to some persons) terrible omen is produced—a

fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of causeless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the woodwork of old houses, which they gnaw continually. When captured, this little beetle feigns death with the strangest pertinacity, preferring, it is said, to suffer death under a slow fire rather than to betray the least sign of vitality. The death watch, on account of its retired habits, minute size, and dark colour, is very seldom seen; and as there are often several individuals working at the same time in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitious terror wherewith, by some persons, it is regarded. The greatest evil, however, to be dreaded from it is the injury it does through its excavations into the woodwork of our houses.—*"Our Common Insects. First Steps to Entomology."* By Mrs. E. W. Cox.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

ON the first occasion, I spoke to one of the attending police, simply for the purpose of facilitating our passage if we should get into a great crowd, which, of course, did occasionally happen. In these cases the policeman a little preceded us, and it was very interesting for us to observe the sudden changes in the countenances of those whom the constable gently touched, in order to accelerate our passage. On the first slight pressure of the policeman's hand upon the arm of John Bull, he looked round with indignation; but when the policeman quietly asked him to be so good as to let the Duke of Wellington pass, the muscles of John Bull's countenance relaxed into a grateful smile; he immediately made way, and in several cases thanked the officer for giving him an opportunity of seeing the duke.

During the most crowded of those days, we at one period became entirely blocked up and stationary for upwards of ten minutes. Our intelligent companion was himself wedged in, at a short distance from us. Just in front of us stood a woman, with a child in her arms, of about two years old, who was leaning over its mother's shoulders. The duke began to play with the infant, pretending to touch its ear with his finger, and then to touch its nose. The mother was gratified—the child was charmed. At last the crowd almost suddenly broke up, and we went on. After we had advanced about a dozen paces, I said to the Duke of Wellington, "I must step back to speak to the mother of your young friend." I then asked her if she knew the gentleman who had been playing with her child for the last ten minutes: she said, "no sir." I told her it was the Duke of Wellington. Her surprise and delight were equally great. I desired her to tell her boy when he grew up, that when an infant, the Duke of Wellington had played with him. I then returned, and told the duke the object of my mission. His approbation was indicated by a happy smile.

Soon after the Queen came to the throne, the two universities presented addresses to her Majesty. I accompanied that of Cambridge. The deputation was very numerous, and much unseemly pushing took place. I recollect a very short dumpy fellow pushing much more energetically than any other, for whom I made way, as I retired from the strife in which I was unwillingly involved. He not only pushed, but was continually jumping up like a parched pea in a heated frying-pan: his object being to get a glimpse of her Majesty, and the effect accomplished being to alight on the toes or graze the heels of his colleagues. I retired into a window close to the end of the position occupied by the gentlemen-at-arms.

The Duke of Wellington, who had a short time before, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, presented the address of that body, still remained in the state apartments. He joined me in the recess of the window, and we entered into conversation. After a time the little dumpy fellow, who had been regularly turned out of the crowd for his pushing, came up to us, and mistaking the Duke of Wellington for a beef-eater or some palace attendant, complained, almost in tears, that he wanted to see the Queen, and that they had pushed him out, and that he had not been able to see the Queen. The duke, very good-naturedly, said he would take him to a place where he could see her Majesty without being pushed about. Accordingly, the duke led him behind the gentlemen-at-arms to a situation in which the little man's wish was gratified, and then returned with him to the window, and resumed the conversation.

When I published the "Ninth Bridgewater Treatise," I sent my servant to Apsley House with a presentation copy for the Duke of Wellington. The next morning, at breakfast, my servant informed me that the porter absolutely refused to take it in, although he stated from whom it came. I remarked to my brother-in-law, who was staying with me, that it was a very odd circumstance, and inquired what was to be done. He replied, "When a man refuses to re-

ceive a parcel, nothing more can be done." I then observed that if any other person than the Duke had done so, I should have taken no further step; but I added that I knew his character so well that I was confident there was really a good and sufficient reason, although I could not conjecture its nature.

After breakfast, I wrote a short letter to the duke, mentioning the circumstance, taking for granted that it arose entirely from some misconception of his orders. I then requested him not to take the trouble of writing to me to explain it; but added that I would send the volume to Apsley House on the following morning, when, I had no doubt, the mistaken interpretations of his orders would have been rectified. About three o'clock the same day a servant of the duke's brought me a note, inquiring if there were any answer to take back. The duke stated in his note that letters, books, parcels, maps, and even merchandise, were continually sent to him for the purpose of being forwarded to all parts of the world. This, he observed, threw upon his house-steward so great a responsibility, that he had been compelled to give directions that no parcel should be received at Apsley House without a written order with his signature, like that which he now inclosed. As the duke's servant was waiting, I gave him the book, which he took back, and I retained the slip of paper for any other similar occasion.

The duke was habitually an economist of time. One day I was going homeward in a cab to dress for a dinner engagement, when I thought I observed him riding down St. James's Street towards the House of Lords. On reaching the house of the friend with whom I was to dine, I found that the Duke of Wellington was expected at dinner. He arrived punctually. In the course of the evening I took an opportunity of asking him whether I was mistaken in supposing I had seen him a short time before dinner, riding down St. James's Street. I then expressed my surprise at the rapidity of his movements in getting back to Apsley House in time to dress and be punctual to his engagement. He said: "No, I did not do that; I had ordered my carriage to meet me at the House of Lords, and I had changed my dress whilst it was bringing me here."—*Passages from the Life of a Philosopher.* By Charles Babbage.

COOLNESS.—The Duke of Marlborough possessed great command of temper, and never permitted it to be ruffled by little things. As he was riding one day with Commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The servant not bringing it immediately, he called for it again. The servant being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, it raining very hard, the duke called to him again, and asked him what he was about that he did not bring his cloak. "You must stay, sir," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Marriot, and said very coolly: "Now I will not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

THERE is much talk in the clubs of a coming shower of peerages, and people who know everything profess to consider six of them as certain. The Marquis of Westminster will, it is said, be rewarded for his immense wealth and staunch Whiggery by a dukedom; the services of the premier will be acknowledged by making Lady Palmerston Viscountess Melbourne in her own right, with remainder to her second son, the Right Hon. W. Cowper; and Sir Charles Wood, Secretary of State for India, Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, member for South Northumberland, and owner of vast mining property in that county, Sir W. Bulkeley, a man of great influence in Anglesey and Flintshire, and head of a very ancient family, and Mr. Denison, the speaker, will all be made peers. The least probable name on this list is that of Sir Charles Wood, who told the electors of Halifax the other day, that he should stand again, and who is always included in every list of peerages, from the intense desire of the public to see him out of office.

WORKSHOPS FOR SOLDIERS' WIVES.—The suggestion comes all the way from Madras, and it is something to say in its favour that it has been acted upon there with success. It consists in the establishment of "Female Workshops"—which might be more correctly described as "Workshops for Females"—in some of the European regiments. One of these is now maintained in connection with the 69th Foot at Fort St. George. But the experiment has been tried on a more extensive scale by Brigadier-General Grant, commanding the Hyderabad Subsidiary Force. This officer has, at his own expense, established workshops for females in the European corps under his command; and so successful has he found their operation, that he has suggested to the Government the introduction of the system throughout the army. The effect of the measure is not only to furnish employment of a remunerative kind to the wives of soldiers, but to produce valuable moral benefits. It is stated

that the local government has refused to forward the brigadier-general's suggestions to the home authorities—upon what uncircumlocutional ground it would be difficult to conceive—but they deserve attention none the less, even though received through an irregular channel. In England, such institutions would be productive of immense good. The clothing of the troops, for instance, is now supplied on the contract system; why should it not be made in workshops established at the head-quarters of every regiment, and more especially at the stations of the depot battalions? In that case, not only could the greater number, if not all, of the wives of the men be employed, but a direct advantage would accrue to Government from this disposal of the work. Soldiers' clothing is now made by miserable creatures in dens which are a frequent source of disease. It is obvious that the work could be better performed in large and well-ventilated workshops, and the discipline of such establishments could not fail to have a good moral effect.

THE LIGHTKEEPER OF RAVENSLIFFE.

CHAPTER I.

Through the night, through the night,
Where the sea lifts the wreck—
Land in sight, close in sight—
On the surf-flooded deck,
Stands the father so brave,
Driving on to his grave,
Through the night!

"T'will be a stormy night," said old Roger Duncan, as his keen eye swept the turbulent sea, and the sky lowering above—"we must make haste to light the lamps, for many a poor sailor will look hitherward, like the belated soldiers you read to us about, for some friendly watch-tower."

They stood hard by Ravenscliffe lighthouse—Roger Duncan and his only son; and I doubt if any artist ever painted a more striking picture than they formed, standing there amid the fast-deepening shadows. Tall, broad-chested, and eagle-eyed, Roger Duncan was the very ideal of a lightkeeper; and indeed there was something in his aspect which harmonized with the rugged grandeur of the scene around him. His son bore a strong resemblance to him in some respects, but his frame was of a lighter mould, and his head and face of a finer cast; and in spite of his peajacket and glazed hat, he had the air, and wherever you might have met him, you would have pronounced him undeniably a gentleman. He, too, was watching the sea and sky; but no prophetic voice, far down in his heart's secret depths, whispered of the changes which that night's storm was to bring.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, in reply to the old man, "there are omens of a terrible storm—a storm which will strew the bay with wrecks, but we will do what we can. I will hasten to light the lamps; and if scores are swallowed up by the waves, it shall not be said we failed in our duty."

With these words, he hurried into a small room, where a little swarthy woman, with a gay cap, an old-fashioned gold necklace, and a chintz dress all a-flame with bright flowers, was cooking the evening meal.

"The tempest is just upon us, Janet," he cried. "I fear we shall have rough work before midnight. Make your tea strong, and be sure that you have plenty of it; and hunt out whatever wine or brandy we may have left, for they may be needed." And passing her, he scaled the ladders, and lighted the lamps, pausing at that giddy height to cast another glance at the whitening surge.

In a few moments more Janet summoned them to tea, and then they went forth to keep their dismal watch.

The clouds hung sullen and wrathful overhead, ever and anon growing luminous with the red splendour of the lightning, as it traced its hieroglyphics of fire along the sky; the waves rolled high, crested with foam, and breaking wildly against the rocks around the lighthouse; scared gulls and petrels wheeled in stormy fright amid the spray; the rain poured in torrents; and afar, in the dim distance, doomed vessels gleamed spectral through the dusk.

On, on tossed those ill-starred ships, the sport of wind and wave; and as they came nearer, the lightning occasionally revealed terrified groups on deck, straining every nerve to outstride the storm.

One by one three struck the hidden rocks, and were shattered into a thousand fragments, their crews sinking into dim ocean caves, where the coral insect builds its wondrous reefs with patient toil, and the legends tell us that mermaids chant syren songs as they bind up their wet hair.

The fourth vessel had well-nigh reached the shore, when a mountain wave dashed it upon the quicksands; and with a thrill of horror, Roger Duncan and his son saw white, imploring faces turned towards

them, and heard frantic prayers for mercy floating through the gloom of the tempest, to Him whose ear is never heavy that it cannot hear, even when the surges thunder and the winds howl.

The next instant the lightkeepers had struck boldly out into the water, forgetting their own peril in their efforts to save the wrecked seamen. Both were strong of arm and stout of heart; and when Philip Duncan perceived a father struggling to save his child, he hastened to their aid.

The stranger was sinking for the last time when Duncan reached him; but with uplifted hands he bore the little girl aloft, and the young man snatched her from his grasp.

"She's the captain's bairn, puir thing," faltered a Scotch sailor. "She will be clean daft when she finds her father is gone;" and as he spoke, he, too, sank, "uncoffined and unknelt," into a nameless grave.

Several of the crew were cast upon the shore, but all efforts to resuscitate them proved vain; and with heavy hearts the two went back to the little room, whither Philip had carried the child.

The warmth and brightness of the fire within contrasted vividly with the gloom outside, and the boon of life had never seemed sweeter to Philip Duncan than when he recalled the fate of the wrecked sailors.

As he paused on the hearthstone, a beautiful child, with drenched garments, and a face gleaming out like a piece of sculpture from her damp and heavy tresses, moved to his side, and murmured:

"Why does not papa come in, too? Is he yet trying to save the crew?"

Philip Duncan's heart gave a sudden bound, and there was a deep pathos in his voice when he replied: "My poor child, how shall I tell you the truth? Your father is dead—"

"Dead!" interposed the child, with a passionate gush of tears—"let me go and see him."

"It is impossible. I am sure his features could never fade from my memory—and no such person has been flung ashore."

"You saw him but once, and only for a moment," pleaded the child; "you might mistake, sir. Oh, let me go! do let me go!"

"Be it as you wish," said the young man, and taking a lantern, he clasped the child's hand, and led her forth into the night and the tempest.

It was pitiful to see her, with her great wistful eyes, stealing from corse to corse, in the vain hope of identifying her father. Lying there beneath the stormy sky, she perceived the merry sailors, who had climbed the rigging, and banded jokes, and told yarns in the forecasement. When they stopped by the last, she made a despairing gesture, and exclaimed:

"I know all these men; but poor papa is not here."

"I feared not. But, little girl, I will keep watch, and it may be that the waves will fling him on the rocks."

The child shuddered; and with a pity he could not repress, Philip Duncan guided her once more into the kitchen. She was still sobbing as if her young heart would break, and he lifted her in his arms, and pillowed her head on his breast, asked:

"What is your name?"

"Rose, sir—Rose Ainslie."

"And do you recollect the name of your father's vessel?"

"Oh, yes; it was the Rover, sir."

"Where did you sail from?"

"A place called Cadiz—a great city, with thousands of ships in the harbour."

"And did you leave your mother in England?"

"My mother is dead, sir, six months; and my father used to say I was his only treasure."

Talking thus, the child fell asleep; and sitting in the fire-light, Philip Duncan thought long and earnestly. At length he resigned his charge to Janet; and while the blast shrieked and wailed, and the surf dashed high around the lighthouse, Rose Ainslie was wrapped in the profound slumber of childhood.

The next morning, as old Roger Duncan and his son sat at breakfast, the little girl came gliding from the cosy bedroom where Janet had left her. She received a warm welcome, and Philip lifted her to a seat beside him at the table; but she could eat nothing, and when the meal was ended, begged to go and search for her father. The young man assented, and ere long, a sharp cry told him that Rose had recognized her father among a group that had been cast upon the shore during the night.

"Oh, papa!" she wailed; and flinging herself down beside him, burst into a passion of tears.

Captain Ainslie was a man of noble presence, and even in death his face bespoke a generous and high-souled nature. Rose called him by every endearing name, and showered kisses on the dumb lips and marble brow, and finally she turned to her young friend, and murmured:

"I cannot wake him, sir; I think he must be dead."

"God pity you, child!" exclaimed Philip Duncan; "this is hard!" And raising his lifeless form, he bore it into the lighthouse, followed by Rose.

His father and Janet composed the stiffened limbs, and wrapped him in a winding-sheet; Rose smoothed the dark hair, and took possession of a seal-ring her father had always worn; and Philip made a grave in the rocky soil.

The storm had ceased, and sunset glories flamed in the sky, glowed on the waves, and touched the quaint windows of the lighthouse with ruddy gold, when Roger Duncan and his son set down the rude bier they had fashioned by the open grave; and while the young man repeated some passages from the burial service, consigned the dead to his last resting-place. The solemn duty done, they proceeded to bury the others who had perished in the tempest, in a single grave, and busied themselves about their usual avocations till the twilight stole on.

"Where is the little stranger?" asked Janet, as they entered the kitchen.

"I thought she came in with you," rejoined Philip. "No, no; I could not coax her from the grave where her father lies; but perhaps she will listen to you."

Philip Duncan went toward the burial-place. As he approached, he perceived the child crouched by the new-made grave, white, and still, and stony, as if she had been a statue.

"Rose," he said, gently, but the rest of the sentence died away unuttered.

"At the sound of his voice, she sprang to him, and murmured:

"Poor, poor papa! What shall I do now?"

"Listen, child; you can stay with us till you can find your friends. We will all try to deal tenderly with you, little one. My father will take you to his heart, and you shall be his daughter, and I—I will be your brother."

A smile flashed over the girl's face; and nestling close to Philip's side, she exclaimed:

"I am sure I can trust you, and I will do my best to be content."

The young man drew her into the kitchen, and from that hour she became the pet of the household, and no queen ever reigned with more absolute sway.

As years wore on, and brought no traces of her early life, beyond what had been gleaned from her short and simple story on the night of the wreck, the past faded from the horizon of her memory, and I doubt if you could find a happier girl in the broad universe. Roger Duncan and his family were still tenants of the Ravenscliffe Lighthouse.

To the young man, Rose Ainslie grew dearer than words can tell, and all his hopes and dreams were interlinked with her. He had long ago ceased to call her "little sister," and his love for her had become the absorbing passion of his life. His father had learned to regard the child of his adoption with fond interest, and brought her gay dresses, and ribbons, and the simple jewellery he could afford, from the nearest town; and Janet, who was growing old, found a ready hand and light foot to assist her, and blessed the day when her young master rescued Rose from the waves.

Such was the state of affairs, when Roger Duncan received a letter, rendering it necessary for his son to start at once for the metropolis.

Rose Ainslie sat perched on a rock, trimming a cap for Janet, when she heard Philip's well-known step, and he paused at her side.

"Rose," he began, in a low voice, "I am going to London."

"To London! and what put that into your head, pray?"

"Business, unexpected business calls me, Rose; my father does not feel able to undertake the journey, and so he sends me."

"And what are we to do without you, I should like to know? Who is to trim and light the lamps, and teach me, and row me across the bay to the frolics, planned for the next two weeks?"

"There are enough who will be glad to do this," replied Philip Duncan, "for I feel that I am in peril every time I take it upon me to be your escort."

"Nonsense!" and the girl smiled bewilderingly—"what harm can there be in a brother's taking his sister wherever he goes?"

"A sister! Oh, Rose, Rose!" cried the young man, "I wish you would understand I do not claim a brother's place in your heart. If I cannot be nearer and dearer than that, I shall never come back to Ravenscliffe;" and sinking at her feet, he added: "I love you, Rose, not as a brother, but as men love those who are to make the sunshine of their lives."

The girl started, her heavy eyelids drooped, and a burning blush crimsoned her face, but she was silent.

"Speak!" said Philip Duncan; "would you be content to remain merely my sister?"

"Ah, Philip!" replied Rose, "I have been talking idly."

"And do you indeed love me as I would have you?"

Rose Ainslie had never before been at a loss for an answer, but now her red, ripe lips gave no response to the young man's impassioned pleading. Still every feature was eloquent, and when he sprang to his feet, the eyes uplifted to him breathed the reply he yearned to hear. He gathered her to his heart in a convulsive embrace, and when they parted they were betrothed lovers.

CHAPTER II.

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,

A mist before the eye,
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

A WEEK had passed since Philip Duncan left his picturesque home among the rocks of Ravenscliffe—a week that had dragged wearily by to Rose Ainslie. The young man's absence had taught her the depth and fervour of her love for him, who had rescued her from a drowning father's arms, and been the steadfast friend of her childhood, as well as the star of her girlish dreams. Every incident of his past devotion was recalled now, and her pulses beat quick as her thoughts went straying on into the rosy future which he had painted with a few graphic words—the future she was to share as his wife.

Dreaming of him, and watching the pale splendour of the autumnal moon-rays, the girl whiled away the evenings till it was quite time to retire, and without Philip the circle within the lighthouse lost its charm. She sat thus one night in the nook where he had declared his love to be far deeper and stronger than a brother's; the waves broke softly at her feet; the moon traced a silver track across the waters, and tinged the bold rocks of the shore; and the breeze which had been wandering over the wheat fields, and through woods, gorgeous with almost tropical pomp, fanned her brow like the gentle stir of an angel's wing. Suddenly a boat shot into a sheltered cove not a stone's throw from her, and a young farmer sprang from it and broke in upon her musings.

"Well, Miss Rose," he exclaimed in a frank, genial way that was irresistibly winning, "I have ventured to come again, and risk another shower of reproaches. Our dance will be a failure without you, and you must go home with me."

"Indeed, I cannot," replied the girl, "I told you so when I saw you last."

"But you did not then know that my cousins from London were to be here."

"Such people do not care for rude, country girls like me," observed Rose, with a curling lip.

"There you are mistaken; Ralph has heard your praises ever since he has been at our house, and he begged me to come for you."

"It will not break his heart if I disappoint him," replied Rose.

"But he is very anxious to see you," persisted the young man; "and besides, if you knew what they say about your secluded yourself as you do of late, you would go at all hazards."

"And what do they say? Tell me, Roy Maitland, if you are my friend."

"That you are wearing the willow because Phil Duncan is absent."

A sudden light shot into Rose Ainslie's eyes, and the colour burned and faded on her face. Her nature was peculiarly sensitive; and though she loved Philip Duncan as we love but once in a lifetime, she did not wish to have her regard a subject for the gossip of idle tongues.

"How foolish!" she said, angrily. "I am free to go to your merry-makings, or stay away, as I like best; and Philip expected me to go when he left us."

"Then of course you will not refuse to-night, when I have such strong reasons for urging you?"

Rose reflected a few moments, and, with a thousand conflicting emotions, yielded a reluctant assent. As she stood before the small, oval mirror, making her toilet, she was half-inclined to run down to the spot where Roy Maitland was awaiting her, and steadily refuse his invitation; but the thought of what he had revealed kept her firm in her purpose. Ere long she stood on the shore with a shawl folded over her party-dress, and the chip-hat she wore throwing her fair face into soft shadow.

Roy Maitland handed her into the boat, and sent it skimming across the bay.

A group of girls met her on the opposite beach, and, laughing and chatting, they moved on toward the half mansion, half farm-house, now twinkling with lights and thronged with guests.

A narrow path, paved with pebbles, and bordered with hedges, led across the lawn; and Roy's red-

cheeked, bright-eyed sister Nell, forgetting the restraints of etiquette, sprang to the door to meet and welcome her.

Tall candles lined the hall, stood on the antique bureaus of the dressing-chamber, and were arranged on the mantel-piece, and the tables in the great parlour; everything as well as everybody seemed to have put on a holiday suit, and the premonitory strains of violins in the apartment which was to serve as a ball-room, stirred the blood of the young, and made the old think of their own dancing-days.

As Rose Ainslie was ushered into the parlour, nothing could have been more charming than her whole appearance. Her robe of white muslin, her coral necklace and earrings, her scarlet sash, and the flame-coloured flowers drooping from her heavy hair, set off her dazzling beauty to advantage, and made her seem like some vivid picture, which would by chance flash into sight like the gorgeous dreams of an opium-eater, or the mosques and minarets of the Holy City to the yearning gaze of the Mussulman pilgrim. Maitland felt proud and pleased that she was leaning on his arm, and his city cousin started in delight and wonder, and advanced to meet them with an expression which was quite flattering to the girl.

"Good heavens!" Rose overheard him say to a lady, whom she supposed to be his sister, from her resemblance to him, and her metropolitan air, "She's a perfect divinity, and I believe I shall fall in love with her at first sight."

"Take care, take care," replied the lady, speaking as if she was more in earnest than in jest; "you are no martyr, and papa will put you on the rack, if you carry out your intentions. You are to build up our fortunes, and yours too, by a brilliant match."

Ralph Mayne shook his head, and the next instant he was whispering to the young man:

"Pray introduce me to your Ravenscliffe beauty."

"Yes, yes," rejoined Roy; and drawing his city guest forward, he said, "My cousin, Mr. Mayne, Rose—Miss Ainslie, Ralph."

If Ralph Mayne had expected an awkward greeting from this country belle, he was disappointed, for she received him with a quiet courtesy, which bespoke innate refinement and good breeding, and he was astonished and charmed at her manner.

He begged her to dance the first set with him, and they soon stood at the head of a cotillon, which was just forming. During the whole evening, he devoted himself to her with an assiduity which irritated the Ravenscliffe beaux, and made her young companions envy Rose Ainslie's conquest. When the last dance was over, Mayne rowed Rose home in her cousin's boat, and at parting, lifted her hand to his lips, and gallantly hoped that the acquaintance thus pleasantly commenced would long continue.

On returning to the farm-house, his sister bantered him on his sudden *penchant*; and, looking down into her face, he replied:

"Do you not recollect that I, years ago, fell in love with a portrait in Mrs. Parkhurst's drawing-room—a portrait of her only sister, taken at sixteen?"

Edith nodded, and he went on:

"I have repeatedly declared I would never marry till I found a lady as beautiful as she, and this Rose Ainslie is the very counterpart of the picture. She has the same eyes, the same hair, the same mouth, the same style of loveliness, in fact."

"Ralph, you are a romantic boy," retorted his sister; "but I tell you it will be worse than useless for you to be sentimental; you cannot afford to fall in love with a poor girl, even though she might be a perfect Hebe."

With these brief words, the subject was dismissed; but that night Ralph Mayne's dreams were haunted by a pair of violet eyes, with a thousand lights and shadows coming and going in their clear depths; red, ripe lips, and a fall of golden hair, that had swept against him when the rapid motion of the dance had loosened the bright tresses.

The next morning, as he stood in his uncle's grounds, he perceived a woman toiling toward the house, and as she drew nearer, he recognized the lady of whom he had spoken the evening previous—Mrs. Parkhurst.

"Pray, is that you, Mr. Mayne?" asked the lady, in extreme surprise.

"Most assuredly—I was about to make a similar inquiry, for you are the last person I had expected to meet to-day, and at a by-place like Ravenscliffe."

"Believe me, I should not have been here had it not been for a misadventure which has just happened."

"What can it be? I thought you looked paler than usual, and seemed to walk with difficulty."

"I am but an invalid at best, as you know," rejoined Mrs. Parkhurst; "and this season I have been more feeble than ever. Dr. Gray proposed a change of air, and I have been seeking it; but it did not agree with me, and I am on my way home. An accident to the carriage forced me to seek shelter here, and I

am glad to find friends where I had expected to meet strangers."

"Are you hurt, madam?" inquired young Mayne, with gentlemanly solicitude.

"No, no, thank heaven; but the two servants I had with me have suffered somewhat. Both were very lame when we set out, and I fear have sunk down exhausted."

"Come in, come in, Mrs. Parkhurst—we will care for you, and one of my uncle's labourers shall be dispatched in search of your servants." As he spoke, he offered his arm, and conducted her into the house, where she received a warm welcome from his aunt, his cousin Nell, and his own sister Edith. Mrs. Parkhurst had always been a favourite of the young man, and sitting by her in the autumn twilight, he said, in a low tone: "Will you believe it when I tell you that I have found my fate among the rocks and glees of Ravenscliffe?"

"It would not be courteous to doubt your word," replied Mrs. Parkhurst, with a quiet smile.

"That seems to imply I may be talking nonsense," continued Ralph Mayne; "but on the honour of a gentleman, I assure you I danced last night with the counterpart of the portrait in your drawing-room."

Mrs. Parkhurst started, and her voice faltered when she said, gravely:

"Indeed! You arouse an interest in your unknown charmer—who is she?"

"There is quite a romance connected with her, as I am told; she is the adopted daughter of Roger Duncan, the lightkeeper of Ravenscliffe."

"And where did he find her, pray?"

"Years ago her father's vessel was wrecked within sight of the lighthouse, and she was rescued from the waves by Duncan's son."

"Her name?" gasped the lady; "tell me her name?"

and she leaned forward, pale and breathless, in her keen anxiety.

"Rose Ainslie, madam."

"Ainslie!" cried Mrs. Parkhurst; "that was the name of the handsome and dashing young sailor for whose sake my poor sister risked so much. Oh, my God! perhaps the lightkeeper's protégée is her child!"

Rising, she paced to-and-fro with a restless step, and at length paused and said:

"Do the lightkeeper's family reside in the lighthouse I saw looming up in the distance?"

"Yes; and after the dance, I rowed her home."

"Ralph Mayne," resumed the lady, "I need help, and I turn to you—will you befriend me?"

"To the utmost of my ability, madam."

"It is too late to seek the girl to-night; but tomorrow, as early as possible, I beg of you to take me to the lighthouse."

"I will—that I promise you;" and the young man kept his word.

Roger Duncan had extinguished the lamps, which had burned as beacons above the Ravenscliffe rocks, and Rose was still asleep in her little room, when Mrs. Parkhurst and Ralph Mayne were ushered into the neat kitchen.

"Sir," began Mrs. Parkhurst, "I have come to make a few inquiries of you."

"Go on; if they are reasonable, I will do what I can to answer them."

"Unlooked for events have thrown me into your neighbourhood, and I have thus learned that you have an adopted child. Will you be kind enough to inform me if what I have heard, with regard to the wreck of her father's vessel, and her rescue by your son, is true?"

"Perfectly true, madam."

"And how long since did all this occur?"

"Twelve years—yes, twelve years, for Rose is now seventeen."

"Does she recollect the name of the lost ship?"

"It was the Rover, madam."

"And Captain Ainslie shared the fate of his men?"

"Yes, we were too late to save him, but he was flung ashore during the night, and we gave him a decent burial. For a time we thought we might find some clue to her relatives, but to no purpose, and of late we have given it up."

"Call her, call her!" gasped Mrs. Parkhurst, and mechanically the old man obeyed.

The next moment Rose came gliding in, radiant as the morning, which was beginning to flush the waters and shake the dew from the wild flowers that flourished in the rocky soil around the lighthouse.

At sight of Mayne, her cheek crimsoned, and she advanced to greet him and his companion, heartily wishing she had not been so foolish as to go to any merry-making, while Philip Duncan was absent. He stood silent, but the woman sprang forward, and twining her arms about her, murmured:

"Oh, my child, my child!"

Her pale, high-bred face, framed in by soft bands of brown hair, dashed here and there with silver, awoke some half-buried memory, and Rose exclaimed:

"Can it be I have found a mother?"

"No, Rose, no; I am your mother's only sister, and God alone knows how I have searched for you!" and bowing her head on the girl's breast, she wept like a child.

The old lightkeeper was too much moved to speak, but Janet's tears fell fast, and there was a suspicious moisture in Ralph Mayne's eyes. The seal-ring, taken from Captain Ainslie's corse, was reverently lifted from the little box, where the girl had kept it; and on pressing a secret spring she had never discovered, Mrs. Parkhurst disclosed a tiny miniature, painted by a skilful hand, and the exact counterpart of the portrait to which Mayne had alluded. An hour passed, and then Mrs. Parkhurst exclaimed:

"Will you give up your adopted daughter, Mr. Duncan?"

"You have established your claim to her," replied the old man, huskily; "but it will be hard to part with her, and I had hoped nobody would carry off our treasure."

A brief consultation was then held, and it was decided that Rose should spend most of the day at the lighthouse, and the Maitlands row her across the bay at nightfall.

Mrs. Parkhurst and young Mayne took their leave, and Rose was left to collect her wardrobe, and bid the lightkeeper and Janet good-bye. Mr. Duncan was sadly preoccupied; Janet could not repress her tears, even after the first shock was over, and Rose Ainslie was in no enviable mood. She visited every haunt endeared to her by its associations with Philip—wrote him a long letter, assuring him that she should not forget him when she was far away, and begging him to come as often as might be to her new home; and knelt and prayed on her father's grave, where the autumn wind waved the tall, sore grass.

When she saw the well-known boat of the Maitlands shooting towards the lighthouse, she kissed Janet, wrung Mr. Duncan's hand, and leaving her letter for Philip with him, quitted the home where twelve years of her life had flown so happily.

While she journeyed with her aunt to London, accompanied by the Maynes, Philip Duncan was hastening back to Ravenscliffe. His heart bountied as he lowered his little skiff; and he felt a thrill of disappointment when he perceived no fair presence watching for his return.

Still, he hurried on, bending to the oars with a will that sent the boat forward like a bird upon the wing; and at length stood in the low kitchen, into which he had borne Rose the night of the storm.

"Where is Rose?" he asked, as he crossed the threshold.

"Oh, my boy, how shall I tell you?—she is gone!"

"Gone—gone! do not mock me, but explain yourself."

"Philip, Rose has found her kindred. Sit down and you shall know all."

The young man sank into a seat, and his father proceeded to relate what had occurred during his absence, giving him, as he concluded, the letter she had traced with an unsteady hand. Philip Duncan went forth, and by the solemn sea, from whose white surge he had rescued Rose Ainslie, read the first letter she had ever written him.

There the lightkeeper met him hours later, and grasping his arm, said:

"My son, this is a terrible blow for you."

"Yes—you cannot dream how dear she is to me, nor how bitter it is to see her snatched from the home where I had hoped to see her my wife."

"Take heart," cried the old man, "she will be true to you, Philip."

"God grant it!" was the low reply, and the old man walked away.

CHAPTER III

There are gains for all our losses,
There's a balm for every pain.
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

TO-AND-FRO, to-and-fro in Mrs. Parkhurst's splendid drawing-room paced Rose Ainslie. Her daintily-shod feet sank deep into a tufted carpet gorgeous with flowers that seemed all a-flame with the life and bloom of the tropics; voluminous curtains of crimson and gold softened the sunlight to a dim, purplish glow; velvet-cushioned chairs and sofas wooed her to repose, and mirrors, stretching in crystalline splendour from ceiling to floor, reflected her faultless form and fair face. To have gazed upon her then, nobody would have dreamed she had grown to womanhood in a humble home, and shared the toil of the busy little woman who presided over old Roger Duncan's household. Rose Ainslie looked as if she had never worn anything less elegant than her dinner-dress of blue brocade, her pearl ear-rings, brooch, and bracelets, and the glittering hair-pin, with their long,

tremulous pearl pendants, which looped up her sunny tresses, while her manner had the same ladylike ease and grace which had astonished and charmed Ralph Mayne when he met her at his cousin Nell's rustic fête.

On her journey to London, her aunt Mary had told her how her mother had been disowned for eloping with Gilbert Ainslie, and her name been a forbidden word among their kindred and servants. At length, learning that the Rover, now commanded by Ainslie, was lying in harbour for repairs, an irresistible impulse had prompted Mrs. Parkhurst to make a stolen visit to her sister, who sailed with her husband on his voyages. There the long-parted sisters were reunited for a few brief days; and when Mrs. Parkhurst saw how happy the young wife was, she could not wonder at her sacrifice. Rose Ainslie was at this period in her third summer, and another child, a beautiful boy, had died previous to Mrs. Parkhurst's clandestine visit. That was their last meeting. When Mrs. Ainslie's father sank into a rapid consumption, he exerted every effort to bring about a reconciliation with his discarded daughter, but in vain. In reply to his penitent letters, he received the following:

"MY DEAR SIR—It is too late to seek Catherine's pardon; she died in Cadiz six months ago, of an epidemic, and is beyond the reach of your repentance. But I cannot find it in my heart to withhold what she would have gladly granted, and to me the past shall henceforth be as if it had never been. I shall sail from here in June, and will bring my little Rose with me, hoping she may in a great measure take her mother's place."

"Please remember me to Mrs. Parkhurst, and believe me, sincerely yours,

"GILBERT AINSLIE."

This promise was fulfilled so far as it lay in Ainslie's power; but while the old man watched and waited for him, his vessel was dashed upon the Ravenscliffe rocks, and his child lost to her kindred for years.

On his deathbed, her grandfather Sinclair had done her tardy justice, bequeathing her a handsome fortune; and as Mrs. Parkhurst was a widow and childless, she willed the bulk of her wealth to her niece as soon as she reached London.

Under these changed circumstances, Rose Ainslie made her *début* in the gay circles of the metropolis; and with her really bewildering beauty, and the *prestige* which always follows an heiress, it is no wonder she created a sensation.

The "season" found her a reigning belle, envied by the ladies, and admired and flattered by the gentlemen. Mrs. Parkhurst's box at the opera was thronged with Miss Ainslie's suitors; and her dressing-table was loaded with bouquets and perfumed notes.

Of her legion of lovers, none was more devoted than Ralph Mayne, and he seemed to have the advantage, as he was the acknowledged favourite of her aunt, and both families were exerting every effort to bring about an alliance.

On the day when we introduced her to our readers in Mrs. Parkhurst's splendid establishment, Mayne had been invited to dinner, his sister Edith being the only other guest. The sound of carriage wheels drew Rose Ainslie's attention to the window, and gazing at the equipage, she exclaimed:

"The Maynes—the Maynes—how tired I am of seeing people in whom I have no interest! Oh! will Philip never, never come?"

As she spoke, the hall door opened, and while Edith went to remove her wrappings, her brother hastened into the drawing-room.

"Dear, dear Rose," he murmured, "I cannot be thankful enough to find you alone, for there is much I am yearning to say to you," and he went on to declare his love. During this declaration, he watched her face to see if he could read a return in blush or smile, or glance; but to his surprise, Rose was grave and thoughtful.

"Mr. Mayne," she replied, "it positively pains me to hear you talk of love to me."

"Oh, Rose! and why?"

"Because I have simply regarded you as a friend. The love of my childhood and youth is Philip Duncan; and if you could see him, and know him as I do, you would not wonder at my choice."

However mercenary other suitors might have been who knelt at Rose Ainslie's shrine, Ralph Mayne was sincere, and the first great sorrow of his life began to surge over him now.

"Rose," he faltered, "this is hard. I heard something about Duncan when at Ravenscliffe, but tried to believe it mere gossip, and I hoped I might win your heart. How can I learn to think of you as his? What will the world be, hereafter, to me? I would have gathered its roses, but they are not for me; the romance of my youth is fading, and I must prepare to meet a stern reality."

He spoke with a wild pathos, and Rose was far more moved than she would have been by a storm of reproaches. She breathed a few soothing words, and

when he led her in to dinner, he had well-nigh regained his composure.

And Philip Duncan? He too had reached the great, restless city, and with fear and hope struggling for the mastery in his soul, paced the pavement in front of Mrs. Parkhurst's mansion. The green damask curtain had been swept back from the dining-room window; and glancing in, he could see the great chandelier suspended above the table, the silver, with its frost-like devices, the glass and porcelain, with their exquisite tracery, the foreign fruits and flowers of the dessert, which heaped the crystal *epaves*, and the groups gathered within. His blood chilled when his eye fell on Rose and the gentleman he intuitively felt to be the young Mayne, of whose devotion the Maitlands had told him. Turning from the house, he walked away at a brisk pace, resolved never to seek her more; but in an hour he was there again, eager and watchful. The Maynes had driven off, when a servant ushered him into the hall, asking his name that he might repeat it to his young mistress.

"There is no need of that," rejoined Duncan; "I wish to surprise her."

With these words, he stole into the drawing-room, and, unobserved, gained the sofa where Rose lay, with her face buried in her hands. Bending over her, he lifted her head, and gazed into her eyes, exclaiming:

"I must look at you once more, Rose."

"Oh, Philip, Philip!" cried the girl, and sank into his arms.

For a time neither could find voice to speak, but finally the young man said:

"Great changes have taken place since we parted, and I know it would be madness to expect to find you as I left you among the rocks of Ravenscliffe. You are rich, and I am poor. You are flattered, and have the most eligible offers, I am told; and I will not stand between you and happiness. I have come to bid you a long good-bye—I have chosen the calling of a sailor, and years will roll by before I shall tread the soil of my native land. I have seen your new lover, and for your sake I will try not to hate him."

His tones were hollow and unnatural; there was a strange fire in his eyes, and as he unclasped his arms, Rose fell back as if palsied; when she had recovered from the terrible paralysis, he was gone!

Three years passed, and Rose had counted her twentieth summer, and was still unmarried. Her figure had gained additional roundness and symmetry, her cheek wore a richer crimson, her hair had taken a deeper gold, and her reign was as absolute as when she first dawned upon the horizon of high life. Only Ralph Mayne knew that the spell of her early love was strong upon her, and the hope of becoming reconciled to Philip Duncan kept her heart and hand free.

She was at the opera one evening with the Maynes, and Roy and Nell Maitland, who were paying their annual visit to their London cousins, when her old friend grasped her arm, whispering:

"Look—look! There is Philip Duncan! They say he has come back from Australia as rich as a Jew, and has a young wife."

"That must be the little lady beside him in yonder box, for he seems very devoted to her—even more attentive than he used to be to you, Rose."

The girl dared not speak, lest she should betray her agitation; but mechanically her gaze wandered to a box not far distant, where sat a man of stately presence, whom, though bronzed by travel and exposure, and otherwise changed, she immediately recognized as the lover of her youth. One arm encircled a slight but graceful figure, leaning against the velvet cushions, with a rich opera cloak draped about her, while his fine head was bent towards her in earnest conversation. The young stranger's face was lovely in the extreme—the face of a woman who would be a fireside angel, with a clear Saxon complexion, a cheek flushed like a peach-blossom, and hazel eyes. Meanwhile Nell Maitland went on chattering:

"He has taken a house in London, and is building another in the country. I wonder if he will renew his acquaintance with you, and introduce you to Mrs. Duncan."

"That, time must reveal," said Rose, and adroitly changed the subject.

In a few moments Duncan glanced round, and perceiving his neighbours, bowed with the *hauteur* of a prince.

Ralph Mayne was too thoughtful to speak of the matter in the presence of others; but when the carriage reached Mrs. Parkhurst's, he led Rose in, and pausing with her, said:

"You saw Duncan at the opera?"

"Yes, Ralph, the dream is over—it is a sin to think of him now"—and she bowed her head and wept, as women weep when the last star is blotted from their sky.

The young man sank at her feet, murmuring:

"Oh, Rose, I have often told you that I would gladly accept the second place in your heart. Be

mine, and it shall be the chief aim of my life to make you happy."

Like one in a painful dream, the girl gave her assent, and went up to her room, with a sense of loss and loneliness which was positively overwhelming.

As time wore on, she and Philip Duncan often met, but to him she was "icy cold and marble calm," and had never been presented to the fair lady who was his constant companion.

Thus the winter dragged by, and early in spring she and her aunt joined a party who had decided to spend the summer at a seaside resort. None who were there that season will soon forget Rose Ainslie, with her superb form, her changeable eyes, her varying bloom, and the tawny gold of her hair.

The wild beauty of the scenery had a rare charm for her; but the rugged cliffs, the waters lashed into foam, or tranquil enough to woo the brooding wing of the halcyon, the low, hoarse roar, or the soft murmur of the waves, the shells and seaweed flung up by the tide, and the adjacent lighthouse, reminded her of her early life, and made her yearn for the peace which she believed could never come back.

Young Mayne had followed her to the sea-side, and was still devoted to her, but his devotion could not compensate for the lost dream.

A week after his arrival, the names of Philip Duncan and ladies were enrolled in the hotel register, and Rose was once more forced to brace every nerve to preserve her self-possession. To Duncan, as well as to her, the place recalled bitter memories; and when he saw Miss Ainslie in some rich and picturesque costume, sailing in her new lover's boat, promenading the esplanade with him, and dancing in the brilliant ballroom, where she was the undisputed queen of beauty, he would naturally ask:

"Can it be that she has lived twelve years in my home, sung sea-songs with me, and been folded to my heart, my betrothed wife? Ah, the whole experience at Ravenscliffe seems like a dream!"

One evening they met on the sands of the beach—Philip Duncan and Rose. The sun had gone down, but now both sea and sky were turbulent with prophesies of a tempest, and Rose stood watching the dark clouds, the white surges, and a vessel, not far distant, seen by the occasional gleam of the moonlight.

"Good evening," said Duncan, curtly. "I am astonished that you are not among the dancers."

"I never dance when there is such a storm brewing—the scene is too suggestive of an eventful night in my life, when my father and his good ship were lost."

"Then you have not forgotten the wreck and its consequences? Believe me, it has seemed to me as if everything connected with that had faded from your memory."

"You gentlemen sometimes make sad mistakes in judging us ladies," replied Rose.

Duncan gazed earnestly into her face, and turning from her, paced the sands in no enviable mood. Ere long he came back and said, while he pointed toward the sea:

The dead are engulfed beneath it.

Sunk deep in the foaming waves;

But we have more dead in our hearts to-day,

Than the sea with all her graves.

"Philip," called a sweet voice; and the female figure who was ever at his side, came hurrying across the beach.

"Are you safe?" she asked, when he had drawn her arm within his own. "Mamma and I have been very anxious, for we did not know you had come back from your sail."

"Quite safe, dear," he rejoined; "it is a pleasant thing to have somebody to take an interest in me, and I hope I am grateful. But this is no place for you after the illness which brought me here with you, and you had better come in."

As he spoke, he encircled her with his arm, and led her from the shore. Next day the Duncans left the seaside, and Rose Ainslie was left to struggle with the heart which too often wandered to him.

On going back to London, she received an invitation to a *fiête champêtre* at Philip Duncan's rural home. Rose was too proud to decline; but when she dismounted at the door, she grew faint at the long torture before her, and glided away to gain new strength.

Suffering had taught her to pray, and as she moved through those beautiful grounds, a silent prayer floated heavenward. She was sinking to the earth, when a tall form sprang to her support—it was Philip Duncan. He looked down into her white, wistful face, and the haunting sadness of her eyes touched him with compassion.

"Rose, Rose!" he exclaimed, forgetting the barriers that pride had raised between them, "I have tried to blot you out of my heart, but in vain—in vain! To-day I love you as madly as when I bade you good-bye three years ago."

"Hush! Philip Duncan," said the girl, endeavouring to free herself from his clasp; "remember your wife!"

"My wife, Rose Ainslie? Such a woman does not exist. Can it be possible that you have never heard that I have found a mother and a sister in my absence?"

"No, no," faltered Rose; and he continued:

"Listen, and you shall hear how fortunate I have been. By request of my messmates, I consented, on reaching London, to go with them to Australia. Fortune favoured me, and I have returned a rich man. On our homeward voyage, after a storm which reminded me of that so memorable in your history, the captain perceived a small boat floating at the mercy of wind and wave. He sent a boat's crew to ascertain what had happened, and render assistance, if needed; and when the castaways were brought on board, they proved to be a mother and her child. On seeing me, the mother fainted; and when she had been restored, a few rapid questions were interchanged, and she became satisfied that I was her own son. A peculiar scar on my right hand confirmed her in the belief, and she then told me that she was an English lady, and had married beneath her station. It was in the first flush of youth, and when her father's manor house by the seaside was attacked by a mob, with whom the old M.P. was unpopular, that Roger Duncan, a neighbouring lightkeeper rescued her, and woke a romantic interest in her heart that ripened into love. For a time they lived most happily together; but enemies at length succeeded in estranging them, and they had parted, as they thought, for ever—she taking my sister, and my father claiming me. I was a mere boy, but I recollect how moody and reticent he was when he came to take me from boarding-school."

"And did you ask for your mother?" queried Rose.

"Yes; but he told me that both she and my sister were dead to me, and he was henceforth to be my only friend. Since I have grown to manhood, he has dropped occasional hints with regard to the great grief that had settled upon him, but always begging me to be silent as the grave, and I have respected his confidence."

"And how did your mother learn that enemies had estranged them?"

"A death-bed confession revealed it, and she at once set out on a voyage home. I took her and Clarice to Ravenscliffe, and we arrived in time to gladden his last hours. He died in my mother's arms, with both his children kneeling by his side."

"Oh, Philip, how I have wronged you!" faltered Rose; and as they strolled through those pleasant vistas, everything was satisfactorily explained, and the weight of years lifted from those two hearts.

Rose Ainslie was presented to Mrs. Duncan and Clarice, and the girl's pulse beat quick at their warm welcome. Philip Duncan then led Rose to Ralph Mayne, who, glancing from one to the other, said:

"You are reconciled—I read it in your faces."

"Yes; will you be generous enough to release Rose?"

Mayne hesitated an instant, and then replied:

"You ask a great sacrifice—the hopes of years are crumbling to ashes, but I give her up."

With these words, he lifted the girl's hand to his lips, and turned away from the spot where the cup, brimming at his lips, had been dashed to the ground. He is still a bachelor; but sorrow has not made him a misanthrope, and the fortune he has accumulated has proved a blessing to the world.

The wedding of Rose Ainslie and Philip Duncan was pronounced the most brilliant affair of the season. Their life has flowed on like some tranquil stream; and now that age has silvered their hair, they wait in serene trust for the great Reaper who shall gather them in his shining sheaves, and bear them to the better land, while white-robed angels shout the harvest-home.

C. F. G.

LINCOLN UPON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—We see that the papers are referring to the fact that Lincoln ordered a comic song to be sung upon a battle-field. We have known the facts about the transaction for some time, but have refrained from speaking them. As the newspapers are now stating some of the facts, we will give the whole. Soon after one of the most desperate and sanguinary battles, Mr. Lincoln visited the commanding general and the army. While on his visit, the commanding general with his staff took him over the field in a carriage, and explained to him the plan of the battle, and the particular places where the fight was most fierce. At one point the commanding general said, "Here, on this side of the road, five hundred of our brave fellows were killed, and just on the other side of the road four hundred more were slain, and right on the other side of that wall five hundred rebels were destroyed. We have buried them where they fell." "I declare," said the President, "this is getting gloomy. Let us drive away."

After driving a few rods, the President said, "This makes a feller feel gloomy, Jack," (speaking to a companion.) "can't you give us something to cheer us up? Give us a song, and give us a lively one." Thereupon Jack struck up, as loud as he could bawl, a comic negro song, which he continued to sing while they were riding off from the battle-ground, and till they approached a regiment drawn up, when the commanding general said, "Mr. President, wouldn't it be well for your friend to cease his song till we have passed this regiment? The poor fellows have lost more than half of their numbers. They are feeling very badly, and I should be afraid of the effect it may have on them." The President then asked his companion to stop his singing till they got by that regiment.

THE STEPMOTHER.

CHAPTER XVII.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze.

Young.

On the following morning Harry Moreland was seated in his room, a plain apartment in an ordinary lodging-house in the East End of London. His face was deeply graven with lines that showed the tortures his spirit had endured, and his eyes were wild and troubled in their expression. He had been tasked beyond his strength in the settlement of his firm business; Mr. Drummond, the senior partner, having been completely prostrated by the grief of his partner, and the charge of everything devolving upon Moreland. His ambition to take a high place in the mercantile world had been brought low; and, with the exception of a few hundred pounds, which he had providentially happened to retain in his purse, he was reduced to actual poverty. But his pecuniary distresses were as nothing in comparison with the anxiety he felt in regard to Esther. The fact that she did not answer his earliest letters had explained to himself on the ground that her time was all occupied during the day, and that she was too tired to write in the evening. But when he had poured forth his soul in his letters, telling her of his troubles, and asking her sympathy, and still received no reply, he had imagined every explanation of her silence but the real one. Still he had refrained from visiting her, keeping in remembrance the stipulation of her employer; but now he was too much excited to wait longer.

"I will go to her," he said aloud. "What if she has been taken ill, and needs my care and protection? I have waited too long, and will go immediately."

He arose with feverish energy, attired himself for the street, and then hastened to take a cab, soon arriving at his destination.

"Is Miss Willis in?" he asked of the red-faced servant girl who answered his summons.

"No, sir; she left here yesterday," was the unexpected reply.

"Left here yesterday!" repeated Moreland, almost reeling on hearing the words. "Where did she go?"

"I don't know, sir; there was some man concerned in her going, though I don't know who he was."

Moreland was stunned at this declaration, but managed to say:

"Let me see your mistress."

"She's gone out, sir," was the response. "She's about to engage another governess now. I can't tell when she'll be home again."

"And have you no idea where Miss Willis has gone?" questioned Moreland, half wild with anxiety and astonishment.

"No idea," responded the talkative servant, "except that I heard my mistress say she'd gone off with some rich fellow or another; leastways, something like it."

With a strange feeling of bewilderment, and a wonder as to whether he was wandering in his mind or not, Moreland turned from the house and wandered aimlessly down the street.

What could he do? was the question he asked himself. What was the mystery dividing him from his betrothed? What meant the servant's words about her going off with some "rich fellow?"

"Ah," he muttered, "she may have been tired out by over-work, and have gone off to visit some of her father's friends. I'll see."

Carrying out this resolution, he visited every family with whom he thought Esther might have taken refuge; but received only coldness, repulse, or chilling reserve.

It was easy to see that Esther would not have been received kindly by any of these.

And then it suddenly struck Moreland that the girl's manner of speaking of Esther's supposed companion as a "fellow" was something too familiar and insulting.

"My darling is as pure as an angel," he thought,

as he wearily returned to his lodging-house. "It cannot be that one of her old suitors who used to come up to the mansion to see her is urging her to marry him. She would not be attracted by riches, I know; and I know that she loves me as earnestly and devotedly as I love her. Oh, where can she be?"

Arrived in his room, he flung himself on a lounge and gave way to the repressed bitterness and anguish that had been swelling his heart beyond endurance for the last week. The most horrible anxieties in regard to Esther crowded upon him, and he felt deadly faint under their awful weight.

"O, Esther! Esther!" he cried, in a husky tone.

"Great heaven! is this to be the end?"

Covering his face with his hand, he wept passionately and unrestrainedly. His overtaken brain refused to give any solution to her silence and strange disappearance from the position in which he had placed her, and he could only accept the fact in all its horror, shrinking from any attempt at explanation.

In the midst of his wild grief there came a low rap on the door of his room, and with a wild hope he sprang up and opened it, admitting Pierre Russell.

On beholding him, Moreland, by a stern effort, controlled his quivering features, and banished from his countenance the traces of his wild emotion, while his visitor walked in and seated himself with his usual quiet gentleness.

"How do you do, Moreland?" he said, after Harry had returned from bathing his face in the adjoining bed-room. "I have heard of your failure, and wish to offer you my sincere sympathy!"

He extended his hand with an assumed heartiness that struck the truthful Moreland as being genuine, and it was grasped with fervor.

"I got your address," continued Russell, in his easy tones, "from a clerk of yours, whom I happened to meet, and resolved to call upon you immediately, having the vanity to suppose that you might like to see me."

"Have you heard from Esther lately, or seen her since she came to the City?" demanded Moreland, plunging at once into the subject nearest his heart.

"Do you know where she is?"

Russell arched his eyebrows in mock surprise, and said smilingly:

"Of course, Mr. Moreland, you should be the better informed as to her whereabouts. I had, however, the very unexpected pleasure of meeting her last evening."

"Meeting her!" exclaimed Moreland, springing to his feet in a perfect whirl of excitement. "Where did you meet her, Russell?"

Russell appeared not to notice the wild manner of his host, and replied, with assumed carelessness:

"I met her at the theatre."

"At the theatre?" repeated Harry, fairly writhing under the pangs the information caused him. "Who was with her?"

"A young fellow named Brooks—I believe you know him," responded Russell, with the quiet and ready glibness peculiar to him. "He's the only son of the millionaire Brooks, you know. Excuse me, however, Moreland," he added, drawing himself up; "I had quite forgotten for the moment that this information might be unwelcome to you."

Oh, not at all," rejoined Harry, with a ghastly smile. "And so you saw Esther at the theatre?" He said this in a vacant sort of way, as if repeating the words to himself.

"Yes," said Russell, in the same careless tone he had before used. "I did not recognise her at first, she was so gaily dressed, so blooming and so joyous."

"So joyous," echoed Harry, in a hollow voice, with a keen sense of his late agonies.

"In fact, it was not till she beckoned to me that I became fully assured of her identity. I picked my way across the theatre between the acts, and talked a few moments with her. It seems that she and her father were on good terms with the Brookses, in the good old days of prosperity, and that young Brooks has long been her admirer. Be that as it may, she told me that she had just left a situation she had obtained as governess."

"Left it!" exclaimed Harry, the falsehood seeming to throw light on his late inquiry for Esther.

"Yes, thrown it up in disgust with her hard duties and trifling pay. She said that she had first moved in accordance with the advice of Brooks, and was going to a boarding-house for the present, the young gentleman having tendered her the pecuniary assistance requisite to this step!"

Harry stared silently at the speaker, with the aspect of a man completely crushed and overwhelmed, and unable to move or speak. He had himself called on the Brookses, with Mr. Willis, and knew that young Brooks was educated and handsome, besides being the only heir to a large estate.

"Of course," added Russell, "Esther did not state the facts I've mentioned in so many words; but it

came out partly in response to the questions I presumed, as her old friend, to ask."

The plotter continued to keep his keen eyes fixed upon his companion, marking his every sign of anguish, but without allowing his sinister scrutiny to be detected.

"And what else did Miss Willis say to you?"

Harry at length asked, in a changed and husky voice.

"Oh, nothing of particular importance," replied Russell, carelessly. "I saw that young Brooks was a little jealous of me—Esther treating me as an old friend—and I therefore withdrew. There was something said about the troubles of your firm, and Esther said something about a doleful letter from you in regard to them, but nothing further worth repeating—absolutely nothing!"

Harry was now deathly pale—the plotter's cunning allusion to the troubled letter not only confirming all that Russell had said, but suggesting that Esther had made that very epistle a subject of heartless comment. He remained silent, his heart torn by a thousand raging emotions he will not attempt to particularize.

"But let me change the subject," proceeded the visitor, after slyly marking the effect of his cruel falsehoods. "Let me tell you of my aunt's proceedings. She's come to town, secured a handsome place, and wants you to come and live with her."

"Me?" queried Harry, vacantly.

"Yes, you. After all, she's not the worst woman in the world. She has placed fifty thousand pounds at my disposal, thus putting me in the way to get all the cigars and wine I want, and to gratify my reasonable ambition. As to yourself, Moreland, both aunt and Elinor speak of you every time I see them, regret your late troubles in business, and are anxious to prove to you that they are your sincere friends. They insisted this morning on my bringing you to them; and I am here, in fact, for that purpose. The truth is, Moreland, there was some needless coldness between you and them a short time back; but the late changes in their circumstances and yours—permit me, as a man of the world, to say it—are true tests of their feelings, and I can assure you that they are the best friends you have in existence!"

Harry expressed a rather dull satisfaction at this information; but added, in response to some further remarks from Russell, that he could not think of visiting anybody, not being in the mood to do so, not having much interest in society, &c.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Russell, in his light and easy way. "I won't hear any such excuses! It's easy to see that I've disturbed you, in my thoughtless way, by what I've said, and that you are in a fit of the blues; but I shall not leave you in this depressed condition. Come out and take the air, at least; even if you do not call at aunt's with me."

"You'll excuse me to-day, Russell—"

"Not at all," interrupted the plotter, with his graceful energy, as he arose. "Everything is pleasant around you, if you're only willing to know it. Come on—get ready. We'll take dinner at aunt's, and get up some kind of an expedition for the afternoon."

The attentive reader will readily foresee from what has preceded, that Russell carried his point. He had brought his tissue of falsehoods to bear upon Harry with such skill, with such a nice adaptation to the facts of Harry's position, that the result was almost certain from the beginning of the interview. Restless, wretched, grieved, and outraged beyond measure by Esther's supposed conduct, Harry finally consented to spend the day with Russell, including a call at the aunt's; and the two men were soon wending through the streets, in the direction of Mrs. Willis' new residence.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven! wolvish-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st!

Shakespeare.

THE reception of Harry by Mrs. Willis and her daughter was most courteous and respectful, and proved very soothing to his wounded feelings. They gently reproached him for ignoring them, and the scheming mother pretended to be extremely grieved at the opinion he must have formed of them, not to have informed them of his business troubles and asked their assistance.

Harry listened like one in a trance, talking in monosyllables, and at times becoming almost oblivious of his surroundings.

His hopes and aspirations respecting Esther having been so rudely shocked, he felt like one adrift at sea, drifting whither the winds might be pleased to bear him.

Russell took part in the conversation a few moments, and then excused himself, saying that he had some letters to write.

"Of course you will stay to dinner, Harry," said Mrs. Willis, "and I am in hopes that we can prevail

upon you to take up your abode with us. I learn from the papers that the affairs of your late firm have not gone smoothly, and Elinor and I am very anxious to be of some service to you at such a trying moment."

Harry expressed his thanks for these unexpected exhibitions of good feeling, and the scheming woman continued:

"Now that you have deigned to give us a hearing, Harry, let me speak frankly to you. You know that I cannot sell any of my poor husband's property within a year after his death, and you will therefore see that I am not in the position to do as much for you as I want to. I have been obliged to negotiate some loans on my expectations, to establish us here and place a respectable sum of money in bank to our credit; but I am nevertheless able to tender you every necessary assistance to establish you handsomely in business."

This was, perhaps, the longest and ablest speech Mrs. Willis had ever made, and its merits are directly referable to the fact that she had been counting it over in her mind several hours.

"Business, Mrs. Willis?" exclaimed Harry, with a puzzled look, at a loss to account for this sudden and decided interest in him.

"Business, Harry—the very thing nearest your heart," was the response. "Although you have never been very confidential with me, I am not ignorant of the seal with which you entered into business, the fine talents you have displayed, and the noble ambition you have always had of becoming a rich and prominent man."

The cordial and appreciative manner of Mrs. Willis, as much as her words, had now aroused Harry from apathy; and he hastened to respond:

"Your kindness, Mrs. Willis, quite takes me by surprise; but I will not deny that a loan of a few thousand pounds would at once place me in a paying and growing business."

"I presumed as much," was the instant response, "for I am no stranger to your capabilities. I can lend you any sum not exceeding five thousand pounds, and shall esteem it a privilege to do so. I say lend, for I wish to avoid everything that could possibly hurt your pride and dignity; but the terms and times of repayment will be left entirely to yourself."

Now, Harry's own mother, had she been living, could not have uttered a business declaration more grateful to his troubled soul than the preceding, and he accordingly thanked Mrs. Willis in the warmest manner for her simulated goodness, declaring that he would speedily avail himself of it. It need hardly be said that he hailed this opportunity of establishing himself in business as the only step that could prevent him from brooding over the grief which had come upon him.

"I am acquainted with a gentleman," he explained, "who is carrying on a fine business, and who is desirous of taking a young and energetic man into partnership with him. The sum you kindly place at my disposal will enable me to make a handsome arrangement with him, and I doubt not but that my abilities and plenty of hard work will do the rest."

"Then that much is settled," said Mrs. Willis; "namely, that you will immediately take a handsome position among business men, and that we will furnish the means. This arrangement, daughter," and she turned to Elinor, "will give you great relief and joy. Poor child! Harry, she cried the whole night about you, after we read of your partnership troubles!"

Elinor blushed, and hid her face in a manner that was meant to be very captivating, while Harry mentally said to himself that he had been considerably mistaken in his former estimates of the mother and daughter.

"I am at a loss how to express my thanks for your extraordinary goodness," he declared. "You have completely overwhelmed me."

"Then there's just one favour I will ask of you, to prove your gratitude," rejoined Mrs. Willis, assuming her pleasantest smile.

"Believe me, you have only to name it!"

"The favour I ask is that you will come here and make your home with us—at least, for the present. Elinor and I are both lonely in such a great house, with such a small circle of friends, and we shall be greatly delighted to have you here with us. Pierre has consented to remain for awhile; but he is such a man of the world, as he always calls himself, that we do not see much of him, and your coming will be a great pleasure to us!"

Now, what could Harry say to such a speech as that, after those other speeches, equally well conned, by which it had been preceded?

As he could not possibly conceive of there being any sinister motive behind all these kind words, he was compelled to feel that the mother and daughter really had a friendly interest in him; and he accordingly said that he should be happy to accept their kind invitation to reside with them.

"I am glad to hear this," said Mrs. Willis, with a

scheming look in her averted eyes. "I am not very expert in getting up and down stairs, and you will excuse me, Harry, for sending Elinor to show you what a cozy little home we have for you—only I shan't tell you whose hands have been busy in arranging it."

Elinor again blushed, and tripped out of the apartment in well-acted confusion, leading the way upstairs to one of the pleasantest suites of rooms in the house.

Despite the grief gnawing at his heart, Harry noticed how elegantly and neatly everything was arranged, exchanged a few words with Elinor, expressing his admiration of the apartments, and then led the way back to Mrs. Willis, to whom he repeated his satisfaction.

"I am glad you are pleased, Harry. You will have plenty of time to bring up your trunks before dinner, and this afternoon we must all have a pleasant little excursion together. You must be gloomy after your late business annoyances, and a little turn in the fresh air will restore your usual good spirits."

On this pleasant strain Harry was entertained a few moments longer, and then he went for his trunks. The instant he was gone the mother and daughter exchanged significant glances, and smiled in the most satisfied manner.

"We've really got him in our keeping," said Mrs. Willis, "and it will be our own fault if we do not soon find out all that Mr. Willis ever told him about his East Indian father. There were some old letters in the case, I believe, which ought to throw some light upon it. Another thing—considered merely as a pecuniary speculation, we cannot do better than to set Harry up in business, as a precaution against that confounded will in Pierre's hands!"

They were discussing their prospects, when Pierre came down from his room, and was informed of Harry's absence. He hastened to explain the present position of our hero, making it clear to them that there was already quite a gulf between the lovers, and plainly declaring to Elinor that she had the future of Harry all in her own hands.

"The only thing necessary," he added, "is for Esther to see him here, and get the idea that he is engaged to Elinor, and—"

"That's the very thing," interrupted Mrs. Willis, eagerly; "and you must manage that portion of the proceedings, Pierre. Will you?"

Russell nodded, with his usual smiling grace; and the plotters rejoiced over their work, further discussing their prospects.

Harry soon returned with his baggage, and the whole party had dinner. A turn in the park followed, and the day ended in festivities, in which Harry figured rather than joined, with a heart aching with its desolations.

(To be continued.)

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

"O, BUT I will, though."

"No, no, Laura. You must not speak in that manner."

"And why not? Why, mother, to hear you talk, one would suppose that I were about to enter a nunnery, instead of being married. No. I tell you no husband rules me. I shall be my own mistress."

Laura Burke was a young, happy creature, just upon the eve of matrimony; and like thousands of others, she looked only upon the pleasures of the future, and laid her plans only for the greatest amount of enjoyment that she might secure to herself, independent of all other circumstances. Her mother, Mrs. Amanda Burke, had not passed life's autumnal equinox, for not over eight-and-thirty years had as yet been hers. She was a woman of strange beauty; and though the flood of life was yet warm and vigorous, she was still moved by a deep spirit of melancholy, that had mouldered her very features to its own cast. Upon her pale brow there were lines of sorrow—in her deep blue eyes there was a light that seemed to turn all vision inward upon the soul, and over her whole countenance was shed the unmistakable shadows of thoughts and feelings that could only spring from a heart that had become the home of a painful experience.

"Ah, Laura!" said Mrs. Burke. "I fear that you are looking to the future with blinded eyes. You are picturing to yourself only that which may flee from you ere you can grasp it. You forget that the life you are about to enter, is one of important duties."

"O, mother," cried Laura, with a light, ringing laugh, "don't talk to me about duty. Goodness knows, I've always had enough of that. No, no—my halcyon days are coming. If William marries me, it must be for what I am, and not for what I'm going to be. A truce to your soberness, mother."

"Laura, Laura, be serious now, and listen to me,

for I can see the rock upon which your bark of happiness may be wrecked." Mrs. Burke spoke with a serious air, and the shade that passed over her countenance showed that she felt deeply what she said. "You must know that your happiness for the future will depend upon your own exertions," she continued; "and just so far as you use your earnest endeavours for the peace and happiness of your husband, will your own be gained. Laura, you are too wilful; and I fear that even to your husband you will betray that unhappy trait in your disposition."

"But tell me, mother, would you have me the slave of a husband? Am I going to be married just for the sake of having a man to rule me? By no means. I knew my rights better. He may be assured that I shall maintain all the privileges that belong to me. But in sober earnestness, my dear mother, I cannot see what there is that should so frighten you. Let me tell you that William Withington is not the man to look for a mere drudge in his wife."

"My child, you misunderstand me. You misconstrue my meaning. You know that your husband becomes responsible for your support—"

"That's his own choice, isn't it?"

"Certainly; and he does it because he hopes he shall be happy in your society. A good husband looks for all that is kind and gentle in his wife. His home is his refuge from the cares and business of life, and there he looks for the sweet peace and content which no other spot on earth can afford; and if he find it not there, where then shall he look? Oh, Laura, I tremble lest you should forget all this!"

"Now, mother," uttered the half-thoughtless girl, "you will really provoke me. What is the use of making such a mountain out of nothing?"

"Hush, Laura! Look, for yourself, upon what occurred last Sabbath evening. Then you betrayed a temper that made William really unhappy."

"Well, and didn't he provoke me to it?"

"No, by no means. He only wished you to wear a more suitable dress to church."

"And I should like to know what business it is to him what dresses I wear?"

"A great deal, Laura. He only requested that you would wear something more around your neck and shoulders—something that would protect you against the cold; and surely a husband has a right to do that."

"Then let him wait till he is my husband; and, even then, I'll teach him that he mustn't expect to rule me."

Mrs. Burke gazed a moment into the handsome features of her daughter, and then a tear came to her eye. She knew that Laura loved William Withington with her whole soul; but she saw, too, that that love would fail to make her what a good wife ought to be.

"Mother—dear mother!" exclaimed Laura, springing to the side of her parent, and throwing her arm about her neck, "what makes you weep? Forgive me for what I have said, if it can affect you thus."

"Laura, sit down here by my side, and I will tell you something that I have hitherto kept from you. I will open to you a page in my life-book that I had meant to have kept for ever closed within my own heart."

The fair girl sat down by her mother's side, and looked wonderingly up.

"It is of your father I would speak."

"He died before I can remember."

The tears gathered more thickly in the mother's eyes, and it was some time ere she could speak; but at length she commanded her feelings, and laying her hand upon her daughter's brow, she commenced:

"Laura, listen to me now, for I can hold up to you a mirror within which you shall see what may be your own future. I was scarcely eighteen when I gave my hand to James Burke. He was a man of kind feelings and a warm heart, and I knew that he loved me truly and faithfully; yet his feelings were impulsive, and his sense of right and wrong was keen and unmistakable, and in all his emotions he was sensitive in the extreme. He held his honour sacred, and to small things he never stooped. Let me tell you, my child, that William Withington is almost his counterpart."

"When I married my husband, I knew his disposition and feelings—I loved him; and yet I had resolved upon no pains to meet his wishes and make his home happy. I forgot that love has its imperative duties—that the mere marriage relation may be made the most miserable on earth, instead of being the most happy. I forgot that my own happiness depended upon the happiness of my husband, and that he could not be happy unless I, too, was happy. A very small amount of cool reflection would have shown me all this, but I gave it little heed. I did not remember that the wife's dominion was the home of her husband, and that that home should be her earthly heaven. I only looked upon the surface of the marriage relation; and when I entered upon its duties, I only felt that I was then freed from all restraint, and that I had nothing to

do but grasp all the transient pleasures as they flew past.

"Of course, the first few months of our married life were happy; but yet there were clouds that flew across our way that should never have gathered there. At length I came to allow myself to forget some of my duties. In the presence of my husband I was sometimes morose and sullen. He gently chided me, but I was governed by a false, wilful pride, and I would not own that I had been wrong, and often accused him of being unfeeling towards me. He was never harsh, never unkind; and though I have seen the big veins in his temple swell with internal emotion, yet he never forgot himself so far as to use a word that he would wish to recall. Oh, how my heart sinks within me as I now think how blindly I trifled with that man's feelings. He did all in his power to make my home comfortable—my every wish was answered so far as it could justly be done, and he was as careful of my health and peace as he could have been of his own.

"At length you were born. I call God to witness that I loved you most dearly; but yet your innocent cries, and your tax upon my time and care, I allowed to sometimes worry me, and when my husband would beg of me to remember the precious charge of my infant, and only smile upon its care, I met him with sullen looks and bitter words. Not long after you were born, my husband took a position in the political world, and his talents soon placed him highly in popular respect and goodwill. He was chosen a member of parliament for M—, and he began to devote much of his time to the duties which his fellow citizens placed upon him. Instead of taking pride in the talents of my husband, and lending him my aid, I only found fault because he was away from home so much. He told me of the duty he owed to his country, and spoke of the trust which had been confided to him, and that while we owed our freedom and social happiness to the just laws of the land, it behoved all citizens to do what they consistently could to maintain those laws and provide for their execution. But I understood nothing of the matter, and I did not sympathize with my husband in his patriotic sentiments. This was to him the unkindest cut of all.

"Once, when we were in company, a gentleman spoke to me of the high position my husband had gained, but even then I treated the idea of my husband's neglecting his home for such things with a sneer. He heard me. I knew that James had never neglected his home, and yet I said so. When we returned home, he reproved me for what I had said. I was only angry. He begged of me to remember his feelings. I laughed at his feelings. He told me I was making him miserable. I didn't care. Then he assured me that he could not live with me if I continued to behave as I had done. I allowed this to make me more angry than ever, and I determined that I would not admit that I had been wrong, and I bade him leave me as soon as he pleased.

"Laura, I cannot tell you all that followed,—how I taunted that noble-hearted man—how I trifled with his feelings, and how I blindly, recklessly, untrifled the strong links that bound his heart to me. I saw that a change had come over his countenance—that it was deadly pale, and that his lips quivered. He went to the cot, where you were lying, and took you up in his arms. He pressed you to his bosom and kissed you; I saw a tear fall from his eye, and I saw his lips move as if in prayer. Then he laid you back in the cot and left the room. He came not back to me that night. The next day I received a letter from him, in which he informed me that he had placed ten thousand pounds in the hands of a trustworthy person, and that I could draw the interest semi-annually for my support. I was almost frantic with grief—my heart was almost broken—my head whirled in agony—but I could gain no intelligence further. From that moment, Laura, I—I—never saw—my husband again!"

As Mrs. Burke ceased speaking, her head sank upon the bosom of her daughter, and she wept aloud.

"And you saw him not when he died?" murmured Laura, winding her arms about her mother's neck, and sobbing with grief.

"I know not that he is dead, my child," returned Mrs. Burke; and as she spoke, she sank upon her knees, and prayed that her daughter might be saved.

With her whole soul in the word, Laura uttered "Amen!"

Laura Burke stood by the side of William Withington, and her right hand rested within that of the young man, and she stood there to be married. There was deep happiness upon her features, but it was a happiness calm and serene. Thought reigned over her countenance, and even the bridegroom gazed half wonderingly upon her, as she appeared so deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

The clergyman who performed the ceremony was a stranger in the place, he having come from a distant part of the country; and at the present time he had

assumed the duties of the pulpit for one Sabbath while the regular clergyman was absent.

The magic words that made William and Laura man and wife were spoken, and the couple awaited the parting advice and counsel of the minister. He spoke of the important duties they had taken upon themselves—of the responsibilities they had voluntarily assumed. Then he fixed his eyes upon the fair bride, and while his lips trembled and his eyes gathered moisture, he said:

"To you, my fair child, I would fain give a word more of counsel. You must remember that the home-altar is under your ministrations; and O, fail not to see that the purest of your affections are kept burning there, so that they shall ever light with a joyous brilliancy the life you have chosen. O, could you know what happiness, what earthly bliss hangs upon your course, you would never—never—"

The clergyman stopped; his eyes had filled with tears, and his utterance was choked. At that moment a low cry broke from the lips of Mrs. Burke. The minister turned and caught her eye. All present wondered at the strange scene; but when, in a moment more, the mother of the bride tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of the clergyman, they were lost in amazement.

"Amanda!" whispered the clergyman, as he bowed his head. "Amanda!"

"My husband! O, my husband! Have you come to forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, my wife. Is there not happiness for us yet on earth?"

The mother would have spoken, but she could not. She could only cling more frantically to her husband, and bless him that he had come back to her. None were there but that wept at the scene, and Laura left the side of her new-made husband to seek the embrace of her father.

At length the mystery was explained to those who had witnessed the novel scene. But to his wife and child alone did James Burke tell of all he had suffered—how he had wandered from place to place—and how he at length had become a preacher of the gospel. He told them how his heart yearned to see his wife, and how he had forgiven her for all she had done, and also, that he determined to see her once more, and for that purpose he had come back.

Years have passed away since that evening, and James Burke and his wife still live; but their old age is happy—happier far than their days of youth. And Laura, she is indeed a noble, true-hearted wife. Her "MOTHER'S LESSON" was her salvation. It sank deep into her heart, burying for ever all of evil that lurked there, and sending forth into active life all those charms and graces of the female character that do most adorn the true and virtuous wife. A. C. B.

THE Emperor Napoleon visited on Sunday the cutlery district of Thiers, which, according to the *Moniteur*, is destined to eclipse Sheffield. The emperor conferred several crosses of the Legion of Honour, and minutely inspected the process of manufacture.

VINEGAR AND OLIVE OIL.—A great part of the vinegar consumed in Paris is produced by the distillation of vine-stalks. It is much stronger than vinegar produced from the distillation of wine, and it is consequently reduced by the addition of water previous to being offered for sale. The neighbourhood of Orleans produces the greatest quantity of white wine vinegar sold in Paris. A great proportion of what is sold for olive oil is either poppy oil or beech oil flavoured with olive oil. Unadulterated olive oil, which is scarce and dear in Paris, comes from Provence (where the production is constantly diminishing), from Genoa, and the island of Candia. Algeria now supplies a large quantity of olive oil. Rape oil is produced chiefly in the departments of the Nord, the Pas de Calais, and Calvados, where the cultivation of the plant is a great source of wealth. It is used for the lamp, for painting, and in various manufactures. Fish oil, brought to France by the boats engaged in the northern fishery, is chiefly employed in dressing leather.

ALEXANDRA PARK AND PALACE.

THE directors of the Alexandra Park Company have purchased several estates, containing about 500 acres of well-timbered and beautifully undulating land, adjoining the Wood Green station of the Great Northern Railway, in order to secure for the general public the means of "healthy amusement and rational recreation." The site is reached in ten minutes from Kings' Cross, and in fifteen minutes from Farringdon Street. Besides being thus immediately connected with the great railway lines of the north, it is in direct communication, by the Metropolitan Railway, with all the stations on the Great Western Line; and by Acts of Parliament passed in the present ses-

sion, the company have made arrangements for a similar connection with the whole of the North-Western Railway system, by means of the extension of the Edgware and Highgate line to Watford; and when the new bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway at Blackfriars is completed, as it will be in a few months, the Alexandra Park will also be readily reached from all stations on the railway lines south of the Thames.

The north side of London contains a population four times greater than that of the south, and includes the termini of the London and North-Western, Great Northern, Midland, Great Western, and Great Eastern Railways; and as these lines will, as we have already observed, be shortly united with the main lines on the south of the river, the Alexandra Park will be placed in direct communication with all parts of England, and the visitors will be enabled to alight at the palace.

About 200 acres have been appropriated to the Alexandra Park proper, and the remaining 300 acres devoted to building purposes. On the land thus set apart is now rapidly rising a noble building, which it is proposed to name the Alexandra Palace, and to open to the public in May, 1865,—the company having purchased the materials of the Exhibition Building of 1862, and entered into a contract with Messrs. Kelk and Lucas for the erection of the edifice, on a new plan by Messrs. Meeson and Johnson.

The building will afford, so to say, a stony illustration of the "Deformed Transformed"—for it will be, in substance, Captain Fowke's ugly erection at Brompton removed to Wood Green—where it will certainly arise—"a thing of beauty;" and if not destined to last and "be a joy for ever," will, at all events, so long as it shall endure, be a gratification to beholders—whilst its prototype never was nor could be.

As the building is situated in the highest part of the park, its position commands views extending into the counties of Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Surrey, Hertfordshire, and Berkshire—views unrivalled by any other locality so near London. Its general plan consists of a nave 900 feet long and 85 feet wide, a centre transept 450 feet long and the same width as the nave, and two shorter transepts, each 320 feet long, the same width also as the nave, and intersecting at a short distance from each end. There will, therefore, be three points of intersection of the nave and transepts; the centre will have erected over it one of the great domes, which will be 170 feet in diameter and 220 feet high in the interior, but, unlike the late Exhibition, will be for the most part apparently solid, appropriately panelled, and decorated—a sufficient but subdued light being admitted near the top, and by lunette windows at the sides; the intersections of the shorter transepts with the nave will each be covered by a pendentive octagon cupola, lighted by eight ornamental windows in the sides. The ends of the nave and three transepts will be terminated with large semicircular-headed windows, which it is proposed to decorate with stained glass.

On each side of the nave and transept will be erected buildings about 50 feet wide and two storeys in height; these will have brick external walls, with arched openings and windows, and will form galleries next the nave and transept, as in the Exhibition building.

Externally, the end of the nave and transepts will present eight grand pedimental façades flanked by supporting turrets, inclosing the large windows and arched entrances. These façades will be united by the walls of the lower buildings, two storeys in height, and by the clerestory walls and roofs of the nave and transepts, and the whole will be terminated by bold cornices and ornamental parapets.

The general character of the architecture of the exterior will be made as much Italian as the nature and dimensions of the old materials will permit, and will consist principally of brickwork in two colours, with stone dressings and ornamentation.

Above the roofs will rise in the centre a bold tambour, pierced with windows, from which will spring the great dome, terminated at the top by a simple balustraded parapet, and a standard mast 50 feet high. This dome, as also the octagon cupolas at the smaller intersections, will be covered with Muntz's brass-coloured metal, with moulded ribs and panelling in bold relief.

On all sides of the building will be formed handsome and spacious terraces, on which, and the ornamental slopes adjoining them, will stand many large and handsome trees, giving relief and effect to the extended mass of the building. The terrace on the north-west side, which will be 1,000 feet long and 160 feet wide, supported by Italian arcades, will cover a noble railway station, from which access will be had directly to the building at the ends of the three transepts, and to which station all the railways of London will ultimately be brought; and there will also be covered carriage entrances at the ends of the nave, communicating by an easy drive with the public roads.



[THE ALEXANDRA PALACE AND GROUNDS AT WOOD GREEN.]

As regards the internal arrangements, we may mention that it is intended to erect in one portion of the centre transept an orchestra for grand musical performances, capable of containing three thousand performers, and that the space for the public under the great dome, and within good audible distance, will accommodate upwards of twenty thousand persons. In one of the smaller transepts there will be a concert room, and in the other a theatre.

The ground floor, on the south-east side, will be almost entirely devoted to refreshment and dining-rooms, of various sizes and classes, opening by French windows to a verandah overlooking the terrace and slopes of the deer-park beyond; and in the basement beneath will be extensive and complete cellar and culinary arrangements.

The building will also comprise museums and picture galleries, one of which latter is to be devoted to the portraits of "self-made men," persons who have attained distinction and eminence by their own exertions; arrangements will moreover be made for holding large musical and other festivals; and also for an exhibition of the arts and manufactures of the world.

So much for the building and its internal arrangements. As regards the laying out of the grounds and the plans for the *al fresco* amusements and recreation of the public, we are also, by the kindness of the general manager, Mr. J. C. Deane, enabled to speak pretty accurately.

On the south side of the park a cricket ground of about ten acres has been constructed; and pains have been taken by the management to make it one of the best, if not the best, cricket ground in England. So that if "Ichabod" should ever come to be written up at, and the glory to depart from, "Lord's,"—as there is some danger may one day happen, for greedy builders, in whose stony eyes there is much speculation, have already cast hungry glances at the famous cricket ground as most eligible for building sites—the cricketer may be enabled to exclaim *Eureka!* and find in the Alexandra Park the most fitting field for the exercise of his skill. On the northern and western sides of the ground a spacious pavilion has been erected, containing every accommodation for the cricket player, including large dining halls, rooms for stowing bats and clothing, lavatories, baths, committee rooms, &c. In front of each pavilion there is a spacious covered balcony, from which cricketers and their friends have an opportunity of witnessing the games.

The National Archery Association of England held their twenty-first annual gathering on the cricket ground on the 6th, 7th, and the 8th ult., when prizes

presented by the company, to the amount of £560, were shot for. A pavilion for the accommodation of the players and their friends had been constructed, on a similar plan and with similar arrangements to those of the cricket pavilion. The number of lady competitors was 82, and of gentlemen 100, the ladies' prize being won by a fair toxophilite from Dublin.

A pavilion, in the Swiss style of architecture, capable of holding ten thousand persons, is in course of erection in the park. This pavilion is nearly 200 ft. long by 100 ft. wide. The hall extends the entire length of the building, and 60 ft. wide, with a gallery running entirely round it, and a large orchestra on the level of the gallery. On each side of the hall are large dining rooms capable of accommodating many hundred persons, and refreshment rooms of similar size, with retiring rooms attached, for ladies and gentlemen. On the level of the gallery, and above the dining rooms, are shops; the orchestra occupying one of the transepts, and the kitchen and offices on the same level as the other. Under this gallery it is also intended to erect temporary shops for fancy fairs, &c.

This building is situated half-way up the hill, between the site of the palace and the railway. It will be connected with the Wood Green station by means of a rustic covered way.

It is contemplated that this building will be ultimately used for a gymnasium, upon the principle of M. Triat, of Paris, whose well-known establishment in that capital has been so successful.

The directors, after very careful consideration and consultation with the most eminent personages in England connected with the turf, have resolved to allocate a portion of their estate for the construction of a race course. The ground has been pronounced by competent authorities to be admirably suited for that purpose, and considerable progress has been made with its construction. Several leading members of the jockey club having had the plans submitted to them of races to be held in the year 1865, have given their approval; and money, amounting in the aggregate to £2,600, will be added by the company. His Grace the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Coventry, Viscount St. Vincent, the Honourable Admiral Rous, C. Alexander, Esq., W. G. Craven, Esq., and R. C. Naylor, Esq., have consented to act as stewards. The meeting will take place in June, 1865, on the Tuesday and Wednesday following Ascot. The race course is situated on the south side of the estate, adjoining the cricket ground, and from the slopes on the north side a hundred thousand people can see the race from beginning to end. A capacious grand stand, with all modern improvements, will be

erected on the course. Already no less than 137 horses have been entered for the Alexandra Biennial stakes, in 1865, and, next to the Derby, this race will probably attract more attention than any other race in England.

On the 22nd and 23rd of June, 1864, the first flower show of the season was held, when prizes to the amount of 700*l.* were given by the company.

A great show of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, ornamental water fowl, and pheasants, will be held on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, August the 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th, 1864.

The directors profess to encourage in every way in their power the assemblage of Sunday school and charity school children at the park, on Mondays, during the season; and they have made arrangements with the refreshment contractors to fix a tariff acceptable to the heads of schools and public institutions.

Certain portions of the park will be ultimately allotted to botanical, zoological, and other societies, for the formation of floricultural and horticultural gardens, and also for the acclimatisation of plants, animals, &c.

Conservatories and fruit houses will be constructed for the cultivation of fruit and flowers, on the most approved principles.

Gardens will be devoted to floricultural art, and other space allotted to the science of horticulture; and encouragement will be given to professed gardeners and others, for the cultivation of ferns, roses, rhododendrons, and other American plants, hollyhocks, dahlias, and other flowering plants, and also for the cultivation of fruit of all kinds, by letting to them, on liberal terms, plots of ground, with or without green or hot-houses, where they will have the opportunity of growing, exhibiting, and selling the produce.

As respects exhibitors generally, every facility and encouragement will be given to parties desirous of cultivating, exhibiting, and selling their specialties; and as regards the important branch of refreshments, the company have made temporary arrangements with Messrs. W. Strange and R. Wood, which it is hoped, will prove satisfactory to the shareholders and the public.

The beautiful and attractive grounds of the Grove, which forms a portion of the company's estate, will be open to the public during the season. The dwelling-house has been furnished as a restaurant, where it is intended that dinners shall be supplied in a style not inferior to that which has made Richmond and Greenwich celebrated.



THE FATAL SECRET.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Why should we
Anticipate our troubles? 'Tis like them
That die for fear of death.

THE party, composed of such discordant materials assembled around the dinner-table. The spirits of Fontaine seemed to have reacted, and he talked much more than usual. Occasionally a discursive tendency in his conversation was evident, but he instantly checked it, and to all outward seeming, was only the courteous and attentive host. But Isola's heart trembled when she saw the same wild outlook from his eyes; and once his very lips grew pale, and he clenched his hands as if making a violent effort to prevent himself from clutching at some visionary object before him.

Somerton and his accomplice watched Fontaine stealthily, and once they exchanged a meaning smile, which Fanny intercepted; her heart arose more bitterly against them than before, and she ceased all effort to keep up the lagging conversation. Savella was sullen, and ate her dinner almost in silence, scarcely replying to the remarks her uncle addressed to her.

At the close of the repast, he said to her:

"I am glad to see that your appetite has not suffered through your sentimental sufferings, Savella. I heard a piece of news this morning which may have some interest for you. If you will come with me into the library I will tell you what it is."

She arose with alacrity and followed him. When they were alone, she rapidly asked:

"O, uncle Claude, does it concern him?"

"You mean Philip, I suppose. Yes; it explains his precipitate declaration to you. His father is on the eve of losing an important suit, which will reduce him to comparative poverty."

"How can any one know that he will lose it before it is tried?" she impatiently asked.

"When a man has gained possession of property by questionable means, he understands pretty well that when a suit is brought against him, the law will do justice to the legal claimants. I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Vane is not so honourable a man as I once believed him to be; and Philip's late conduct has forced me to think that he has as few scruples as his father seems to be troubled with."

"Then Philip will be poor?" said Savella, her voice slightly vibrating with emotion.

[ISOLA RESOLVES TO INVESTIGATE THE STRANGE NOISES.]

"He will have a home at Dunlora, and at the death of his mother the estate may revert to him; but the place yields a very inadequate income for such extravagant people as the Vanes to live on. Unless Philip marries money, he must greatly curtail his expenditure."

"Do you tell me this to alienate me from my true love, uncle Claude?" she impulsively asked. "If you do, I will say in my turn, that if Philip is impoverished, there is so much the more reason why I should show him that nothing can turn my heart from him. In adversity I will cling to him—I will endow him with my wealth. Give me at once the half of this property that is legally mine, uncle, and I will waive my right to the large arrears that my aunt says are due to me. Consent to my marriage with Philip, and let me do as I please with my own, and you can do the same with the rest. Give it to Isola, if you like; I will not think hardly of you for doing so. You believe that she cares for Philip, but you are mistaken; if she ever liked him, she has ceased to do so now."

Fontaine listened to her with bowed head and wandering thoughts. Again his mind was escaping from his own control, and after a long pause, he said:

"You are very generous, my little girl, and I will remember what you have said. But you are a minor, Savella; you can do nothing yourself in this affair; and Vane, I know, will, if he becomes your husband, exact the last farthing that you can lawfully claim. If I give you to him, he might prove my worst enemy. Isn't it enough to have one in my house whose presence is deadly to me, without bringing a second vampire to finish what the first has begun?"

Savella regarded him with a perplexed expression.

"I do not understand you, uncle, and it wounds me to hear you speak in such terms of Philip. Oh, uncle Claude, he is no vampire."

"You have faith in him," Fontaine sadly replied, "but it is because you are blinded by the infatuation that possesses you, and too young to be a competent judge of men. I would give much to feel towards Philip as I once did, but he has himself destroyed my respect for him. He would forfeit yours, too, Savella, when you came to know him well; and then, my poor child, all hope of happiness would be gone."

"With such high-strung people as you, uncle Claude, it might be so; but I am not romantic. I only ask Philip to love me, and in other respects I will not sit in judgment upon him. I shall feel too tenderly toward him to permit me to do that. Won't you be bribed, uncle Claude, to give me what I declare to you I will possess, with or without your con-

sent? It is my unalterable resolution to marry Philip Vane."

"And I am equally determined that you shall not do so while I possess the power to restrain you. At some future day you will thank me for this firmness, Savella."

"Thank you, for making me miserable!" she passionately exclaimed. "If you only knew what a life I lead with my aunt—how she ridicules, torments, and threatens me—you would pity me and give me freedom to choose my own fate."

"If this is so, I must interfere in your favour. I gave the senora no authority to annoy you; on the contrary, I enjoined her to treat you with gentleness and forbearance, as the surest means of success with a temper like yours."

"Recommend gentleness to a hyena, uncle, and it would be about as effectual as with her. I wish my aunt and Mr. Somerton would return to Italy, and leave me with you. I no longer need them, and you can give them enough of my money to pay them for what they have done for me. Can't we get rid of them altogether?"

"Would to God I could do so!" was the fervent reply; "but it is impossible. Yet I am surprised, Savella, to hear you speak thus of those who have had the charge of you from your childhood. I am afraid you are ungrateful, my child."

"Ah! if you knew all, you would scarcely think so. My aunt has always tried to crush me into submission, but I am high-tempered, and I have uniformly rebelled against her harshness. If you could look in on us sometimes, you would think it better for both of us if we lived on opposite sides of the earth. Mr. Somerton always takes sides with her, though he afterwards uses all his art to get me in a good humour with himself; but I don't believe in him, uncle—no, I don't."

Fontaine scarcely heard her concluding words. In spite of his efforts to listen, his thoughts wandered away, and he could not bring them back. After remaining silent several moments, he said, in a vague manner:

"I—I'll see what can be done, my dear. Go now, for I am tired. My brain feels as if a heavy weight is pressing on it, and I am weary—very!"

"Then you will relent, uncle; I see it in your dear face," said Savella, as she left the room; but if she could really have read the meaning of that pale and rigid face, she would have felt little cause for elation.

There, within a few feet of Fontaine, stood the phantom shape which seemed to have become a part

of himself, for if he closed his eyes he could not shut it out.

As the door closed on Savella, he made a rush toward it, but his hand only fell upon empty space, while the spectre glided back, always keeping beyond his reach.

"Henry! Henry!" he cried, in despairing accents, "why do you haunt me thus? Leave me to die in peace, for the struggle cannot last much longer."

He listened eagerly for an answer, but this time none came, and Fontaine sank back and closed his eyes, vainly trying to recover the lost balance of his mind. His thoughts reverted to Miss Carleton, and he muttered:

"Oh, Carrie, if I had dared to entice you to my side, you might have saved me. What did I say this morning that made them all stare so? I cannot remember; but I must have made a very ridiculous figure. Then they thought it best to send Isola back to watch over me. I wonder if that threat to fill the house with such noises as haunted the Wesley family will be fulfilled, now she has returned? Well, it will only be the last drop in the bitter cup I have prepared for myself."

He arose, went to a shelf, and took down an old magazine which contained the extraordinary account of what happened in the house of Mr. Wesley in the last century. Of all the ghost stories on record, it is the best authenticated, and to those supernatural occurrences divinity is indebted for the services of one of its purest later apostles, the Reverend Charles Wesley.

Fontaine attempted to read it over again, but the print grew blurred before him and the letters assumed all the colours of the rainbow. He remembered that Dr. Sinclair had advised rest, and had prescribed a cooling draught, which he had neglected to take. With a sudden impulse of rage, he drew the phial from his pocket and hurled it into the fire, while he muttered:

"I'll not touch a drop of his mixtures. It will be useless. I know that the vital cause lies too deep for medicine to reach."

He tried several other volumes with the same result, and then sat till the sun was setting, looking straight before him, a strange whirl of thought passing through his excited brain.

CHAPTER XXV.

The air is full of noises!

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

The Tempest.

Hamlet.

Fontaine was aroused from the painful chaos of thought into which he had fallen by the arrival of Dr. Sinclair. He was a genial-looking, middle-aged man; kind-hearted, but intensely practical; and he was far from suspecting the actual condition of his patient's mind.

When told that Fontaine could no longer read, that the letters on the page danced before his vision in brilliant parti-coloured points, he shook his head gravely, and said:

"This indicates a terrible state of the blood. You must go through a course of medicine, and I insist that you shall go to bed, and take my prescriptions regularly, living in the meantime on tea and toast, or gruel."

"It will do no good, doctor; I am too far gone now to hope anything from your skill," said Fontaine, in a sombre tone.

"Far gone, indeed! when you look as strong as I do. Nonsense, old fellow; I never had exactly such a case as this before, but I'll engage to bring you through all right."

"If you knew all, you would not think so," was the gloomy response.

"You speak like the hero of a tragedy. Come, my dear Fontaine, this will never do. You must have faith in my skill, or I can accomplish comparatively little. But in any case, I have few fears as to the ultimate result."

"Doctor, I am a doomed man. Madness has never before attacked one of my family; but I shall become its victim. Nay, I am mad already. My thoughts elude me; my will has ceased to rule them; and now, while I speak with you, it is by a great effort that I prevent myself from pouring forth a volume of nonsense that would astonish you. I am losing my reason, and I know that it is leaving me."

The physician compassionately regarded him.

"My dear Fontaine, you contradict yourself; in one breath you speak as if you had no power over your own will, and in the next you say that you control the utterance of the fantasies that have gained possession of your mind. A man who can thus reason about his condition cannot be very far gone in the dominions of Luna. If you persist in this singular delusion, I shall be compelled to have your head

shaved, clap on a blister, and put you in a straight jacket. How would you like that, eh?"

"Doctor," said Fontaine, impressively, "we have been friends of long standing, and I wish to exact of you one promise, which, as a man of honour, you will not fail to fulfil. If my fears are verified, I wish you to comprehend that physical causes have nothing to do with my condition. My sufferings are purely mental, and they proceed from memories which have vitally affected my happiness. Since I must fall into your hands, I entreat, I demand, that no violent remedies shall be used with me. If I become unmanageable, shut me up in a room in my own house, with one of my own people to wait upon me; but do not permit me to be sent to an asylum. Will you promise me this?"

His changed face and eager manner affected the listener, and he replied, with emotion:

"If it comes to that, I will see that your wishes are fulfilled, my dear friend; but if you will permit me to treat you at once with the vigour I consider necessary, I can soon effectually lay at rest the phantom of which you told me this morning."

"Not if it is sent as a punishment to a crime which has remained unwhipped of man's justice," said Fontaine, with a shudder. "Look at my hand, doctor; it is white and spotless to all outward seeming, yet it has been raised against a human life. Through my means a soul was sent to its account, which is yet permitted to wander through space, to visit me at its own will, and, at last, to assume the form it wore on earth, that it may torture me with its awful presence. There it is now; it stands between you and myself, and is as real to me as you are. It is horror to me to look upon it, yet I cannot evade it."

His livid face, panting breath, and staring eyes, assured the physician that the form of which he spoke was to him a dread reality; and the confession he had just uttered struck a painful chord in his soul. The colour faded from his florid face as he huskily asked:

"Do you know, Claude Fontaine, that you have avowed yourself a murderer? and of whom? Tell me, is it Henry who comes to you? who glides before you as an accusing spirit?"

"It is Henry!"

As the low, thrilling tones fell upon the ears of Dr. Sinclair, he started up with blanched lips, and eyes scarcely less wild than those of the speaker. Henry Fontaine had been the dearest friend of his youth, and his own father's heart had scarcely mourned more sincerely over his untimely fate than had that of Dr. Sinclair. He hoarsely said:

"Oh, my God! this is dreadful! Claude, Claude, what tempted you to the dire wickedness which is bringing after it so fearful a retribution?"

"The old story—jealousy. But I swear to you that I would have taken my own life sooner than have attempted that of my brother. I was the victim of a terrible delusion, which caused his death and has branded me with the undying curse which cleaves to the fratricide. I thought to have carried this secret with me to the grave, but a power I cannot resist compels me to speak of it to you. Soon everyone will know it, for that which is looming before me will loosen my tongue, and force me to speak of what is ever in my thoughts."

There was a long and painful pause, which was broken by the physician; but in spite of his efforts to speak as cordially as before this revelation, his voice had in it a constrained tone, which Fontaine was quick to detect.

"I will do all for you, Fontaine, that my skill can effect; but with so fatal a cause for this hallucination that oppresses you, I do not know that any good result can come from my efforts. I can promise nothing, but I will do my best to—"

"Your efforts will be useless," interrupted Fontaine. "The only service I will accept at your hands, is to see that my wishes with reference to myself shall be carried out, when I am no longer in a condition to command in my own house."

"That I promise to do. Good evening. Since you decline my medical services, there will be little use in calling every day."

"As you please," was the indifferent reply. "But when you hear that I am really insane, come hither at once, and assume such authority as will enable you to carry out the wishes I have expressed to you."

In a state of utter bewilderment Dr. Sinclair left the house.

Fontaine paced to and fro in the darkening room till supper was announced. He ordered his tea to be sent in to him; and after drinking it, with a feeling of unusual exhaustion he threw himself upon the bed, dressed as he was, and fell into a disturbed slumber.

The hours passed on; faint echoes of music came from the closed drawing-room, in which the three girls were left together; but these gradually died away; footsteps ceased to wander through the wide

hall, and before midnight the whole house seemed buried in profound repose.

Isola and Fanny occupied the same chamber, and after talking till they were both weary, they fell into the sound sleep of youth and health.

The "witching hour of night" arrived, the great clock in the hall rung out its resonant peal, and as the echoes died away, there suddenly came a sound as if a clap of thunder had burst over the roof.

Every creature in the house was aroused, to hear a Babel of noises which seemed to come from the rooms below. The two girls started up in extreme alarm; but Isola had presence of mind to light her lamp. She and Fanny threw on their dressing robes, and prepared to go down together to ascertain what caused the disturbance. But as they approached the door, a sudden shower of raps—loud, resonant, and rapid—were struck upon the panels till the whole wall seemed to vibrate beneath them. They drew back, white and trembling; and Celis, who slept in her young lady's dressing-room, rushed forward, locked the door, and throwing herself before Isola, with clasped hands, and rolling eyes, exclaimed:

"Don't go out, miss, for the Evil One has got possession of the house and everybody in it. Come, let us say our prayers."

"I must go! Don't hold my gown, Celis, for I must see what has happened to my father."

Although she was very pale, the resolute face of the speaker showed that she had courage to face whatever danger might be without.

By this time the noises had again receded; and afraid to be left alone, the sobbing servant took the lamp in one hand, and clinging with the other to her young mistress, the three, after cautiously reconnoitring, stepped into the empty hall. At the same instant, Senora Roselli and Savella came from the room of the latter, both looking deeply alarmed.

"What on earth can be the matter?" asked the elder lady.

Isola quickly replied:

"Do not be alarmed, madam. There is nothing to be apprehended from the people; they would protect sooner than injure us. Where is Mr. Somerton? The noise must surely have aroused him, though he does not make his appearance."

"He has probably gone to look after Mr. Fontaine, for he must have been as much frightened as we are by this strange disturbance."

They formed a procession down the staircase, the senora and her niece bringing up the rear. As they gained the lower hall, the door of Fontaine's room was seen to be open, and a light streamed from it. The appalling sounds which had aroused them seemed now to have flitted up-stairs, and thundering raps reverberated down the winding staircase in every direction.

Regardless of everything but her protector, Isola rushed forward, and entered his apartment, to find him lying quite insensible upon his bed, with Somerton bathing his colourless face, and endeavouring to restore him to consciousness.

He hurriedly said:

"I was aroused by the noises, and came down to see what could be the cause of the hubbub. I found Mr. Fontaine lying on the floor in the hall, in the condition you see him now. I brought him here, and have used every means to revive him, but he is still in a dead faint. Stay with him, while I go to my room, and get something to restore him."

"Here is camphor," said Fanny, springing toward the dressing stand. "This will suffice, Mr. Somerton: you need not trouble yourself to go. See—the colour is coming back to his face, and Mr. Fontaine will soon be sensible again."

Fanny was too much afraid of Somerton and his remedies to be willing to see them tried on her old friend, and with sincere joy she saw signs of returning animation. Somerton turned toward her and regarded her keenly, but Fanny was too busy in her efforts to assist Fontaine to notice him. A faint tinge of colour came back to the face of the recumbent man, the heavy eyelids unclosed, and he presently sat up, and looked around with a bewildered expression. His eyes fell upon the wall opposite his bed, and fastened themselves there. He stretched forth his hand in that direction, and said, in a vague and monotonous tone:

"It was there again, crowned by a pale glimmer of light. That has passed away; but he has stepped out from the wall, and now flits before me, with blood—blood welling from that fatal wound. His voice came to me, saying, 'I have fulfilled my threat; you sly little commands, and I have raised an inferno in your house.' Hark! the demons are at their work, and I am accursed!"

Fontaine fell back with a cry that thrilled the listeners, for it was a wild maniac shriek, which told that the light of reason was at last extinguished.

Isola, weeping and trembling, bent over him and attempted to take his hand in her own; but he put her back with an expression of horror, and rapidly said:

"Go away—go away from me. Leave me to my fate; he commands your absence, and I dare not keep you beneath my roof. You will find friends—go to them and be happy."

"Oh, father, speak not thus. I will never leave you; I will be your nurse, your slave, till you are well again."

Fontaine did not seem to comprehend her words. He feverishly asked:

"Will no one take her away? 'Tis her presence that brings this bedlam here. He has told me so. Depart, Isola, and leave me to wrestle alone with the phantom that has at last maddened me, for I am mad."

Senora Roselli here advanced and stood between him and the trembling girl. She soothingly said:

"I will remove her, Claude. She shall no longer trouble you."

A flash of hatred and defiance gleamed from his large black eyes, and he wrathfully said:

"You fiend—devil—avant! You shall not touch her! She is pure, but you are foul. With my consent your leoprous fingers shall never touch her. Go, Isola; get away from this woman, for she loathes you even more deeply than I do her. Oh, take those baleful eyes from mine! They burn into my soul the memory of that fatal—fatal hour!"

The menacing expression with which the senora regarded him changed to one of affected pity as she slowly turned away and said:

"Poor Claude; he has spoken the truth of himself—he is certainly insane."

Throughout this scene Savella stood white and nerveless, incapable of understanding what was going on around her, and dreading she knew not what.

Fontaine caught a glimpse of his frightened face, and beckoning her to his side, he grasped her hand with such force as to cause her to utter a faint cry. Bending his lips to her ear, he spoke in an audible whisper:

"Savella, you will be mistress here, for I shall soon be where the weary are at rest. You must be a fast friend to my child, for she will need protection from that woman yonder. If she is your aunt, she is a bad, evil-minded creature, and it will be best for you to carry out your plan of sending her back to Italy. Give her money; let her go at once. Don't marry Philip, child, for he will break your heart. Give him up, and let Isola be your sister."

He fixed his burning eyes eagerly upon her face, and waited for her reply.

As Savella unclosed her lips to speak, a breath, a faint whisper seemed to pass between them, which distinctly said:

"Would you entrap my child into giving such a pledge as that. There shall be no fellowship between her and the usurper of her rights."

Fontaine fell back as if he had received a sudden blow, the hair rising on his temples, cold dew gathering upon his brow. He faintly muttered:

"It is his voice again! Go, Savella; I have nothing further to say to you."

Savella, too much frightened to reply, receded from the bed, and sat down in a tremor. The noises still filled the house with their tumult, and, as if to shut them out, Fontaine buried his head in his pillow and drew the coverlet over his ears, refusing to speak further.

Somerton went to his own room, in defiance of the sounds, and presently returned with a cup in which he had mixed a draught, which he asserted would act as a sedative to the overwrought nervous system of Fontaine; but when he offered it to him, he could not be induced to look up or touch it.

The tumult in the house had been heard, of course, by the servants, who were all aroused and eager to learn what could possibly be going on. With frightened faces and dilating eyes, they gathered near the door of their master's chamber, afraid to look around them, yet their solicitude for Fontaine overcoming even their dread of the invisible agents that produced the incomprehensible confusion which reigned in the old mansion.

Aggy pushed her way among them, and reached the side of her master. When Fontaine heard her voice, he lifted his head and said:

"Send them all away, Aggy, and stay with me yourself. I don't want anyone but you."

Tears were streaming over the wrinkled face of the old woman, and she turned to the group around the bed and said:

"You all hear what the master said—I'm to nurse him as I used to do when he was a blessed baby, and if anything wrong is the matter with him, I'll bring him round yet. Miss Isola, you and Miss Fanny had better go back to your bed; leave Celia here with me, because my old man is too much scared to be of much use. I can make her listen to sense, and the Evil One himself shan't keep me from doing my duty by Mr. Claude."

Isola would have approached and spoken to Fontaine, but he waved her off, and said:

"No—no—he would come between us, and I could not bear it. I must give you up. The fiat is spoken, and I must obey."

Fanny saw that he was not in a condition to be reasoned with, and she drew Isola away. Senora Roselli also left the room, with an expression of wrath upon her face, compelling Savella to accompany her. The latter seemed almost paralyzed by fright, and submitted to her control without remonstrance.

Isola had scarcely stepped into the hall when the sounds ceased, as if by magic. In an instant everything was as still as if no disturbance had lately made night hideous around them. Somerton, who was standing at the head of the staircase, spoke to her respectfully as she passed him:

"I have been trying the power of an exorcism upon these unseemly spirits. Fortunately, I have had the power to lay them to rest. You can all retire now, and sleep in peace; for I am sure they will return no more to-night. It is my purpose to remain in the library near Mr. Fontaine, in case he should need attention."

"Thank you," replied Isola, "but Aggy will stay with him, and I have also left Celia. I would have remained with him myself, but he seemed to wish me to retire."

"That is very well, but I cannot think of leaving him to the care of servants. They may become frightened at the singular occurrences of the night, and he is just in that state in which further excitement will make him a raving maniac. Good night; I shall certainly stay near him till morning."

He passed down the stairway and entered Fontaine's room, while the two girls gained their apartment and bolted themselves in. Fanny turned to Isola, and rapidly asked:

"What can this mean? How could those noises have been produced?"

"Heaven only knows! Some awful calamity must be impending over this house, in which I am concerned. In my absence those people have worked their evil spells against me until my father seems to shrink from me. He commands me to leave him when he needs me most; but that I will never do. I will cling to him to the very last. Oh, Fanny, I am very, very miserable."

Fanny used every art to console her; but she fully agreed with Isola that she must not abandon her guardian, even at his command, in this trying crisis of his evil destiny.

(To be continued.)

ROBERT BOWMAN, AND HOW HE LIVED 120 YEARS.

ROBERT BOWMAN was born in Bridgewoodfoot—a small farmhouse near the river Irthing, and about two miles from his residence at Irthington—about Christmas time, and some years before his baptism, which he remembered. He was of middle height, and well-built, with a large chest. When young, he was rather stout and very strong, considering himself a good wrestler. He was fond of amusements. His parents both died when he was very young, but he remembered them.

He said he recollected the rebellion of 1745, had heard much about it, and seen some men running away. When trying his memory, Dr. Barnes asked him "if he ever heard of the battle of Waterloo, or of Bonaparte?" He answered that "he had heard too much of Bonaparte; that he was a bad character, and at best only a coward; for as soon as he found himself in danger, he ran away." Dr. Barnes having heard that he worked in the trenches around Carlisle during the rebellion of 1745, and escaped from them, reminded him that he had himself done the same thing. Laughingly heartily, he confessed that he remained among the soldiers only one night, and ran away as soon as he could.

Mr. Robert Bowman was always a "top-worker" on a sober diet. He had no regular hours, retiring and rising sometimes at one hour and sometimes at another, just as he felt sleepy, and some nights he was never in bed at all. As he slept when sleepy, he ate when hungry, omitting a meal one day, and on another eating four or five meals. Milk, hasty pudding, potatoes, bread, broth, an egg, a bit of meat—anything his family were taking, formed his food. He was always plainly but warmly and comfortably clad. His common drink was water, seldom tasting wine or spirits; but he did not dislike a glass of good ale. He never took tea or coffee. He was never drunk but once in his life, and that was at a wedding, when his friends deceived him in regard to the strength of his liquor. He never took snuff or smoked tobacco. He was twice ill during the course of his life; once when very young, and he had the measles; a second time, when over a hundred, when he had the whooping cough along with one of his grandchildren who slept with him. Although he suffered several times

from severe accidents, he never had a medical attendant, and never took a dose of medicine in his life.

Bowman did not spare himself what would generally be deemed excessive and imprudent exposure and fatigue. He prided himself, as I have said, on being what he called a "top-worker." Having often occasion to go for lime or coals, he generally, on these occasions, slept in the open air all night. Even when eighty years of age, he worked daily, during a part of the summer season, in a peat moss a few miles from Irthington, and, rather than lose time by returning home, he would let his horse loose upon the common, and sleep through the night in his cart. The story is told of a Scotch Highlander who had been persecuted by his women folks to buy an umbrella, and was met in a shower of rain with it carefully kept out of the wet, under his coat. This Cumberland farmer must have cared as little for rain as the Scotch Highlander. If he got wet in the field or on the road, he seldom changed his clothes, taking to some hard work, such as threshing in the barn, till they got dry. When in the one hundred and eighth year of his age, he still applied himself to all kinds of farm labour, heaping, reaping, haymaking, gathering and mounting stacks of corn and hay. In his hundred and ninth year he walked from Carlisle to Irthington and back again in one day, with his staff under his arm—a distance of about sixteen miles.

Bowman married at the age of fifty. When asked why he was so late in marrying, he answered, "I never thought much about getting a wife, and how I got one I do not know. I think it was mere accident." By his marriage at the age of fifty, he had six sons, and lived to see them all old enough to be themselves grandfathers. He had himself three great-grandchildren. His wife was twenty-one years younger than himself, and died at the age of eighty-one, when he was one hundred and two. On his marriage he took a small farm, for which he paid a rent of five pounds a year, and by dint of working hard and saving hard, he scraped together money enough to buy a small estate, upon which he lived the remainder of his life.

For forty years before his death Bowman had not a tooth in his head. Septuagenarians whom I have known have been dreadfully alarmed on losing their teeth; becoming despondent, and persuading themselves more and more that without teeth they could not masticate their food, and that unmanicured food is indigestible. They forget that mastication is not needed for a considerable variety of food, including, among other excellent things, milk, eggs, soup, and gravy. When one hundred and fifteen, the brown hair of Bowman had become white; but his skin was soft and delicate, neither wrinkled nor shrivelled, and his face appeared plump, round, and rather florid. His sight was so good that he never wore glasses. Bowman's hearing was so good that, when he was one hundred and fourteen, he could hear the ticking of a watch which hung in the window several yards off. His sense of smell was extremely acute. This circumstance is of far greater importance than might be supposed, for it would make him a man always careful to avoid foul air, and anxious to breathe pure air.

Mr. Bowman slept well during the night. A Salisbury physician, who died last year, over ninety, and father of the Royal Society, answered, when asked what he had done to live so long, "I have always slept all the sleep I could get done." Thirty years ago a book on the Duty and Advantages of Early Rising had some vogue, containing the most pernicious views on sleep, as if it were a sort of sensual indulgence, like drunkenness or gluttony. But during sleep the nerves derive the nourishment from the blood; and the great nervous centres, and the brain especially, are sound or unsound in proportion as they are nourished by sleep.

Mr. Bowman was a happy man. Old folks, finding their own senses and faculties impaired and decayed, generally complain of the disagreeable changes and growing degeneracy of the time. Bowman did nothing of the kind; being cheerful, good-humoured, and easily satisfied. The perfect state of his senses and faculties kept him from finding fault with the habits or manners, or with the changes of the successive generations he saw around him. And this is the universal remark respecting all very old men. All these five or six score men have been merry men. They pass their century joking.

Your merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad one tires in a mile—a y.

A good conscience is the soul of a right cheerful tongue. It is doubtful, from the difference of testimonies, whether they have all been sober in eating and drinking, or well-regulated in their social instincts; but the evidence is without a flaw or an exception which proves them to have been men who slept soundly and laughed heartily.

No veil need be drawn over the closing scene of the

life of this notable man. Not from indisposition, but for comfort, he took to his bed several years before his death, during the cold of a very severe winter; and he kept it because he was better there than anywhere else. He resided with one of his sons, upon his own estate, the fruit of his industry.

Three months before his death, without any cause, he began to fancy that the family were less attentive to him than formerly. His bodily health continuing good until the last day or two, his mental faculties declined gradually, and then, rather suddenly, without pain and without suffering, the powers of life gave way, and he died on the evening of Friday, June 18, 1875.

He died one hundred and seventeen years and eight months after his baptism, an event which he remembered; and he was, therefore, most probably at least in his one hundred and twentieth year.

An oak, said to be six hundred years old, the oldest tree in Cumberland, and the last of Ingelwood Forest, fell, by a strange coincidence, upon the day when Mr. Robert Bowman died; the oldest tree and the oldest man fell together.

ALL ALONE.

By E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FATE OF THE MURDERESS.

Behold,
Your grief is but your sin in the rebound,
And cannot expiate it.

E. B. Browning.

IDA DENBY and her son Austin occupied a first floor in one of the largest houses in the Rue de Rivoli, and entertained the best company to be had in the most beautiful city in the world. They had resided there for eight or nine months; but before the first month of their stay had drawn to a close, the wealth and beauty of the proud English lady had travelled far and wide, and crowds of Parisian exquisites daily and nightly assembled in her drawing-rooms.

The English lady, though cold and proud enough when it suited her so to be, was yet very smiling and gracious, and it soon got buzzed about that Madame Denby's hand might become the property of the highest bidder.

Her motive for coming to Paris, then, it soon became apparent, was to purchase a title in that most favourable mart in the world for a worldly woman to barter wealth for the coronet of some needy member of the ancient nobility.

It was, some said, a mean ambition, unworthy of that woman's cold, granite-like strength of will and understanding. Some years ago, in her first widowhood, she might with more propriety have aspired to the distinction at which she aimed.

Not that she was too old; far from it. The last ten years of her life appeared to have passed over the form and features of that calm, emotionless woman with no more effect than if she had been the marble statue which the fairness of her skin made her so strongly resemble.

Although nearly forty years of age, she was surpassingly lovely.

A milk-white and dewy freshness was the most beautiful peculiarity of her style. No newly-opened lily in the morning could look purer and fresher.

Ida Denby did not weakly endeavour to conceal her age.

On the contrary, she took a calm pleasure in acknowledging that she was forty years old, and she smiled at the great surprise of men and the excessive vexation and spite of women of her own age, who looked so much older than she did, and who tried so very hard to look juvenile.

In the same way, she delighted to make known to all that Austin was her son; else no one would have dreamt that such a relationship existed between the tall, dark-eyed, grave-looking gentleman known as Mr. Denby and the fair beauty.

But she was so confident of the untarnished lustre of her statuesque beauty, as seen in the delicate elastic roundness of her perfect face and voluptuous form, the transparent fairness of her complexion, and the tender clearness of her eyes, that it was in the calm insolence of power that she proclaimed her age.

In love with this snowy beauty fell deeply a certain viscount, whose hair below his wig was silvery white, and who, without Madame Rachel's kind assistance, would have had many ugly wrinkles and crow's feet disfiguring his noble countenance.

The English lady smiled upon this ancient beau, in spite of his long list of creditors, for his pedigree was much longer; and there were rumours current respecting their approaching nuptials.

Truly, he was a fortunate man to possess so rich and beautiful a bride.

Everybody was talking about her, everybody knew her by sight, everybody flocked after her; that is to say, everybody but a certain poor priest.

He was a man of forty-five or so, with the bent frame, shrunken features, and whitened hair of seventy.

He went plodding on from day to day in his work of piety, unconscious that within a stone's cast of his post of duty lived two women, in whom, of all women save one, he was most interested.

Destiny brought them at length in contact with one another.

In Mrs. Denby's household there was an old Irish woman, named Nora Dougherty. Ida Denby's intimate friends—if she, a stranger to her daily associates, could be truly said to have intimate friends—when they chanced to see this vulgar-looking woman about the person of the lady, opened wide their eyes, and shrugged high their shoulders in mild astonishment.

Nora noticed this; but, sure of her position, disregarded their sneers.

Ida, for her part, never lost sight of her familiar. Perhaps she feared her!

For some time, however, it might have been observed that a dark cloud of distrust had risen up betwixt the servant and the mistress.

Ida was kind as ever, but no kinder; for that cold spirit was rarely affected by the moods of those around her. Nora, however, seemed constrained and awkward in her presence, and was silent and uneasy when she heard her mistress spoken of by the other servants.

In the dead of night Genevieve was startled out of her sleep by a piercing shriek.

She started up at the sound which echoed through the house, and opening her bed-room door, hurried in the direction from which the cry proceeded.

The house was plunged in darkness, but a faint light glimmered through the key-hole of the servant's room, which was at the extremity of the corridor.

Genevieve hurried towards this light; but ere she could reach the spot, it was extinguished, or the key was turned in the lock so as to hide it.

All then was darkness and silence, and Genevieve, in terror, knocked loudly at the door.

"Nora! Nora!" she cried.

But there was no answer.

"Nora! Nora!"

She shook the door with all her strength, and knocked louder still.

"Nora, did you scream? Are you ill?"

There was a kind of struggling noise within, and a stifled cry:

"Help, help—"

Then the voice was suddenly smothered, and there was the sound as of a struggle within.

Then it burst forth again, in a shrill shriek.

There was silence under a subdued, but desperate contest.

Genevieve found that the door was locked, and that it resisted all her efforts. Turning, away then—she ran towards her own room, with the intention of ringing her bell for assistance.

But half-way towards the end of the passage, a door suddenly opened, and Ida Denby stood before her in her white dressing-gown and her white lace cap, looking very calm and still, but slightly astonished.

"Well, Genevieve."

"Nora! For heaven's sake—"

"What is the matter with the stupid creature?"

"She—she—"

"Has got the nightmare I suppose. She is always having it. I'll go to her."

Ida, bearing the light, led the way to Nora's little room. When they reached it, she requested Genevieve to open the door.

Genevieve tried the lock; and, to her astonishment, it opened readily, the door swung open, and they entered the room.

But, within, a horrible sight met their eyes.

The Irish woman was sitting bolt upright—on the bed; her form stiff and rigid; her face convulsed and swollen, as by partial suffocation; her eyes glaring on vacancy, wide open, but glazed and sightless.

But when the light flashed upon her face, her countenance suddenly changed, she fell back upon her pillow, dragging the coverlet over her face, and, with a harsh shriek, lay shuddering as with excess of fright.

"What ails you, Nora?" asked Mrs. Denby.

But the woman crept lower down in the bed, shrieking louder than before.

"Are you ill, Nora?" asked Genevieve.

Hearing the sound of her voice, the Irishwoman uncovered her head an instant, and seemed to be somewhat reassured by Genevieve's presence.

"She wanted to murder me in my sleep, and she's afraid I'll be spakin' ov her ugly secrets."

Genevieve regarded the speaker with dismay; Ida, on the contrary, fixed her eyes steadily upon those of

the excited servant, and after a few moments, without removing her gaze in the slightest, laid her hand upon her forehead, and spoke in a low soft voice.

"You have been dreaming," she said.

"Dreaming you say," repeated the other. "It was a queer dream, though. I dreamt I saw a figure in white."

"Hush, hush; go to sleep," said the lady, kindly stroking the woman's forehead very gently as she spoke.

"White figure with a beautiful face—"

"Pray compose yourself, Nora."

"A figure in white, with a soft hand."

The lady's hand was still upon the servant's forehead.

"A soft hand, and—"

But these were the last words she uttered.

Her voice then sank into inarticulate murmurs, and then ceased.

A few more passages of that strangely momeoric hand, and the woman lay in a seemingly deep sleep.

"Tis well," said Ida; "she will not trouble you again."

"Let me remain with her through the night," said Genevieve.

Ida hesitated an instant, and slightly coloured.

"As you please, my dear," she said. "But call to me if you require any assistance."

Genevieve took her seat by the bedside of the sleeper, who slumbered so calmly until dawn, that she thought she might safely leave her charge.

Upon the threshold she met Ida, calm and smiling.

"Well, my dear, you have seen by this time that there was no necessity for the sacrifice of your night's rest."

"Nora has slept very well."

"Will you go to your own bed-room, then, my dear?"

She spoke in a sneering tone, which the other could not help noticing; and as Genevieve walked away, watched her with twinkling eyes.

A mysterious spell seemed, from this fatal night, to have fallen upon the poor Irish servant. Although hitherto a devout and religious woman, she now never approached the church which she had before so regularly attended.

The strange gloom and sullenness of her demeanour frightened the other servants, who said she was going mad.

Genevieve, although she sympathized with the poor creature's state, was nevertheless fearful of being left alone in the Irishwoman's company, expecting every moment that she would burst out into open fury.

Ida Denby alone appeared not to heed or notice the curious conduct of old Nora; but it was very certain that she studied her secretly with the deepest attention, and that a vague, silent, but deadly struggle waged betwixt the mistress and the confidential maid.

Meanwhile the preparations for Mrs. Denby's approaching nuptials occupied all Paris, as well as the household of the rich English lady, every room of which contained milliners and dressmakers, hard at work upon the magnificent outfit.

The splendid marriage of a splendid bride, of course, required splendid appointments and decorations.

One night, when Ida had gone to a ball at the Embassy, and Austin had gone to his club, Genevieve was in her apartment, engaged in writing a long letter to Theodora, when a deep groan from a neighbouring chamber startled her.

A second and a third groan succeeded; and then, feeling certain that it was the poor Irishwoman, she ran to help her.

She found Nora upon her bed, in the room at the end of the corridor, in strong convulsions.

She was writhing horribly, and groaning in a way that it was heartrending to listen to.

"What has happened?" said Genevieve.

"I'm—I'm going this time," the other gasped.

And she tried to speak, but a paroxysm of pain seized her on the moment, and she wrestled in silence with agony.

In terror, Genevieve flew to a bell, and rang loudly for assistance.

When the servants, with white scared faces, came crowding in, she cried to them:

"Run for a doctor; make haste—make haste!"

Then going back to the side of the bed, where the Irishwoman lay in a half-fainting state, she asked:

"What has happened to you? Where do you feel the pain?"

"Oh dear! oh dear!" Nora groaned in agony. "I have a fire raging within me. I have been poisoned. It was my own folly to drink it. Oh! I'm poisoned—I'm poisoned!"

A servant came in to say that a priest was in the hall, and that he said he understood the healing art.

"Ask him to come up-stairs, then, if he will," said Genevieve, turning again to the patient.

The paroxysm seemed to have passed, and the woman lay calm and placid; but her cheeks were hollow and her eyes sunken, and she already looked horribly like a corpse.

"Oh dear, young lady!" the poor creature moaned, in a scarcely audible voice, "I had one of my bad fainting fits come on a while ago, and I have some medicine that I keep handy upon the mantel-piece; but it had been moved away, and I felt very ill with a cold fever and a pain in my chest and a splitting headache, feeling as if my head would fly to pieces. So I thought there would be no harm if I went to my mistress's medicine-chest and took some of her physic."

"Well, well!"

"I had often had some before, with my mistress's permission."

"Well!"

"But this time I must have mistaken the bottle, although I feel certain that—that—"

"That what?"

"That it was out of the bottle I had the physic before that I took it this morning."

"You were mistaken, I suppose."

"Perhaps so, miss; and oh, miss!—oh! oh! I'm burning like a limekiln!"

And suddenly breaking off her story, she writhed in agony, clutching the bedclothes spasmodically between her long, thin fingers.

"Oh, it was poison!" she cried aloud. "It was poison she placed there for me! It was a snare—a snare! Oh, she has made me poison myself!"

"Nora—Nora!" cried the young lady; "you are raving!"

"Oh, no! I am in my right senses yet; but I don't know for how long. Send for the priest—I want a priest, and not a doctor!"

Genevieve endeavoured, by every means that lay in her reach, to relieve the woman's torments.

"You shall have both," she said. "There is one here who is both priest and physician."

As she spoke, a priest entered the room.

"Father Peter!" cried Genevieve, in joy and astonishment.

"My dear Genevieve!" cried the priest, advancing and taking her by the hand. "How is this? What a strange meeting!"

Before Genevieve could explain, however, a groan from the bed attracted their attention.

The woman was in strong convulsions.

Genevieve, in hurried accents, recounted what she had heard of the history of the accident; and added that she feared, by some mistake, the poor creature had swallowed poison.

"It was a snare—a snare—a snare!" cried Nora, writhing in torture.

"Hush, my daughter!" said the priest, gently.

Then he proceeded to examine his patient, whose convulsions, returning with accelerated violence, greatly alarmed the lookers-on.

The priest wrote a rapid prescription, and dispatched it by a footman who remained in attendance outside the bedroom-door.

"These are the symptoms of strychnia," he whispered to the pale and awe-struck Genevieve.

The spasms returned now at brief intervals, and with increased violence at each repetition.

Even between the attacks, so intense was her nervous sensibility, that the slightest touch, or the fear of being touched, was enough to throw the patient into violent convulsions, whilst her piercing shrieks were horrible to listen to.

Her mental faculties, however, were not only undiminished, but increased in strength and clearness by her pain.

In the midst of the frightful spasms that distorted her whole frame, her eyes remained clear and bright, sparkling and flashing, and widely dilated.

"Oh, Father Peter!" she cried, when she could get her breath. "I want to tell you something? You, of all persons in the world, I want to speak to!"

"Well, my daughter?"

"It is all over with me, father; nothing that you can do will cure me: But you can relieve my conscience if you will listen."

A fearful paroxysm arrested her speech, and while it was on her, the servant arrived with medicine.

Father Peter hastily seized the phial, poured some chloric ether upon a sponge, and gave it to Genevieve, with directions to hold it to the sufferer's nostrils.

This task, however, was difficult, for the approach of any hand fearfully augmented the violence of the spasms.

"Do not be afraid; I will not touch you, Nora; only let me hold the sponge near enough for you to inhale the ether from it. It will do you good."

The wretched woman did as she was told, and the relaxing properties of the subtle agent soon modified her sufferings.

Father Peter, meanwhile, administered a dose of the extract of Indian hemp.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said the dying woman. "I'm sinking fast. Every attack leaves me weaker."

No one could doubt that what she said was true. Death was rapidly approaching.

A frightful paroxysm convulsed and blackened her form and face.

This convulsion lasted for some time, and when at length it ceased, it left her body curved like a bow.

Her features, too, seemed crushed in and darkened by the shadow of approaching dissolution.

Father Peter bent over her anxiously.

"She still lives," said Genevieve. "But cannot we help her?"

"No power on earth can save her."

He sank down on his knees by the bed-side as he spoke.

"My daughter, if there is anything you would like to say or do, any last sacrament of confession or communion, it were best done now."

"I'm not ready to die!" the woman cried wildly.

"Oh! I am not ready yet. So sudden too. I am not prepared. I have led a very wicked life. I want to repent. I haven't had time to repent. I must have time to repent."

And she rolled and writhed in agony, mental and physical.

"I know the time has come," she said presently.

"I know I am doomed. Heaven help me."

"My poor child, your time has come. I will not deceive you. It would be cruel to do so. But you go to a merciful judge. Let us spend what little time is left us in preparation. Genevieve, my child, leave us for awhile."

"No—no!" cried the dying woman. What I have to confess I would confess in her presence. O, blessed saints, preserve me from death until I have told all. It has lain heavy on my conscience these many years."

She was silent a moment.

The priest and Genevieve drew near, and listened intently.

"Listen, listen. Eustasia—"

"What of her?" cried the priest, in excitement.

"Twenty-one years ago she gave birth to a living son, at Denby House."

The priest, with blanched face and bated breath, listened to the faint voice, scarcely audible.

"The birth of that child was concealed—"

"But the mother—the mother!" cried the priest, in an agony of anxiety.

For he seemed to fear that death would terminate the confession.

"She disappeared—and—I—that is all I know of her."

"And the child—"

"Is Austin Denby."

"Good heavens!" cried the priest, dropping his convulsed face into his hands. "Go on," he cried at length, without lifting his head.

"There's not much to tell. I helped to conceal the birth of Austin, and to palm him off on the old man as the son of Mrs. Ida Denby."

"But why? Why was this double fraud perpetrated?"

"To get possession of the old man's money, which she could not have got unless she had a child."

"Here the voice died away, and the priest was compelled to place his ear close to the woman's lips ere he could hear the faintest sound.

"The real mother? What do you know of her?"

"Nothing—nothing, as I hope for mercy. I was not in that secret; ask her."

These words were the last that Nora uttered.

Then, with a wailing cry, she fell back, black in the face, babbling inarticulately, and was silent.

She was sinking very fast now.

Father Peter stretched his hands over her, and pronounced the formula of absolution and benediction.

Genevieve held the crucifix to the motionless lips, too lifeless to receive the blessed sign with a kiss, while Father Peter raised his voice in prayer for the departing soul.

It was soon over.

"She is dead," said Genevieve, laying the crucifix upon the lifeless bosom. "Shall I call the women of the household?"

"No, my child, no! Go and watch for the return of madame. Tell her nothing of this, but say that a priest wishes to speak to her."

Genevieve hesitated.

"Father," she said, "do you then suspect—"

"Nothing yet; but we shall see."

"I—I do not like speaking to her—"

"To whom?"

"To Ida Denby."

"Where is she?"

"She is at a ball at the Embassy, but will return early."

"Go then to your room. I want to see her when she comes in."

Genevieve left the room, and meeting the footman in the corridor, sent him in to the priest.

When she reached her own chamber, she took out of her wardrobe a miniature of Mother Agatha, painted by Theodora, and also the last letters of the abbess.

"I'm certain that she is his long lost wife," murmured Genevieve; "but this miniature will decide the question. If she is the lost Eustasia, he will know the likeness and the handwriting. What a fearful mystery of iniquity has that wretched woman brought to light!"

Thus she reflected, as she gazed upon the sad and lovely face.

Torn asunder in early youth, kept separate by a tissue of falsehood and fraud, and now, in middle age, he at the altar, and she in the convent. Can this husband and wife ever meet?

While the soul of Genevieve was absorbed in this question, Father Peter watched by the bed-side, and the footman waited at the head of the grand staircase to intercept Mrs. Denby.

Ida had spent a very happy evening, the centre of an admiring throng.

She returned now, with the blush of triumph set upon her cheek.

The carriage entered the court yard; the lady noticed an unusual but suppressed excitement among the servants.

She alighted, entered the house, and ascended the grand staircase.

At the top she met the servant waiting for her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The Abbé Duval, madame."

"The Abbé Duval," repeated Ida. "I don't know him."

"He wishes to speak to you, madame."

"Where is he?"

"In Nora's room."

"I will come."

The lady entered the room, but did not recognize, in the darkened light, either the dead body stretched upon the bed, or the form of the grey, bowed old man, watching over Nora.

"You wish to see me, father," she said, coldly.

"Yes, madame," he exclaimed.

Then taking her by the hand, he led her towards the bed side, while he stripped off the covering, and revealed the face of the dead.

"Father Peter!" she cried. "You here? You are so changed, I did not know you!"

"See there!" said the priest, sternly pointing to the face of Nora.

"What is the matter?" she asked, calmly.

"She is dead. You have killed her."

She looked at him in amazement, real or feigned.

"Madame," he said, "you have wonderful self-command. Let it avail you while I speak."

Then he compelled the cold, impassable woman to take a seat before him, while he spoke to her in a deep stern voice.

"Ida Denby," he said, "you are a very clever and a very successful woman. Your protector, Satan, has aided you well. But you know that the Prince of Darkness like other great potentates, in time grows weary of his favourites, and leaves them to their own weak devices. Thus has Satan abandoned you. In no other way can I account for your folly."

"Sir," she said, with a white face and flashing eyes, "what do you mean by this language? Are you mad?"

"I will explain in a few words all I have to say. I have one demand to make of you. The rest I leave to the police."

"What is it?"

"Twenty-one years ago—"

"What a long while," she said, mockingly.

"I espoused, in your presence," the priest continued, "Eustasia Denby. Called away from the neighbourhood, I left her in your care. That was the last I ever saw of my bride. You sent me a letter to say that she had brought dishonour on her home and fled. I searched for her, by the false cue you gave me, all over the world. How fruitlessly you well know. After long years had gone by, heart broken and despairing, I entered the church."

"What a long story!"

"Madame, I will not detain you. See there; look upon Nora. She was your accomplice. But her conscience troubled her, and she could not keep your secret. She came to her priest and confessed; but he bade her put away her sin, and disclose the falsehood of which she had been the abettor, before he could give her absolution. But she would not do this. Shame, and a certain strange affection for you, and perhaps fear of you, kept her silent, under the goodness of her conscience. But you became at length afraid of her weakness. You thought she would betray you. You knew that she would. There was only one way left for you."

"Well?"

"That way was to silence her."

"How?"

"So."

As he spoke he pointed suddenly to the bed, and the lady drew back with a shudder she could not wholly repress.

"When upon the point of death," said the priest, "she made a last confession."

"Ha! ha!"

"But before a witness, to establish her words. Shall I tell you what she said?"

"Why, she was delirious."

"Ida Denby, demon that you are, your fiendish influence will avail you no longer. While there is yet time, do one good action. Tell me where is my wife?"

"Silence! I have heard enough of this folly. I know nothing of the woman you name. You must be childish to talk thus. Will you have the good feeling to withdraw, and allow my servants to prepare this dead body for burial. Go!"

"Madame, I will leave you. I fancy, though, that the police will shortly pay you a visit, and perhaps it would be as well not to disturb the room. I know you feel no alarm at the thought of an investigation, because you have managed matters too cleverly for that. The heinous affair cannot pass without an inquiry, and it is very sure that an inquiry will not disclose anything to your credit. Your end is fast approaching."

There was just the slightest change of colour perceptible in the woman's face. It was not turning paler, for more colourless than usual it could not be; but it was as though the faintest shade of grey had overspread the alabaster fairness of her skin; and there was a scarcely perceptible tremor in her voice.

"Will you go?" she said.

"Will you tell me what has become of my wife?"

"No."

"Very well, madame; I leave you to reconsider that reply."

And thus speaking, the priest withdrew from the chamber of death.

"Snow us into the dining-room, and go and inform Miss Genevieve that I await her," said the priest to a servant whom he found still lingering in the corridor.

He took his seat in a room to which the servant conducted him, and Genevieve soon made her appearance.

Nearly related as they were—as they had been—for the last half of Genevieve's short life—long as they had been separated—much as they had loved each other, their re-union was without any other expression of affection than the tender meeting of their eyes and the loving tones of their voices.

When she entered, he took her hand, and stood looking upon her silently. Who is insensible to beauty? Not even this old priest. His eyes then rested in pride and admiration upon the beautiful little head, with its rich tresses of auburn hair, the snowy polished forehead, the perfect arch of the brows, the long fall of the silky lashes, shading beauteous eyes of purplish blue, the rich damask bloom of cheeks and lips, and the finely developed though lithe and graceful form.

"How lovely!" said the priest to himself; and then added aloud, "You are like your mother, child."

"My mother!"

Long life, regret, tenderness, wonder, all were expressed in those two words.

"Since we parted we have both greatly changed. You have budded into womanhood—I have sunk into old age. Yet I should have known you anywhere."

After a pause, he said:

"You had almost forgotten me, though. My letters during the last two years yet remain unanswered."

"Unanswered?"

"Yes."

"But I wrote to you many times."

"My child!"

"I wrote again and again; but as I got no answer, I thought you had left Paris."

"Good heavens!" he cried; "that fiendish woman again at her tricks! Our letters intercepted!"

"Nay, she could never have acted so."

"My child, she is capable of anything."

"Alas, I fear so."

"You heard what Nora said?"

"I was not altogether unprepared for it. I had almost suspected that I knew one of Austin's parents."

"Which was that?" asked the priest, in a strangely excited tone of voice.

"His mother."

She held in her hand, as she spoke, a thin packet of letters and a small morocco case.

Opening the letter, she put it into the hands of the priest.

"Father, do you know that face?" she asked.

It was the miniature likeness of Agatha.

A rush of emotion flushed and empurpled the face of the priest, which, as suddenly receding, left him pale as death.

"It is she! It is she! It is Eustasia! Where is she?" he cried in piercing tones.

"In the convent where I was educated. She was the abbess."

While these explanations were passing between the priest and Genevieve, Mrs. Denby was differently engaged.

Having given her directions respecting the disposal of Nora, the lady went to her boudoir and made her toilet—for she expected some visitors to supper.

Fragrant and fresh, and more beautiful than ever—like any morning dew-cooled lily, she entered the drawing-room.

The viscount was there, and came forward smilingly to meet her.

It was here, surrounded by her court, that this queen of beauty and vice was broken in upon by the police.

While she was engaged in a lively conversation, the door opened and the sergeant of police entered.

"The wretch!" muttered the lady, between her fair lips. "He has betrayed me."

To the amazement of the fine company, the policeman advanced towards the mistress of the house.

"Madame Denby," he said, with a low bow.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone.

"Pardon, madame, but may I beg you to accompany me?" said the officer, very politely, or ironically.

The same slight grey shadow fell upon the lady's face that had passed over it awhile ago.

"Will you order my carriage?" she said.

"What is the matter?" asked the viscount, coming forward, and in consternation.

"*Au revoir*," the lady said, with her sweetest smile, as she gracefully and majestically passed on towards her boudoir.

"Pardon me, madame. Leave the doors of communication open," said the sergeant of police, following, and keeping his eyes upon her.

The lady passed on haughtily, without making any reply.

There was an elegant toilet table between the windows, which she approached.

She stood there with her back towards the spectators.

She seemed to be toying with the light tresses of her hair.

Then she took up and put down, in succession, several of those elegant little trifles with which her toilet table was adorned.

What was she doing?

The police and the company looked on wonderingly.

All at once, though, she swayed to and fro, and seemed to stagger.

Then she turned round, and faced them with a ghastly face, which quivered in agony.

She uttered a half shriek, and fell upon her face on the ground.

The policeman ran forward, and raised her from the ground.

She was dead.

Between her delicate taper fingers was a tiny phial, about which lingered a sweet smell of almonds.

The wretched murderer had put an end to her sinful life, and thus escaped a more shameful death at the hands of the public executioner.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT LAST!

She waited through the weary day,

Waiting hoping still,

Waiting far into the night Montgomery.

WHEN the day dawned over the doctor's dwelling, it found his loving wife still wakeful and watching.

She found it impossible to sleep, and at a very early hour had risen from her restless couch, and seeking a book from the doctor's library, had endeavoured to wile away the tedious hours with a love story of which she had been very fond a year or two ago.

At seven o'clock, when she heard the servant dusting the room below, she dressed herself, and went down to walk in the garden.

The sun was rising, and it was a beautiful morning, resplendent with all the dewy freshness and brightness of glorious spring weather. The birds were singing, and the air was filled with fragrance, music, light, and life.

Her heart gladdened under these cheering influences.

Why should she think that evil was in store for her?

It seemed impossible, in the face of smiling nature, to suppose that misery and agony were so close at hand.

And yet, God help her! she would soon be stricken low beneath the heavy weight of anguish she was doomed to suffer.

"He will soon be here," she said to herself.

And then entering the bright little breakfast-parlour,

so gloomy last night in the yellow candle-light, she arranged some fresh-gathered flowers upon the table, and with all the tenderness of a loving wife for a weary husband, set about preparing for his arrival.

Presently, when the pretty little woman was busily employed brushing away imaginary dust from the knick-knacks on the mantelpiece, her little boy, Owen, came bounding in, and hung round her neck, kissing her with boisterous affection.

Then she seated herself by her little work-table, and began upon something very elaborate and wonderful, which she took out from her work-basket.

Oh! if he had come then and seen her in front of the open window, with a background of bright sunny garden—seen her there in her pretty blue cashmere dress, trimmed with white silk ruchings, with her tiny white cuffs and collars, and her pretty little slippers with pink rosettes. A very beautiful picture did she make, with her dark hair smoothly braided on each side of her delicate oval face, and wound in a mass at the back of a faultlessly shaped head.

Thus sitting, and musing of past and future happiness, Amy was suddenly startled by the clock in the kitchen striking nine.

With a cry of alarm, she sprang to her feet.

"What time was that?" she asked, trembling.

The servant told her.

"And Hugh has not come back yet! What can have happened? What can have happened?"

"Don't be alarmed, missis," said the old servant, persuasively. "Don't fret about master, ma'am. You know how tedious some of these cases are."

"Do you think he is attending some lady, then?" asked Amy.

"Yes; but he'll soon be home again."

Amy could not work any longer, however; she laid aside her work, and wandering to the street door, opened it, and stood gazing listlessly up the long, deserted village street.

It lay there, very still in the bright sunlight, no signs of life visible, save an old woman dozing upon the threshold of her cottage, an idle boy playing with the handle of the village pump, and an idle dog looking on, admiring, with his head on one side.

Amy gazed around, in anxious expectation of seeing her husband approach; but she looked in vain.

With a weary sigh, she then returned to the breakfast room and sat down once more to her work. As hour passed thus, and the clock struck ten.

Then the old servant came in to remonstrate.

"You won't wait any longer, ma'am, will you?"

"Why not?"

"It's getting so late."

"But we will come."

"Of course, he will, ma'am; but you must have your breakfast meanwhile."

"I am not hungry."

"But poor Master Owen. He's nearly famished, I'm certain."

And then Amy began to rebuke herself and to kiss her child, and breakfast was brought in, and she made a great show of eating some, although she did not swallow a mouthful.

"Mind you keep the coffee hot for him," Amy said, presently, to the servant; but the latter suggested that it was almost time now to begin preparing their mid-day dinner.

Amy sat down again, and resolutely worked to pass away the time.

Now it was time to feed the little stranger up-stairs; and it was brought down and put into a cradle, which Amy rocked with her foot as she worked, plying the while her busy fingers with her needle.

Slowly the weary hours crept by.

Slowly—how slowly! Tediously—painfully.

Now and then some one came into the surgery to inquire about the doctor, and these visits alone occurred to break the weary monotony of her long watch.

More than once, when she could endure the suspense no longer, she paced the room from end to end, or wandered out to the door, and gazed longingly, half-despairingly, in the still street, taking in the sun.

"Shall we wait dinner for the doctor?" the servant came to ask her.

It was long past the usual hour of dining—nearly three o'clock, instead of half-past one.

"He is certain to come to dinner," said Amy.

"You know he always comes to dinner."

But he did not come this time.

They waited for him an hour—two hours, without success.

It was now five o'clock. Amy could bear it no longer.

She flung herself upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

Little Owen ran to her, wondering; kissed her, coaxed her, and tried his childish art to soothe her.

"I am very silly, I know," said Amy, smiling through her tears; "but, oh! I wish he would come: and, oh! I cannot help it."

And then she broke down again, and sobbed as though her heart would break, poor little woman!

Dinner came, and went away untasted by the anxious wife, and the room again assumed its oppressive stillness.

And now many inquiries were made by persons from the neighbourhood; and messengers arrived, out of breath, to ask why it was the doctor had not been to see his patients.

Day declined. Twilight crept up the quiet street, and shadows gathered in the little sitting-room.

Amy clasped her hands to her aching head, and cried out in her despair:

"I shall go mad! I cannot endure this misery much longer!"

The old servant about this time bethought her of sending to Mr. Morley, the clergyman, to ask if he had seen the doctor. He sent back word that he had not seen him for the last two days.

Amy by this time was almost crazy. Her instinct told her that something unusually terrible—fatal, perhaps—had occurred.

She put away her work now, and sat with her head resting in her hand, watching and listening.

The old servant—by this time as much alarmed as her mistress—strove in vain to console her.

Night came while thus they waited.

The clock struck eleven. The street without was still as death.

Amy, cold and white and still—sat in the little parlour like one in a dream, her strained eye balls only showing that she lived.

"Mistress, dear," the servant whispered, "it is past your bed time. You go and rest awhile. I will wait."

"Rest!" she cried, in a wild tone. "Rest! What do you mean? If I were to lie down, woman, I should lose my senses and die!"

At this moment, though, there came a knock at the door.

Amy sprang to her feet, with a wild, joyful cry:

"It is my darling come at last!"

Then she ran to the door and tore it open.

But she staggered back, with a wailing cry.

It was not her husband.

In his place, upon the threshold stood the clergyman, Mr. Morley.

His face was ghastly white. It warned the poor shrinking woman of the evil to come.

She strove with a desperate effort to speak, but the words stuck in her throat.

She trembled like a leaf. She clung to the wall, to save herself from falling.

She could not speak. She could not, dare not, ask the question she so longed to ask.

She clasped her hands in mute anguish, and fixed her eyes beseechingly upon his face.

"My dear lady," said the clergyman, tenderly and solemnly, "let me conduct you back to your drawing-room. I have something to say to you."

She clutched at her throat. She wanted to speak, but could not.

At last she gasped out:

"Tell me."

"I will, my dear Mrs. Wynne," said the clergyman, taking her hand between his.

"Speak to me," she gasped, hoarsely.

"Try and be calm, then, for heaven's sake," the man pleaded, trembling with fear at the awful task he had undertaken.

"Where is he—in mercy's name?" she said.

"My dear child, be calm. I will not tell you anything, unless you promise to be reasonable and good."

"I'm quite calm," she gasped; "tell me now? What has happened?"

"For heaven's sake—"

"Tell me, then—or I shall go mad."

"It is nothing, believe me. He is quite—He is—it is only an—an accident," stammered the clergyman.

But his faltering voice, pallid lips, and chattering teeth belied his words.

She clutched him by the wrist, with fingers of iron.

He weakly strove to free himself; but she held him fast, in spite of his struggles.

With woe-filled eyes she gazed into his, as though she were seeking for the truth.

How could he deceive her? She read the awful story written on his face.

He saw that she did so, but could not find any words of comfort.

"Oh my God!" she shrieked. "He is dead! You know it. My darling is dead!"

"It is his will," said the clergyman, in a broken voice, bowing his head as he spoke.

But his words did not reach the ears of the wretched young wife.

Her intensely-strained nerves had given way.

She fell a dead weight to the ground.

The clergyman raised her tenderly in his arms, and

carried her into the sitting-room, the old servant following in silence.

Little Owen, in wild terror, fell upon the bosom of his inseparable parent, and covered her pale cold face with his passionate tears and kisses.

But at this moment there was a sound of footsteps in the street without, and the clergyman looked round in alarm.

"We must carry her up-stairs," he said.

A low tap fell upon the street door.

"Shall I open it?" asked the servant.

But the clergyman caught her by the arm.

"No—no; it is there!"

The woman drew back with a shudder. Then the clergyman took Amy in his arms, and carried her up-stairs, and laid her on her bed; leaving her with little Owen.

Accompanied by the servant, he then went to the door. It was thrown wide open by the woman, and he beheld several dark figures without, carrying a dark object, covered with a cloak.

They silently brought it in, and laid it in the surgery; and the trembling servant, approaching on tip-toe, gazed upon the face of the corpse.

It was a noble head which the yellow candle-light revealed to her. Calm and placid, as though it was but an hour's slumber that closed his eyes.

"Who has done this?" asked the servant, seeing the stain of blood upon the dead man's breast.

But the clergyman solemnly shook his head.

"Time will show," he said. "God's will be done!"

A cry from the room above made them hurry to the spot from whence it proceeded.

They found Amy sitting upon the bed; her eyes wildly dilated—her hair streaming on her shoulders.

She was evidently delirious.

"Owen," she cried, "why are you here at this late hour? And you, sir! what do you want? What—what?"

But then the awful truth dawned upon her suddenly.

"Oh! Father of mercies, I remember all.

Piercingly she shrieked, as the dreadful recollections rushed upon her mind.

Then she covered her face with her hands, and fell back upon the bed in strong convulsions.

Long was it ere she recovered from this fit.

The clergyman took his place beside her couch, to watch over her.

At length, however, the tremors which agitated her began to subside.

The acute anguish of her face softened.

Her eyes closed, and her breathing became regular.

She slept.

"Thank heaven for that," the clergyman murmured, as he crept noiselessly from the room.

It was the dead of night, and the house was plunged in darkness and silence.

A ghastly figure lay cold and silent, covered with a sheet which fell into its shape. A broken-hearted woman lay unconscious. A poor fatherless child had sobbed itself to sleep.

A fearful crime had been perpetrated, and the murderer had escaped, leaving no clue behind.

The murderer was safe. But for how long?

When morning dawned upon the desolate house, the clergyman was still watching, and all without and within the house was still as a grave. But as the morning advanced there was an unusual excitement in the little village street, which gradually increased as the day grew older.

People gathered together before the doctor's house, and stared persistently up to the windows.

The Black Lion did a great trade, and the two or three shops were full of either customers or gossips.

The men who had brought home the body spread the news far and near, and ere noon, there was quite a mob of anxious, curious faces surrounding the dwelling of the murdered man.

In the course of the day there came the coroner, and a jury of twelve frightened looking rustics to view the corpse, and gaze tremblingly into the dark room where it lay, stretched upon the table, the white sheet clinging to it, and revealing the form beneath with horrible distinctness.

Not a very wise or sagacious jury this proved to be, and very little evidence of importance did they elicit with their cross-examinations.

Tom Naylor, the tax-collector, was one of those who had found the body. He had been out collecting taxes, he said, and was rather late getting home. As he was coming by a certain lonely spot in the wood, called Devil's Dyke, the place where the pedlar a few weeks before had met with his death, he saw something lying in the middle of the road, which proved to be the body of the murdered man.

One Benjamin Purdy, a butler, then gave his evidence, and stated how they had recognized Doctor Wynne, and raised him up and put him in a cart to bring him home, and how they had thought it best to

go to Mr. Morley and ask him to break the awful news to the poor wife; and, also, it appeared that they had found the dead man's pockets turned inside out, and his money and watch gone, and an ugly wound, as from a bullet, in his breast.

It was proved then, satisfactorily, that the doctor had met with his death by violence; that he had been murdered by some person or persons unknown; but who the murderer was no one could form the remotest notion.

The state of the wife, who lay sick and delirious, prevented her being called to give her evidence; and as it was supposed, upon the testimony of the old servant, who knew nothing of what had transpired respecting the mysterious midnight visits, that she had no evidence to give, the inquest came to a termination with the verdict above recorded.

Thus, then, the mystery lay black and impenetrable; and the murderer, for the time being, was safe.

Throughout the night which succeeded that upon which the doctor met with his death, the unhappy widow lay stretched upon her bed, rolling her weary head too and fro, and babbling inarticulate words, which fell meaningless upon the ears of those who heard them.

The innocent babe, too, slumbered unconsciously, unable to tell its little story of crime and mystery.

In the wood a dark stain still lingered upon the green turf, on the spot where foul murder had been done; but nought else remained to throw light upon the hideous tragedy.

Dark as night, then, was the history of the midnight assassination.

One living soul alone could have given the clue, but she lay sick unto death; and Mr. Morley, turning from the bed side with a grave face, whispered to the anxious servant:

"Poor thing! poor thing! I fear that she will never live to tell us what she knows of this sad story."

No! It seemed as though the hand of death was on her, and her knowledge of the crime would go down into the grave.

(To be continued.)

AN English-built yacht, the Pearl, now belonging to a French gentleman, has come into Dieppe, and is amusing the sea-side visitors by exhibiting a number of relics from the Alabama, picked up after the action. Among these objects saved is a curious notebook belonging to one of the seamen, and containing, doubtless for his own interests in the way of prize-money, a complete list of all the vessels destroyed or captured by the Alabama. The list begins on the 6th of September, 1862, and closes on the 27th of April, 1864; and, curiously enough, enumerates just sixty-five captures, answering to the number of Captain Sommes's chronometres. Seven vessels are named as ransomed, forty-seven as burnt, and ten as sold, and the work of destruction is estimated at a million sterling.

THE greatest personal enemy, perhaps, which mankind has in the insect world is the common gnat of this country (*Culex pipiens*). Few travellers can repress a shudder at the bare name of the mosquito, no distant relation to our bloodthirsty little foe. Unfriendly, however, as our feelings may be towards this insect, its history is not without interest. The proboscis which inflicts so much pain is a fleshy tube, furnished with several minute lancets, provided with a poisonous fluid, which is instilled into the wound, causing the blood to flow more rapidly than would otherwise be the case, but giving great pain to the victim of this little creature's rapacity. We have, however, often supplied it with a good meal at our own expense, for the sake of watching the curious manner in which the blood has been sucked up into its stomach from our hand. Kirby and Spence inform us that in 1796 gnats were so abundant in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, that the dense clouds they formed in the air by their immense numbers were mistaken for columns of smoke, giving rise to a report that the cathedral was in flames. The disagreeable noise made by gnats is no vocal sound, but arises from the rapid movement of their wings, which the Baron Latour tells us are vibrated 3,000 times per minute. Although the gnat is an aerial being, it passes its existence in water during the larva state. The female takes her station on some floating substance, and deposits her eggs in the water, after having previously formed them by her hind legs into a curious boat-shaped mass, constructed to float on the surface of the water. The eggs are hatched in about a couple of days, and in fifteen days the larvæ assume the pupa state, and rising to the surface at the time of their final change, burst the pupa skin, which serves in every season for a lifeboat to the future gnats, which sail about the surface of the water, the head and a portion of the body serving as masts and sails to this little craft until the proper period arrives for the insect to quit it for a more aerial existence. Great numbers of these insects, however, suffer ship-

wreck, and are drowned at this period; otherwise we should probably be overwhelmed by their numbers, and become, indeed, the miserable victims of their insatiable voracity. In warm weather, the larvæ swarm in our rain-water butts, where they may be seen rising, with their tails upwards, for the purpose of respiration, and diving down again, with the most comical movements, at the least disturbance, as if sportively to elude every attempt to capture them.—*"Our Common Insects. First Steps to Entomology."* By Mrs. E. W. Cox.

OUR VOLUNTEERS.

So late as 1753 targets were erected in Finsbury-fields during Easter and Whitsun holidays, and the best shooter was styled Captain for the ensuing year, and the second his Lieutenant.

The Artillery Company, identical with the ancient fraternity of Bowmen, and who have a chartered indemnity for shooting people who come between them and their butts when they give the word of warning, were doubtless there, and at the conclusion of these holidays there was an end of an old English institution which had outlived its utility.

The long-bow and the cloth-yard shaft, which won us the fields of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, had passed to the limbo of all superseded contrivances. It was long since the order to pluck from the wing of every goose six feathers for arrows had been remembered. Feast days came and passed without seeing that shooting at the butts in every township which, under penalty of a halfpenny for absence, had been attended by the whole male population in the time of Edward IV.

English archers were no longer trained to the long-bow from seven years old; they could no longer drive their shafts right through a seasoned plank at twelve score yards, and could no more obtain fabulous pay in the service of continental princes.

The advantage of an arm of precision upon which many thought that we had reared our national greatness had been lost. We had just learnt how to use the bayonet, but we had no special point of excellence above other nations. It could no longer be said, as in Sir John Fortescue's time, that "the might of the realms of England staudeth upon archers." It was a good weapon in its time was that long-bow.

Henry VII. forbade the cross-bow in its favour. Even when the musket made its appearance, it was for some time urged in favour of the long-bow that it could discharge six arrows to every bullet from the musket. When the long-bow went out England lost in power, and when the musket came in no advantage remained to us but the intrepid coolness which enabled our line to hold its fire, and to aim low and steadily at the enemy's array.

The freedom of the burgh of Jedburgh is to be presented to Sir David Brewster, who was born in the Cannongate of that town in 1781, and where his father was rector of the grammar school.

It is said that the King of Spain will be received in France by the emperor with a repetition of the same festivities that took place on the visit of the Queen of England. There will be a grand *fête* at Versailles and galas at the opera, among the other items.

A CURIOUS circumstance occurred last week in Brussels—namely, the prosecution of a photographer by a gentleman, for exhibiting his photograph at the shop-door. He said that, owing to the circumstances and the ugliness of the copy of nature, he had lost a good chance of making a rich marriage!

RECENT letters from Melbourne announce a most distinguished birth that has lately occurred there. In the middle of May—the precise day is not stated—the first salmon was born in Australia. This happy arrival has been succeeded by 150 metamorphoses from eggs to fish; and as all the latter are stated to be lusty and healthy, the introduction of the king of fish into Australia may be regarded as an accomplished fact.

A CURIOUS custom exists in Denmark, says a recent explorer, who has been to the battle-fields there. It is, on marriage, to give the bride a pig, a sheep, and a cow, and to the bridegroom a fowl, a dog, a cat, and a goose. The same custom exists in Switzerland. The only information that could be obtained about the meaning of the heraldic beasts accorded to each was that the future husband and wife are expected to show the qualities of the animals they receive. The best way would be to eat them, and thus get the hint thoroughly into the system.

MR. BABBAGE AND CAPTAIN MARRYAT.—Mr. Babbage gives a very amusing account of his great mechanical struggle as a boy with his schoolfellow Marryat (afterwards Captain Marryat, the novelist). Babbage got up early, with one or two industrious schoolfellows, to study mathematics. Marryat, who

thought he should like the fun, but did not at all care to study mathematics, tried every possible contrivance to ensure his being awakened by Babbage's early rising. He tied pack-thread to the door and put it round his own wrist. Babbage untied it; then he used thicker cord, Babbage cut it; then Marryat used a chain, Babbage got a pair of pliers and undid a link; Marryat used stronger and stronger chains, at last fastened by padlocks, and Babbage then, instead of defeating him, entirely "turned his flank." He got a piece of thin pack-thread, and in the middle of the night crept out of bed and passed it through a link in the chain; he then gave Marryat repeated tugs during the night, taking care to draw the pack-thread away before the light came, so that Marryat's life was rendered a burden to him by constant false alarms. At last, however, a treaty of peace was concluded, and Marryat admitted to the morning *sennec*, which he entirely deprived of their industrial and scientific character, and turned into opportunities for letting off fireworks, by which they were detected and put an end to.

THE TORN COAT.

SOME seven years ago a young man, named Ralph Larkin, was employed by a large firm in Sheffield as a travelling agent.

During the summer he found it necessary to visit Melbourne. For this purpose he embarked on one of the magnificent vessels bound for that far-off city, and in due time arrived at his destination in safety. He sought out one of the best hotels, and prepared to make himself comfortable during his stay in the city.

In the evening, feeling somewhat fatigued, he retired early; and the next morning, before he had arisen, was aroused by a loud knock. Bidding the applicant come in, the door swung noiselessly open, and two policemen entered the room.

The foremost advanced towards the bedside, and holding up a blood-stained handkerchief, asked Ralph whether he owned it?

"Certainly," replied Ralph, seeing his name in one corner; "but where did you get it, and how came the blood upon it?"

"Perhaps you can answer that better than we," replied the policeman.

"What mean you?" asked our hero, in surprise.

"I mean that we have come here to arrest you."

"What crime have I committed?"

"How innocent he appears!" said the officer to his companion; and then, addressing our hero, "You are charged with murder."

"Murder!" gasped Ralph, in astonishment and alarm. "Surely you must be joking."

"By no means," returned the policeman; "and now get up, for we are in a hurry."

Ralph arose, and mechanically set about making his toilet. This was soon accomplished; and turning to the officers, he announced himself as ready to accompany them. The policeman led the way out of the room, down the broad and lengthy stairs, through the silent and darkened hall, and out into the open air.

After travelling a number of streets, they arrived in front of an old, rickety looking building, which the officers informed him was the jail. Into this he was cast, and then his captors left him.

On their way from the hotel Ralph had learned from them of what he was accused, and the amount of evidence against him. Pressing a few coins into the hands of the policemen, our hero requested them to send an experienced detective to him immediately. This the officers promised to do, and Ralph impatiently awaited his coming. He had not long to wait; for scarcely half an hour had elapsed when a footstep was heard in the hall, and a moment later the door of his cell was thrown open, and an elderly looking man entered. Ralph started up to receive him, and the visitor announced himself as a detective, who had come to render him any assistance which might be in his power. Our hero thanked him kindly, and the officer said:

"Well, let's to business. In the first place, have you any idea who the real murderer is?"

"I have not the slightest," replied Ralph. "I only arrived in your city last night; and feeling somewhat fatigued from the effects of my recent voyage, retired soon after supper, and remained asleep until I was rudely aroused from my slumbers by the two officers who came to arrest me."

"To establish your innocence it is necessary to discover the real murderer, whoever he may be, and that I fear will be extremely difficult, inasmuch as he must be a very cunning fellow to throw the evidence of his crime upon you, an entire stranger in our city," said the officer, thoughtfully.

"What is the amount of evidence against me?" asked Ralph.

"Sufficient to hang a dozen men," replied the de-

tective. "Besides the finding of your handkerchief in the murdered man's room, his watch, as well as several other articles of value, have been discovered carefully concealed in your trunk."

"Is it possible?" burst from Ralph's astonished lips. "Then I am indeed lost!"

"Do not despair," said the officer, rising and preparing to depart. "I will do the best I can for you. You may not hear from me until the day of your trial; but then, if I have discovered anything, I shall appear and denounce the real murderer."

Saying this, he turned and hastened from the cell. As the officer disappeared, and the heavy iron door closed with a crash, Ralph sank down upon the floor, and gave himself up to a fit of despondency.

"Who can it be," he exclaimed, "that has thus tried to throw this murder upon me? Twice accused is he who would do a wrong deed, and then seek to turn the guilt upon another."

Thus he passed the time, sometimes pacing up and down his dark and lonesome cell, and anon casting himself upon the hard prison floor.

The day of his trial at length drew near, and our hero was led out of his cell and conducted to the courthouse.

When they arrived at the court-room, they found it densely crowded with people of both sexes, drawn together partly from curiosity to see the prisoner, and partly from a desire to witness the trial.

Ralph met their look with an undaunted eye, and with a firm step and lofty bearing, took his seat in the prisoner's box.

"What a villainous looking countenance he has got," said a bystander to a friend.

"Yes; and what an eye and wicked look? Just the man to commit a murder."

Meanwhile, the counsel for the prosecution had opened the case by ably stating the enormity of the crime, and the amount of evidence against the prisoner, and ended by calling on his witnesses.

One of the policemen who had arrested Ralph was the first to give evidence; and he testified that he had been called in as soon as the murder was discovered, and finding a handkerchief covered with blood, and bearing the prisoner's name, they had considered it best to arrest him. A search was instituted, which resulted in the finding of several articles of great value, which were known to have belonged to the deceased, carefully concealed in the prisoner's trunk.

We will pass over the remaining portion of the trial. Suffice it to say, that when the jury left their seats to confer upon a verdict, not one of that crowded court but considered our hero guilty of the horrible crime of murder. The jury were absent but a short time when the door opened, and they slowly filed in and took their accustomed seats.

"Have you determined upon a verdict?" asked the judge.

"We have, your honour," replied the foreman, rising.

"Then," continued the judge, "is the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"

Before the foreman could reply, a voice from the half-open door responded:

"Not guilty!" and in an instant every eye was turned toward the new comer.

Come, gentle reader, let us leave the crowded court-room and follow the detective, whom Ralph had engaged to ferret out the real murderer. As soon as he emerged from the goal, he proceeded directly to the hotel where the murder had been committed. Arrived there, and stating his business, he was at once admitted into the room where the tragedy had occurred. Nothing had been disturbed, and the body of the murdered man lay precisely as he had been found. The detective made a close examination of the room, allowing not even the smallest object to escape his scrutinising glances. Nothing, however, was discovered that could lead to the detection of the perpetrator of the crime, and almost hopelessly he turned to the corpse in the hope of finding some clue. A careful examination revealed nothing; and he was about to depart, when he carelessly took hold of the deceased's hand. As he did so, he observed a small piece of cloth in it, and with difficulty succeeded in extricating it from the tight grasp of the deceased. He easily recognised it, by means of a button which he found on it, to be a piece of a coat, evidently new; and putting it in his pocket, he exclaimed:

"Here is a small clue; sufficient, I hope, to enable me to discover the murderer."

Turning, he left the room, and a moment later, was traversing the streets with hasty steps. He bent his course in the direction of a large and fashionable tailor's shop. Arrived there, he asked the proprietor, with whom he was well acquainted, if he had any cloth similar to that which he had found.

"We have not; but we have some very nice cloths," said the merchant, thinking the officer wanted to buy.

"No, I thank you; I do not wish to purchase any," said the detective; and turning, he was soon in the street.

After visiting several more tailors, he was at last successful, having found a piece of goods which corresponded with that in his pocket.

"When did you get this?" he asked, addressing the proprietor.

"About a week ago."

"And have you used any of it?" continued the officer.

"Yes, we have made one coat from it."

"Is there probably another piece of goods like this in the city?"

"No, there is not."

"What was the man's name for whom you made this coat?"

"Harding—Philip Harding!" replied the proprietor.

"That is all; and now pardon me for the trouble I have given you." And bowing, the detective left the shop.

"Ah, Philip Harding! let me once get you in my power, and you shall swing for this," he mused, as he wended his way homewards.

Arrived at his house, he disguised himself so effectually that even his wife did not at first recognize him, and then sallied out in hopes of meeting Philip Harding, who was, by the way, well known to the police.

All that day, and for several succeeding days, he searched, but without success.

At length, one morning (the day upon which our hero was to be tried), he started out with the determination to find the villain Harding, if he was in the city.

This time he was more successful, for shortly before the hour of noon he fortunately encountered him in a low, miserable saloon, in one of the vilest parts of the city. Taking him aside from the motley throng by whom he was surrounded, the detective said:

"Are you the man who purchased a coat of Mr. Laindear about a week ago?"

"To be sure I bought a coat of him; but what's that to you?" replied the villain, in an insulting tone.

"Well, I will tell you," said the detective, quietly.

"Since Mr. Laindear made you the coat, he has discovered that the cloth was stolen; therefore he is desirous that you should return it, and will either make you another or refund your money."

"Pay me back the money, and you can have the coat."

"That I will cheerfully do," said the officer.

"Come with me, then, and I will get it for you;" and, Harding leading the way, they were soon in the street.

After walking some distance, they at last arrived at the residence of Harding. Ascending the stairs, they were soon in his room.

"Here is the coat," said the man, handing it to the detective.

"Ah! I see you have torn it," said the latter, examining it carefully.

"Yes, a cursed dog caught hold of it the other day, as I was coming home."

"I picked up a piece of cloth about a week ago," said the detective, drawing the piece he had taken from the murdered man's hand from his pocket.

"Just the thing," he said, as he saw how nicely it matched. "But, before we proceed, let me relate a little incident which occurred lately," said the officer, seating himself, and motioning his companion to do the same.

The gambler dropped into a chair, and silently awaited the forthcoming story.

"About a week ago," began the detective, "a man effected an entrance into one of our largest hotels, with the intention of committing a horrible crime. Pray keep your seat," the officer said, as the villain started up from his chair.

With an oath, the other sank back, and the detective went on:

"This man, after having gained an entrance, softly ascended the stairs to the second floor, and paused before the door of one of the rooms. All within was silent except the deep, heavy breathing of the occupant, and taking a key from his pocket, the villain inserted it in the lock, and a gleam of satisfaction lit up his countenance, made hideous by the faint glimmer of a lantern which he carried with him, as the door slowly swung open. The midnight intruder approached the bed, upon which lay a man soundly sleeping. Drawing a knife from his belt, he plunged it into the body of his helpless victim. But the blow which kills awakens first, and the sleeper started wildly up as if from a dream, and seized the assassin by the coat, and would have held him until assistance could have arrived, had not the other given him a blow which effectually silenced the dying man. As the murdered

man fell back, his hand maintained its hold upon the villain's coat; and, in his haste, the latter unknowingly left a small piece in the hand of the corpse. This foul deed accomplished, the murderer began looking about him for the valuables which he well knew were there. This was easily accomplished; and as the door closed upon his retreating form, a diabolical thought entered his mind by which he might throw the guilt of his crime upon another, and thus escape detection. This was but too easily accomplished, and the villain then hastened from the scene of his murderous exploits. The next morning, the unfortunate young man upon whom the murderer had contrived to throw the guilt was arrested, and, had it not been for me, would surely have paid the penalty of the crime. But I have this day, thanks to an over-ruling Power, succeeded in ferreting out the guilty party."

"And who is he?" asked the trembling listener, as the detective finished.

"Philip Harding," was the reply.

"My God! I am discovered!" and tossing his arms wildly in the air, the wretched man sank upon the floor.

But little more remains to be told; for the detective, as soon as he had secured his prisoner, hastened at once to the court-room, and it was his voice that proclaimed the innocence of our hero, Ralph was at once released from custody, and soon after returned to London, where he now resides; while Philip Harding met with his just deserts, as all criminals are sure to do sooner or later. N. E.

THE MAID OF SCIO.

A GREEK TALE.

A NIGHT of beauty was rising over the Archipelago and its lovely islands. Across the waves, a broad pathway of moonlight seemed to divide the sea, that sparkled like diamonds beneath its radiance. A single star, high above the mountain peak, glittered and twinkled, "a gem of purest ray," alone and unapproachable in its beauty, in the dark blue sky.

From the gardens beneath the wide terraces came up the mingled odours of the orange, lemon, and almond tree; while wafted by the light airs that blew from the sea were the soft scents from the flowers that grow wild upon these beautiful shores.

Beyond, a range of rugged hills were faintly outlined in the moonlight, some of them doubtless covered with blooms to the summit. The sea lay calmly beautiful beneath. An open decked caique lay softly rocking on its bosom, near the shore.

The scene would seem incomplete unless a pair of lovers were in its midst; and, lo! upon one of those fragrant terraces stood two forms that might have well served the old Greek painters for their most exquisite models.

Dion Andena and Ida Casseles were these lovers; he, good, handsome, and brave—she, lovely as any Greek maiden since the days of Sappho. Her father was rich, dwelling in all this magnificence of nature, and gathering around him rich treasures of art. Ida was his only child, and her mother was dead. No wonder that he clung to this one treasure with all his heart.

He had given her to Dion, only with the agreement that she was not to leave the beautiful abode where she was born and had been reared.

Casseles was one of the most successful merchants of the Levant, princely in means and mind. Dion, was associated with him in this pursuit, and the three were happy and blest in each other.

Strangely enough, in the midst of all this happiness, Ida had been all this day a prey to distressing apprehensions of evil. She could not define the shape in which it was to appear; but the terrible presentiment of approaching horrors could not be driven away. She had no concealments from Dion, and it was a comfort, now, to impart her state of mind to him, although she knew he would laugh at her fears.

"What can there be, my love?" he whispered, secure in a happiness and prosperity that had lasted so long that he could not believe any evil lurked behind it. "You must not give way to this morbid state of mind. You are not ill, and your father and myself are in robust health. There is not a cloud in our sky, and we will not call one there by substituting idle presentiments for realities that are far away from us. Look up, sweet Ida, and let this fair moon and brilliant star look only upon smiles."

He ceased; for a tear glittered upon her cheek that he knew was not shed for any foolish or idle whim. She was too good, too sensitive for that. He drew her to his loving heart, and talked to her of the splendour of the evening, bade her listen to the chants of the boatmen, as the caiques passed and repassed, with little pleasure parties, near the shore, until she yielded to the enchantment of the hour, and became once more calm and quiet.

Just below, in the moonlight, they could see the

towers of a little Greek church, and a procession winding towards it. They who composed it carried lanterns or torches; and the rich, wild music of a Greek funeral was borne to their ears by the evening breeze.

Then a sound that shook the surrounding hills, as with thunder, drowned the rich tones of the funeral chant, and every torch fell to the ground. A wild cry arose from the mourners, not of grief for the dead, but of wild despair for the living.

The lovers heard it, and sprang towards the house. Ida's father met them half-way, and hurried them towards the reservoir, behind which was a concealed recess, unknown to any but the family. Here the merchant had often concealed treasure; but why he was opening the little door now, and why he was pressing Ida towards it, they could not understand.

"Speak, father! why is this?" burst from the lips of the agitated girl.

"Hush, my child; the air will bear your words and mine abroad. Ida! Dion! Heard you those sounds? They were from the cannon of the Turkish fleet. Already they have landed upon the island, and we must join the band of frightened citizens who are feebly endeavouring to repulse them. Ida must enter here, and I have ordered Adrian to follow with food and wine for them both, until we can come to them. Look, Ida! I will close this stone door; but should we not return, and you should not hear any sounds of the Turks, you can lift it thus, and release yourselves. One kiss, my darling; and then pray to God for our safety and your deliverance."

Dion uttered no word. He opened his arms, and the terrified girl sprang to his bosom, and clung there as if there were no safety for her elsewhere. One long embrace, and they were gone; and she was left alone with the little Albanian boy who had served her as a page.

It was a sad night for Scio. Fifty thousand Moslem troops were ravaging the sweetest and loveliest spot beneath the Grecian sky. Helpless old men, women, and children were turned from their beds at midnight, and they who were strong enough to fight were unmanned by the thought of what must happen to these defenceless beings.

Safe in her rocky cavern, yet trembling for her father and lover, Ida strove to keep up a show of courage for the sake of her little page, who covered in alarm at every sound of the Turkish cannon that penetrated their retreat.

Terrible indeed was the warfare upon the unprotected inhabitants of Scio. Coming upon them when utterly unprepared for strife, quietly sleeping in their beds, without watch or guard, it is no wonder that the Turkish troops triumphed, and that most of those who did not fall before the scimitar were carried off as perpetual prisoners, or retained with the "forty hostages" whom their captors had faith consigned to a terrible fate.

Half these hostages were hung the next day. Of the other half were Ida's father and lover; but they were missing.

What dreadful thoughts came to the trembling inmates of the cavern may not be told. All was still—the very stillness making it more dreary.

"Dear lady," said the little page, whose pallid face, seen dimly through the gloom, struck upon Ida as the hue of death, "let me go out and listen. If I do not hear any noise, may I go near the house and see if any one is there?"

Ida reflected that her friends might be there, suffering.

"No, Adrian, not alone. We will go together, and may God protect us!"

They left the cavern and looked forth upon the spot where her father's house had stood, and near it the houses of Dion's uncles, all rich and magnificent buildings of white marble, but now blackened by smoke, and only the walls remaining.

Ida dragged herself towards one of the apertures that had once been a beautiful window. The rich stained glass was lying about in fragments. No one was in the solitary apartment; but a scene of desolation met her eye. Her father's beloved pictures, half-burned, were hanging drearily upon the walls; the statues defaced and broken, and rich vases and precious ornaments trampled on the stained marble of the floor. She sickened at the sight, and clung to the boy's arm, to sustain her from falling to the ground.

But all this was as nothing to her apprehensions for her father and Dion. If they were alive and free, they would surely be here to relieve her from the confinement which she had found so dreary.

As she sunk upon the steps of what had been her home, she saw figures approaching. They might be friends—they might be foes. So benumbed had her senses become, that she had no thought of danger to herself, but watched them passively. They came up and gathered around her. They proved to be some returning fugitives; and she wildly asked them of her father.

None of them had seen him since the first hour of the strife. Then he was heroically fighting the foe. These people, having no arms, had contrived to escape, bearing the helpless infants, and assisting the old to a place of comparative safety. They told Ida that, out of the hundred and ten thousand inhabitants of Seio, only one-fifth had escaped being murdered or sold into slavery.

Then, indeed, there was no one to care for the poor bereaved girl! Houseless, friendless, save for the orphan boy at her side, to whom she was now all on earth—what could she do? What could that poor boy do?

One image was ever present to her mind—her father, bowing, perhaps, his venerable form in abject slavery to the cruel Turks. She saw him continually, in imagination, subjected to the most heartless indignities, a prey to anguish for her, a burden to himself.

"O, my father! It was not a weak and idle imagining that saddened me on that terrible night! No. It must have been the shadow of evil that cast itself before my sight. Or, was it mercifully permitted by God, to prepare me, in some slight measure, for what has followed?"

A single room in the ruined home was capable of being made comfortable. This, Ida resolved to inhabit. With Adrian's help, she dragged in two or three of the rich couches that had partially escaped destruction, a marble table, and some narrowed dishes. There was food and wine in the cavern; and she found more in the cellars, that the soldiers had spared or overlooked.

With this provision against hunger, she watched and waited, half hoping to hear something that night to cheer her almost despairing heart.

We cannot tell how often that despair deepened around her, nor how desolate were the days in which she sat by the window and looked out upon the dreary scene.

Occasionally one of the returned fugitives would come to her, with presents of fruit or bread, and tell her of some one who had come back after their friends grew hopeless of their coming.

"Do you see that figure, dearest lady?" asked Adrian, one day, when her hope seemed unusually darkened. "It is an old, feeble man," he continued; "and those steps are too steep for him to climb alone. May I go and help him in? He comes to beg food, perhaps."

She gave the boy permission, scarcely glancing at the old man, so abstracted had she become, until the boy led him in. Old, bowed, the dark locks changed to a dull grey, the staff quivering in the feeble hand, the hoarse, almost unearthly voice—could that be her stately, white-browed father? Oh, heaven! what a change!

It was not until they laid him upon a couch and administered a cordial to his famished lips, and bathed the soiled face and hands, that any semblance of himself could be traced.

But the meeting with his daughter gave him new life; and when he was dressed in some discharged garments that Adrian had found in the cavern, he was refreshed, and became calmer and more tranquil.

Gradually he was restored to something like his former health and strength. He never told his child what horrors he had experienced. She only knew that he had, at last, escaped to the mountains, where he had hidden awhile; thence, to the sea, where a caique took him to Spain. From Spain, he went to Italy, and, without stopping to rest or change his worn-out garments, he landed on the shores of Greece, half distracted with apprehensions of his daughter's fate, yet hoping that Dion had found his way home before him. The uncertainty that hung over the probable misfortunes of Ida's lover distressed him incessantly. His saw his daughter wasting like a snow wreath, and had no power to whisper words of comfort to her ear, when his own heart was forbidden to hope.

Months passed away, when one evening, Ida, who had seemed more cheerful through the day, was seated with her father and Adrian upon the terrace that overlooked the sea, watching the boatmen, who, in their picturesque Greek costume, were rowing their boats near the shore, and chanting their evening hymns as they rowed.

"This scene pleases you, Ida," said her father, as he marked a glow upon her cheek that had not lighted it for a long, long while. Perhaps it was the reflection of the sunset clouds, or it might be that her grief for Dion was giving way to renewed cheerfulness.

Her eyes were fixed upon a caique that was apparently running into harbour; Adrian, also, was gazing at the same object—his breath coming and going quickly, his colour raised and his eyes sparkling.

The old man seized a small telescope that hung near him, and looked steadily through it for several

minutes. He threw a glance of intense satisfaction at Ida, and handed her the telescope.

A cry—not of sorrow—came from her lips. The glass dropped from her fingers to her lap, and her hands were clasped joyfully together, but no word was spoken by either, although both had seen on the open deck a figure that wore no boatman's dress.

Soon the keel grated on the sands, and the figure was seen ascending the slope.

Ida glided away like a spirit; and ere another minute passed, she was gathered to the living, beating heart of the beloved Dion!

H. L.

FATAL POISONING BY FISH

At this season, when fish is a favourite substitute for animal food, and, on account of the effect of heat upon it, is perhaps inadvertently partaken of when not quite fresh, I deem it right to draw the attention of your readers to the following case:

On the 16th of the present month a gentleman, aged thirty-five, having partaken of mackerel, complained to a waiter that he "did not like the fish, and felt uncomfortable." During the subsequent two days he was not well, although able to come to town from his country residence as usual. On the 19th an eruption made its appearance on the skin, and he gradually became worse, and died on the 24th inst.

During the latter days of his illness, this gentleman was attended by a highly intelligent and experienced practitioner, and had also been twice seen by an hospital physician of repute. Neither of these gentlemen had ever seen a similar set of symptoms.

I visited the patient early on the morning of the 24th, the day on which he died. He was sensible, and recognized me on entering his apartment, but was restless and occasionally delirious; the pulse was quick, weak, small, irregular, and compressible; the tongue dry and brown; occasional hicough. The whole of the cutaneous surface, excepting that of the face, was highly injected, exhibiting different shades of red; there was a great oedema of the upper part of the thighs, the lower part of the abdomen and of the loins, with vesication of these regions; while the forearms, hands, legs, and feet, were more or less covered with a layer of white cuticle, consequent on recent vesication. It was clear that the patient's end was nigh, and he expired on the ninth day after partaking of the mackerel.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

C. F. MAUNDER, F.R.C.S.

WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Pretence," "Minnigrey," &c.

CHAPTER CIV.

Man, art thou great or vile? Die,
And thou shalt know!

From the Italian of Alfieri.

A SLIGHT shudder passed through the frame of Dr. Briard as he raised the second cup of coffee to his lips. His wife observed it with fiend-like satisfaction—yet she felt anything but safe: the slightest suspicion on the part of her victim that he had been poisoned might lead to terrible retribution.

"I must occupy his mind," she thought; "fill it with the idea on which he loves to dwell—speak to him of the dream of his youth and age—his idolised and classic Italy!" Speaking aloud, she added: "I could almost envy you!"

"Envy me!" repeated the old man, in a tone of surprise; "what, in the name of all that is capricious in nature, can induce you to envy me?"

"Your independence!" replied Athalie; "you are no longer the slave of another's caprice. You have anchored your bark, and may smile at the storms of fortune. My position, perhaps, is more brilliant—but it is less secure. My step is on the quicksand—yours on the solid marble!"

"Is that all?" observed the charlatan, with a faint smile. "Had you been contented with as little, you might have been equally as secure. But no—you have aimed at a higher game: a brilliant position—an ample fortune—rank—the world's homage and its pleasures! I renounce them both!"

"For a life yet more intoxicating than wealth or station can confer!" answered his wife; "a life of intellectual ease in that sunny clime where art and nature, like two rivals, strive in generous emulation—where music's voice and passion's breath assail the senses, till both heart and brain are drunk with beauty. I am tired of the chain—the weary chain," she added, "which binds me to the earl, and clogs my whole existence!"

"Ay," said the charlatan, musingly. "It is indeed a favoured land. Its spells have enthralled its barbarous oppressors! A luxurious garden, whose soil is ashes! Its sun will warm the torpid stream of life

within me, which never," he continued, "flowed more sluggishly in my veins than at this moment."

"The fogs of England," observed Athalie, with a forced laugh, "are taking their leave of you. Bear their adieu with patience—'tis their last!"

"The only consideration which renders them endurable!" answered the old man, with a shudder more violent than the first.

The artful woman saw that the struggle preceding paralysis was approaching—to her a moment fraught with the greatest danger; for, should she suspect that he was poisoned before his strength failed him, he might employ it in one desperate effort of revenge.

"Rouse yourself!" she said; "this is merely the depression which succeeds some powerful action of the mind. You have vegetated so long at the abbey that your energies are benumbed."

The charlatan rose from his chair, with the intention of walking up and down the room, in order to dispel the torpor which was gradually stealing through his gaunt frame. Although able to stand perfectly upright, the power of volition was denied him: he had no longer strength to place one foot before the other.

"And my limbs, too!" he exclaimed in a thick voice.

"Fancy!"

"Fancy!" he repeated, in a tone of terror. "I am the last man in the world to become the slave of my imagination. My limbs are paralysed—paralysed as completely as if—" he paused.

"As if what, *mon ami*?" inquired Athalie, with one of her blandest looks.

"As if—I had been—been—poisoned—by—by—the—"

The words forced themselves slowly and with difficulty from his throat, the veins of which appeared gorged and swollen with blood; the dew of terror hung like lead-drops upon his brow; and for several moments he stood regarding his murderers with a look of agony.

A laugh, which sounded like the croak of a dying raven, broke from his closely compressed lips.

"Can I assist you?" demanded his wife.

"Yes—yes!"

"How—tell me how?"

"There—ammo—there—"

With a desperate effort, he pointed with his bony hand to a small medicine-chest, which stood upon a table at the other end of the room, and groaned forth the word "Ammonia!" It was the last he ever uttered: not that his death immediately followed. As he himself had calculated when he prepared the poison—the brain of the victim was the last to succumb to its influence; life and consciousness remained long after the voice was hushed and the limbs powerless.

The governess rose from her seat and walked towards the medicine-chest—searched for some time, and then as deliberately returned *without the drug*. She wished to assure herself that her victim was really helpless.

"Did you say ammonia?" she inquired, in a half-mocking tone.

The dying man tried to speak; but an inarticulate sound alone escaped him.

"Ah, yes! I am right—it must be ammonia!"

The second time she returned with the *flacon*, which she uncorked: the eyes of the doctor glared fearfully.

"Let me be sure that it is ammonia!" she continued, repeating herself and applying the volatile essence to her nostrils. "Yes I am right—quite right; but it is too powerful! I fear it would only prolong your sufferings, *mon ami*! Or give you just sufficient strength to strangle me! You are better without it! It is my turn now to prescribe for you—am I not a kind physician?"

Up to this time her husband had remained like one suddenly transfixed to marble, standing in front of his chair: at the conclusion of her fiend-like, mocking speech, he sank back into it with the rigidity of a corpse.

"You are dying, Briard!" she whispered in his ear; "do you understand me—dying? The grave—the cold damp grave—and the hungry worm; instead of the sunny garden of Italy, are yawning for you! And do you know how you are dying? Yes—yes!" she added, with increased excitement, "I see you do! That look convinces me! Poisoned—poisoned like a rat, by the girl whose heart you first corrupted—whom you tempted and led to crime—and then forced to a loathsome marriage, to preserve her life! How the fiends who await you must laugh to see their brother fiend thus outwitted!"

She drew from her bosom the phial which had contained the poison—the same he had given her—and display it, empty, to his gaze.

"I was young and innocent when you first knew me—was I not?" she resumed; "you have destroyed my soul, if I have such a thing—and I sometimes *find* that I have! My revenge has only reached your

worthless body—sent it a few years before its time to discuss philosophy with the worms! Ten to one but they have the best of the argument—for sophistry will not disarm their hunger, or rob them of their prey!"

For some minutes the living and the dying sat regarding each other in silence. The fixed, glassy eye of her husband—his look of intense agony, hatred, and despair—afforded her the most exquisite delight. "To think that I should conquer the subtle charlatan!" she exclaimed, once more breaking the silence which began at last to oppress her. "The mind which foresees every contingency—the cunning which prepared a shield against it—baffled—and by a poor, weak woman! The humiliation is not the least part of my triumph, or of your punishment!" she added, with a smile. "Where is the strength which awed me—the tongue which threatened to denounce me? Broken and hushed in silence! Fool! when you forced me at the altar to pollute my lips by a vow my heart abhorred, in the depth of my soul I pronounced a second one—this is its fulfilment!"

The invective powers of the speaker began to grow exhausted, and she yielded to the more exquisite enjoyment of silently watching the death of her victim, who never, during his long agony, once removed his eyes from hers. There was a species of fascination in his gaze which his murderers could not avoid—those bright, glassy eyes, with their fierce and vindictive expression, haunted her through the long hours of many a future night.

In her triumph Athalie met their fixed glare. With the coolness of a mathematician, she calculated every word and look which she thought might strike an additional pang to the heart of her victim. She had even the nerve to remove the key of the valise where he had locked up his treasure from his grasp, and abstract the notes she had so lately given him.

"One—two—three—four!" she said, running through the numerals till she had counted the entire sum. "Four thousand pounds—a fortune in Italy! What a home upon the Arno's banks, or by the Tiber's classic stream, these gossamer rags would purchase! They are my dower, Briard—my widow's dower!" she added; "and as I cannot wear weeds for you, it shall console me for your loss!"

Deliberately folding the eight notes, she replaced them in her pocket-book.

The wretched woman spread upon the table several papers which she had abstracted from the trunk at the same time she had taken the money, and began to examine them. The first was the certificate of his second marriage with the daughter of the landlady of the house where they then were; the next, the certificate of the birth of his son. The rest were merely letters which he had occasionally received from the child—and which, strange to say, the old man had preserved from a feeling of affection.

"Married!" she exclaimed; "and a son, too! I thought monsters did not reproduce their species! I'll be his guardian!" she continued; "I'll train him—and the education he receives shall be worthy of his father!"

The agony which this threat—the nature of which the dying man perfectly comprehended—occasioned was so intense, that his wife shrank for an instant from his gaze: it lasted, however, but for an instant—his head fell back, and his eyes began to glaze.

As the tigress collects its strength for the last fearful spring, so had Athalie reserved her most venomous shaft for death's final struggle. Advancing closely to the side of the chair, she bisected within his ear the fearful words—

"There is a God!"

The head of the old poisoner fell forward upon his chest.

"A God," she repeated, "who judges in anger as well as mercy! To debase me to your purposes, you strove to destroy my faith in Him! I have awakened you! Through all your sophistry—your affected infidelity—I read in your terror that you believed! Fool! you only stultified your reason—not convinced it! The infidelity you have abused—the death you suffer—prove His existence; for though the hand which inflicted it is mine, the judgment is His!"

Perfectly assured that the unhappy man was past all human aid, the heartless creature rang the bell violently.

It was answered by the woman of the house.

"Your lodger is taken suddenly ill!" she said; "for heaven's sake, send for assistance!"

The screams of the landlady brought her grandson—a fine, intelligent boy, about sixteen years of age—into the room. Athalie eyed him with the glance of a fiend, as he clung to the dying charlatan, and called upon him by the endearing name of "father."

"Father!" she repeated; "was he your father?"

The youth heeded not the question; or, if he did, tears and sobs prevented his reply to it.

When the two nearest medical men arrived, they found their patient seated erect in his chair, and the governess, with detestable hypocrisy, chafing his

hands and temples. His teeth were firmly clenched, and his eyes already dull.

"Apoplexy?" said the first.

His colleague nodded assent.

Although hopeless of any favourable result, the speakers attempted to bleed him in the arm. Not a drop of blood followed the incision of the lancet. As a last resource, they agreed to open the temporal artery: a dark, thick clot of coagulated blood rolled down the cheek of the charlatan. Small as the quantity was, it appeared to afford him a momentary relief—it loosed for an instant the spell which bound his faculties. He raised his hand, pointed towards the murderers, and, with a deep groan, expired.

The governess raised her handkerchief to her face, to hide the mingled smile of triumph and derision which curled her lips. She felt neither remorse for the past nor fear for the future—for detection she well knew to be impossible.

"Too late!" said the senior surgeon; "the attack is fatal!"

"And most sudden!" added his companion: not that he entertained the least suspicion on that account—for such is the usual effect of apoplexy. "How long is it since he was taken?" he continued.

"Nearly an hour."

"Had he been excited?"

"Somewhat!" said the hypocrite, coolly; "he had been speaking of Italy, and his heart seemed full of happy anticipations of closing his life in ease and retirement in that sunny land; but heaven has decreed it otherwise. The sudden termination of his existence," she continued, "has shaken my nerves—for I had known him for years and respected him!"

Without betraying any undue haste to quit the scene of her crime—which might have excited suspicion—Athalie contrived to leave the house without her departure being noticed. It was her wish to remain unknown: not from any fear of the result of any scientific examination—for so volatile was the essence of which the poison was compounded, and so skillfully had the charlatan prepared it, that not the least trace could be detected even by minute analysis.

After walking a considerable distance, she took a conveyance, which set her down at the corner of the square. In a few minutes she was in her luxurious boudoir, dressing for the opera, where she entered her box just as the curtain was rising for the last act of "Norma."

The next morning, whilst seated at breakfast with the earl, who was busily engaged with the papers, she was startled by an exclamation of terror and surprise which escaped him.

"Are you ill, *mon ami*?" she inquired, in a tone of tender interest.

"No—no!" muttered his lordship; "but the shock was a severe one!"

"Shock!" she repeated.

"Poor Briard!"

"Briard!" exclaimed the governess, with well-affected interest; "why he sailed this morning for Italy!"

"He is dead!" replied the peer, in a solemn tone; "died suddenly last night, at his lodgings in some obscure street in the City! Strange—is it not?"

The speaker fixed his eyes steadily upon the features of the murderer—but not a muscle moved. Her countenance was cold and impassible as the marble which seals the secret of the tomb.

"Tis sudden!" she said; "but I am not so much surprised as grieved: he was both faithful and useful. The last time I saw him, I noticed an unwelcome excitement in his manner, especially when he spoke of his voyage to Italy. Of what did he die?"

"Apoplexy!" answered the earl, still continuing his gaze.

"His brain was, doubtless, overwrought with study," coolly observed the governess. "But why do you regard me so attentively?"

The most perfect innocence could not have put the question more calmly than did the speaker.

"I was admiring your nerve, Athalie—that is all!"

"Would you have me affect a sorrow, my lord, which I do not feel?" demanded his mistress. "I may have erred, but I am no hypocrite!"

"And yet you said, but now, you were not so much surprised as grieved. How am I to understand you?"

"It seems you are determined to misunderstand me," observed the Frenchwoman. "Grieved! I used the word conventionally: grieved as you would be for the loss of a hound that followed you—a servant you were accustomed to—an instrument that was useful to you: Briard was not even to be regretted as one of these."

Lord Moretown regarded her with a feeling strangely akin to terror as he listened to her.

"He had performed his task," she continued; "but though no longer useful, he might have proved dangerous. Fortune has removed him from our path;

but if you regret him, my lord, why, I will mourn him, too."

Lord Moretown imperceptibly shrugged his shoulders, and permitted the subject to drop; but it dwelt not the less upon his memory. The sudden death, first of the nurse, then of the physician, coupled with the confirmed idiocy of the countess, filled his mind with a vague apprehension and horror of the woman with whom he had linked his destiny.

It was not the crimes which appalled him, but the chain which bound him to the instrument.

The report of the inquest, which appeared in the next day's paper, announcing that Dr. Hippolyte Briard had died suddenly of apoplexy, whilst it rid him of his fears, failed to dissipate his suspicions.

CHAPTER CV.

And thou, majestic, mighty main,
Appear'st from change so free,
That bards have styled thee in their strain
The everlasting sea.

Burton.

PROBABLY the noblest triumph which man is destined to achieve is his mastery over the sea: he ploughs it like a field, and it returns him a glorious harvest. Can there be a more exhilarating feeling than that of the mariner, as his bark rides like a thing of life upon the waters—dashing from its gallant prow the mighty waves which bow their foaming crests in homage to his daring? Even in the tempest's heat, when the tall masts groan, and the rent sails flutter and fall against their sides, like the wounded seabird's useless wing—when the broken cordage streams in the air, or the angry waters sweep the deck, the sailor, with undaunted courage, braves the war of elements, and masters it.

There may be something gloriously exciting in a struggle between humanity and death—face to face they gaze upon each other; the grisly monarch armed in all his terrors; man, confident in his strength and resources, stern and unyielding to the last. Even when vanquished, his defeat is not without honour: he has nobly withstood his foe—fought with him on the last plank; his grave is the infinite abyss—its waves his monument.

The good ship *Revenge*, which we have so long lost sight of, was scudding before a gentle breeze, which played coquettishly in her wake—at times filling the broad canvass with a graceful swell, then leaving it to fall listlessly against the masts.

It was mid-day; the captain and the chief officers were busily engaged in taking observations upon the quarter-deck; whilst at the bow two young men were engaged in familiar conversation, and at the same time watching the progress of the vessel through the sunlit water.

"What delicious weather, Fred!" observed the elder; "only let it last three days longer, and we shall see the coast of China."

"I had much rather see the coast of England!" was the reply.

"What, home-sick?"

"Not exactly home-sick!" answered his companion; "though, I must confess, I would willingly give my next year's chance of an epaulette to see, if only for five minutes, your dear mother and Annie again. I wonder," he added, "if she has grown as much as we have?"

"My mother, or Annie?" demanded Dick, with an arch smile.

"Annie, of course!" replied his friend, colouring to the temples. "How provokingly obtuse you pretend to be to-day."

"And what a strange subject are you ruminating upon!" retorted his friend, good-humouredly. "Now it never once entered into my speculations whether my sister had grown or not—and yet I love her very dearly!"

"Our readers will doubtless agree with us, that the speaker had unconsciously assigned the reason—because she was his sister."

"She must be sixteen now?" observed Fred.

"Sixteen!" repeated her brother, with an air of surprise, for he had never once reflected upon the subject; "well, I dare say she is, for I am twenty, and there are only four years between us. But what makes you think just now so much of her?"

"Is there anything surprising in my doing so?" answered his friend. "After your father and mother, who else, except Annie and yourself, have I to love?"

"Don't know," said Dick, gravely; "but a great many, I should hope. First, there is Jack Breeze, who risked his life to save you, when you fell overboard in the Gulf of Mexico."

"True—true—I had forgotten poor Jack."

"And have you forgotten, too, that kind old man who came twice to see you—once at the Mount, and at Portsmouth, the day before we sailed?" inquired his companion. "I am sure you have not. I know your heart too well."

"Nor him!" exclaimed Fred, in a tone of self-reproach; "I must be changed, indeed, ere I forget such a friend! The fact is, that I have the spleen—a headache; I can scarcely tell what is the matter with me."

Dick looked at him with surprise.

"And if I were to tell you," added the speaker, "you would only laugh at me."

"Then do tell me, by all means, Fred!" said his friend, seriously; "for, to tell you the truth, I should like to feel that I could laugh at you just now."

"And why just now?" demanded the young man.

"Because it's the first time in my life that I ever felt dissatisfied with you!" was the frank reply.

"Then I must confess my folly!" observed the youth, "for I could not live without your friendship. Do you remember asking me yesterday for some drawing-paper?"

"Yes."

"I looked in my locker—none there. At last I thought of my desk—the one your mother gave me. You know how carefully I had stowed it away. I opened it: the first thing I saw was a prayer-book!"

"Annie's parting gift?" observed her brother.

"The same!" continued Fred. "I opened it—what do you think I found there, carefully stowed, like a hammock between decks?"

"Hav'n't the least idea!" answered Dick, who began to think that his young friend's head, and not his heart, was affected.

"A lock of hair—a long, silken curl cut from her own dear head! I can't account for it!" added the youth; "but, as I drew it from its hiding place to press it to my lips, it seemed to entwine itself around my heart! I can think of no one else but Annie! I feel an impatience to see her which I never felt before! I wonder if she has forgotten me—if she still loves me—loves us, I mean! I am sure that I shall dream of her!"

"And if you do, Fred," exclaimed his friend, shaking him warmly by the hand, "I'd wager my life that she tells you that she does! Love us! Why else can't he love us—it's her very nature to love! Besides, am I not her brother? and are not you her cousin?"

Although the argument appeared perfectly conclusive to the speaker, it was far from conveying the same conviction to his companion, who, for the first time in his life, began to suspect that the love he felt for Annie was a different kind of love to that her brother bore her; but he kept the discovery—if discovery it was—to himself.

"Still, I don't exactly comprehend," continued Dick, "why this discovery should make you uneasy—it wouldn't me. I have it!" he added, suddenly struck with a luminous idea; "let's consult Jack Breeze! He can sail a vessel as well as the master. He'll explain it, I warrant!"

Had it been a point of seamanship they were discussing, Fred in all probability would have consented to make Jack the referee; but in the present instance, without exactly knowing why, his heart revolted at the idea of making him his confidant.

"I should not like to name it to him!" he said.

"Why not?"

The unconscious lover shrugged his shoulders: the fact was, he would have been puzzled to explain his objections to himself.

"I will, then," said his friend; "and Jack and I will argue the case like the two fakkers we saw in India! Do you remember them?"

"Yes, and also their controversy!" answered Fred. "They disputed for three days which temple contained the genuine tooth of Brahma, which Dr. Tytler assured me in either place was that of a monkey, for he had examined them both! Much as I respect Jack," he added, "I'd rather you did not name the affair to him—at least, at present!"

"Why not?" demanded Dick, with unfeigned surprise; for he looked upon Jack's decisions as oracular; "but just as you please!"

This was quite enough between them—his companion feeling as assured of his silence upon the subject as if he had promised him.

The conversation was put a stop to by both of the young men perceiving, almost at the same instant, a dark object at a considerable distance upon the waters: it rose and fell with the waves. At first Fred thought it was a shark: a short observation convinced him that he was mistaken.

"What can it be?" he said.

Dick was equally puzzled with himself.

This was a case in which Jack's experience might fairly be referred to. At a sign from one of the mid-dies, the sailor approached the spot where they were standing; and, being without his hat, gravely pulled the cork-screw-like lock of hair upon his forehead, by way of a salute.

"Do you see that, Jack?" inquired the captain's son, at the same time pointing to the object in the distance.

"See what, yer honour?"

"There—a little more to the left!"

"All right!" exclaimed the honest fellow, who had raised his hands to his eyes to assist his vision; "I catch it now! A boat!" he added, after surveying the distant object for a minute or two.

"Any sail?"

"No sail, your honour—it is drifting with the wind! Most likely it has been cut away from some ship—probably a wreck!"

The possibility that it might contain some human being, struggling with death in its most frightful form—famine—upon the wide expanse of waters, immediately struck both the young men; and they hastened to the quarter-deck to report what they had seen to Captain Vernon.

"Most likely the trunk of a tree!" observed Viscount Moretown, with a sneer. "A pretty discovery, truly! These youngsters forget that we are within a few days' sail of land!"

At the term "youngsters," thus offensively applied, Dick and Fred both coloured to the temples; but the presence of the captain restrained them.

"You are wrong, lieutenant!" said his commander, who had taken the glass from the master, and swept the horizon. "The youngsters," he added, "as you term these gentlemen, are right—it is a boat!"

Their old enemy bit his lips in silence.

"It lies to the left of our course!" continued the speaker. "Lower the barge there!" he added, "and take food and cordials with you. It is possible that some poor wretch may yet cling to life upon that floating wreck! Lieutenant," he continued, addressing his lordship, "you will take the command. We will tack, in order to enable you to come up with us."

Much as the selfish young nobleman disliked the duty imposed upon him, he at once prepared to obey orders. Dick and Fred expressed by their looks how much they desired to accompany them, but the commander did not choose to notice their mute request. That of the surgeon, who was present, was readily granted.

The crew, with that humane alacrity which is the characteristic of sailors, quietly lowered the barge, which in a few minutes rowed from the stately vessel upon its errand of mercy.

When it had receded about three ship's length, Captain Vernon gave orders to the sailing-master to tack. In little less than five hours the barge once more approached within half of the *Revenge*, having the boat in tow.

"Only an empty hull, after all!" observed Murray, the officer of marines, with a grin—for he was the bosom friend of the viscount.

"So much the better!" answered Dick, with his usual bluntness; "neither Fred nor I wish that any human being should suffer, in order that we might have the credit of saving him!"

"Singular generosity!" replied the officer, with an air of affectation.

"I dare say it appears so to you!"

"Sir!"

"The observation was yours, not mine, *Mister Murray*!" continued the midshipman; "but I agreed with it! Make the best of it you can, or the worst; I am equally indifferent!"

So saying, the speaker turned away, and, followed by Fred, repaired to the quarter-deck, where the viscount soon after arrived to make his report to the captain.

On reaching the boat, they had discovered, crouched at the bottom of it, a youth in the dress of a midshipman engaged in the merchant service. He was badly wounded, and so weak and helpless from loss of blood and want of food, that at first they imagined he was dead. The surgeon had him removed on board the barge.

"The hull was not empty, after all, *Mr. Murray*!" observed Fred.

The wounded boy, by Captain Vernon's directions, was removed to a cabin adjoining the ward-room. He was still in a state of insensibility.

The two friends were present when Dr. Tytler came to report his condition to the commander of the *Revenge*.

"I fear," said the latter, as the first-named officer described the state in which he had found the sufferer, "that a crime has been committed! No uncommon affair in these seas!"

"No doubt of it!" replied the doctor.

"A mutiny!" added the first speaker.

"Possibly, sir," continued Tytler; "but I am rather inclined to suspect pirates! The wound in the boy's side has evidently been made with a creese—such as the Malays use. The injury is both deep and dangerous!"

"But not likely to prove fatal?" exclaimed the kind-hearted Dick, whose sympathy had been painfully excited by the pale countenance and attenuated frame of the wounded boy.

The man of science shook his head despondingly.

"You are so clever!" urged the speaker.

"But not clever enough," replied the officer, "to answer for his recovery. Should fever, as is generally the case in such instances, supervene—his life hangs upon a thread so frail and delicate, that the slightest strain would break it! But we will do all we can," he added; "he must be watched day and night, like an infant!"

The two friends wished that that task might be assigned to them—a request which Captain Vernon readily granted; and they accompanied the doctor, when he left the cabin, to visit their charge.

The poor fellow remained in his berth, just as the sailors had placed him. His eyes were half closed, the only sign that he still existed was the scarcely perceptible breathing.

"See!" said Fred, sinking his voice to a whisper; "there is a slight colour in his cheek again!"

Doctor Tytler felt his pulse, and angrily inquired of the sailor who had been left to watch the patient whether he had given him anything.

The man hesitated, and at last confessed that he had poured a teaspoonful of rum into his throat.

"You have killed him!" exclaimed the worthy man, "you might as well have administered so much poison!"

Jack Tar looked at the speaker with a comical expression. He could not at all comprehend how rum and poison could be synonymous. He had been born at sea—passed the greater part of his life in the service: rum to him was like his mother's milk. He was better acquainted with the taste of it, of the two; for his mother, who had settled into a bumboat-woman at Deal, had frequently told him he had been weaned upon it. From the quantities she had imbibed of the seductive spirit herself, she might almost have added—sucked upon it as well.

(To be continued.)

THE DUTY ON DOGS.—It is shown by a Parliamentary paper, just issued, that in the year ended the 31st of March last, the net duty on dogs was £205,329 10s.

ORDERS are given in the military ports to despatch the necessary ships to Mexico to bring back the troops that are to return from that country. These ships will leave France early this month.

FROM a Parliamentary blue book just published, it appears that in the year ended the 31st of March last, Mr. Disraeli received his pension of £2,000, under the Act 4th and 5th William IV. c. 24. There is one vacancy under the Act.

POISONED FLESH PROHIBITION BILL.—In the House of Lords, on Thursday, the Commons' amendments to the Lords' amendments to the Poisoned Flesh Prohibition Bill were considered and agreed to, and the bill has received the royal assent.

THE French Government has addressed a circular note to the various Powers, inviting them to participate in an International Congress, to be held next autumn, for the purpose of regulating telegraphic communications in Europe.

LOVERS of falconry may now inspect, in the "Games" section of the education division of the South Kensington Museum, some curious hawk's hoods, of the date of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, made of embossed leather, with velvet eye-pieces; and also some metal spurs, formerly used in cock-fighting.

A NEW spider has been discovered at the Ararat diggings, Australia. It is about half the size of the common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with alternate stripes of very dark green and grey. The back is furnished with a kind of shell, to which there are fifty entrances, from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS FROM INJURY WHEN TRAVELLING.—"Ovarum Faber," who forgets alike our rule and his name, suggests that the railways should make a special provision for conveying eggs for hatching. Such a proposal is quite Utopian; but if eggs are packed in a hamper with abundance of soft hay, they may be sent thousands of miles without injury. One of the very finest birds that ever took prizes in this country came in an egg across the Atlantic. It is by no means so easy to damage the organisation of an egg by shaking as some people imagine. There is an old trick of making any egg stand on its large end on a smooth table—we do not mean as Columbus did it, but without breaking the shell. It is done by breaking the connections and coverings of the yolk by the most violent shaking, and those only who have tried the experiment know how violent and sudden the concussion must be to derange the internal organisation of this piece of nature's perfect handiwork. However, when the yolk is broken it will sink to the part of the shell held lowest, and the egg may then be balanced on its large end, like a tumbling figure.

ANCIENT BUDDHIST REMAINS.—An interesting collection of ancient Buddhist remains, discovered by Mr. E. Harris, at Sultangunge, on the Ganges, while engaged in some engineering operations, has just arrived in England. Among the objects of interest discovered in the ruins excavated (supposed to be a vihar, or Buddhist monastery) is a colossal image of copper, 7 ft. 6 in. in height, weighing upwards of a ton, and supposed to be more than 2,000 years old. There are also several smaller figures, both in stone and in copper, and some baked clay slabs thickly covered with writing, &c., reminding one of the ancient Assyrian practice. The collection is at present placed in the museum of the Royal Asiatic Society, where plans and sections of the excavations have also been deposited.

SCIENCE.

EXPERIMENTS ON THE RESPIRATION OF PLANTS. &c.—At a meeting of the Munich Academy of Sciences, Baron Liebig presented an interesting paper on certain experiments he had made with an apparatus constructed at the expense of the King of Bavaria for estimating oxygen in various bodies. These experiments prove that not only is oxygen disengaged from the atmosphere by plants, but also, and in considerable quantities, by the decomposition of water in the bodies of carnivorous animals. Baron Liebig is of opinion that this fact will throw new light on the phenomena, at present so little understood, of nutrition and digestion.

The eminent French chemist, M. Bianchi, is the author of some curious experiments on combustion in a vacuum. He found that gunpowder, and also the fulminates, burn quickly if loose in an exhausted vessel, and suddenly brought to a temperature exceeding two thousand degrees. If, however, the powder was placed, under similar circumstances, in a pistol, it inflamed with the suddenness exhibited in the air. Gun-cotton slowly disappeared; the layer nearest the source of heat going first, but without the production of any light. In all these cases the products of combustion were the same as in air. Combustion also took place in nitrogen, carbonic acid, and other gases which do not support it, with little diminution of the ordinary rapidity of the process.

ANOTHER GREAT DISPLAY OF FALLING STARS EXPECTED.

The writer of this was among the fortunate few who witnessed the wonderful shower of meteors in the night of November 13, 1833. Being at a large boarding-school, it chanced that some one of the boys caught sight of the fiery rain, and he aroused the whole school. For an hour or two we sat watching the sublime spectacle with mingled interest and awe. The sky was constantly lighted with hundreds of stars, shooting forth from the neighbourhood of the zenith, and streaming across the heavens; each leaving a bright streak in its track, that gradually faded away.

This most impressive of all celestial phenomena has been the subject of much inquiry among astronomers. It is found that in November of every year the number of falling stars is more numerous than at other periods, and that there is a less considerable display in August.

H. A. Newton, on the "November Star-shower," has traced the history of this startling phenomenon from the first record of its appearance in A.D. 902, and has discussed at length its most probable cause. He comes to the conclusion that there is a ring of small planets revolving around the sun; that the planets are distributed very unevenly in the ring, there being a small section of the ring where the bodies are numerous, with a few stragglers scattered along the rest of its circuit; that the earth passes through the ring every year, and each year in a new place; and that it passes through that part of the ring in which the planets are most numerous once in about thirty-three years. He further concludes that the period of the revolution of this ring of planets around the sun may be calculated with very great accuracy, and that it is 354-621 days—a little less than a year. The motion is retrograde, and the velocity with which the bodies enter our atmosphere is 20-17 miles per second. The following are Professor Newton's remarks in regard to the next appearance of the great shower:—

"If, then, a shower occurs in A.D. 1864 (31 years after 1833), it seems most reasonable to look for its greatest display (on the morning of Nov. 14th) 144 deg. west of our Atlantic States—that is, in the western part of the Pacific Ocean, and in Australia. In 1865, it may be looked for as central 97 deg. further west, or in western Asia and eastern Europe; and in 1866, on the western Atlantic. The year in which we have most reason to expect a shower is 1866, since the cycle of 33-25 years is probably to be

reckoned from some date between November in 1832 and in 1833. Those places and times are named with hesitation—rather to guide observation than as predictions. The causes alluded to above, and the possible perturbations and irregularities of structure of the group, may cause unexpected variations of time and place."

A TRIP IN A FIRE BALLOON.

THE idea of fire-balloons has generally been connected with some pretty toys sent up into the air for the purpose of amusing children at some rustic fête. Few ever dared to think that men could be found daring enough to ascend half a mile by similar means. But such a feat has been accomplished, and the details of the voyage, as recorded by one of the occupants of the car, exceed in exciting interest even the eloquent descriptions which have been written of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher's aerial journeys. The ascent was made from Cremorne, on the 20th ult. The balloon was four times as large as that "Mammoth" which was lately torn to pieces at Leicester; but a few who had not been "posted up" in recent astrostatics were prepared to find that the balloon was really a very aw-inspiring piece of machinery, with mysterious furnaces, strange funnels, bewildering air-holes, and a whole host of accessories.

Of course, to an engineer all this was simple enough. There was a cylinder with a furnace; there were air holes; into this furnace trusses of straw, carried up in the balloon, were to be thrown; the fire was to be kept briskly up when it was intended to ascend; it was to be lowered when a descent was contemplated; to break a sudden fall, there was a pretty parachute; and the whole thing was ingenious and elaborate; but, to an ordinary mind, rather unintelligible than otherwise.

The adventurous spirits who early in the afternoon pushed their way under the canvas folds and gazed at the central machinery simply carried away the idea that the passengers would have to sit down with their backs to a raging funnel; and the demand for seats in this exceptional conveyance accordingly fell off.

At seven o'clock, six passengers, who had all been up in the air before, took their seats, and the balloon began to rise. Strange were the new sensations occasioned by the new system, and they are as difficult to describe as they were strange. Let the reader, however, imagine that he has been riding in the engine of an express train; let him then conceive that this engine, with the fire roaring in the surface, has suddenly leaped into the air, and he will get some faint notion of the situation. As the balloon rose—not with a swift, steady bound, like that of an athlete, but rather with a feverish, hesitating, uncertain movement—the men who were "on board" had quite enough to do to pass the bundles of straw to the aeronaut, who was very properly crying out for "more." It was not a nice commencement of a dangerous journey.

The elevating power of the balloon seemed scarcely sufficient for the occasion; and whilst the crowd swayed to and fro beneath, the huge machine drove against some of the decorations of Cremorne, and knocked them about at its pleasure. Still fresh bundles of straw were flung in; the necessary impetus was gained; the "Eagle" cleared the obstacles; and as it soared into air, Mr. Godard sounded a cheery note upon his little trumpet, and waved his hat to the cheering crowd. There was not much wind; and the balloon, slowly rising, took its course to the south-eastward of London.

At times it seemed becalmed; and during these intervals of quiet those who looked out over the panorama of London owned that the sight was well worth the risk. The whole expanse of the mighty city was visible; dense clouds curtained it in, and covered it with a mysterious haze; slowly sank the great red sun; slowly rose the great white moon; away over the open fields gathered the mists of the night; the wonderful roar of London rose up through the evening air, like the passionate clamour—impatient, querulous, irresistible—of the sea; and behind each gazer, close to his back, was the roaring and raging of the furnace. The red light glared out and was seen afar; the heat was almost painful; but the sight was worth the peril; and neither amongst Englishmen nor Frenchmen was a murmur heard as, steadily one after one, the trusses of straw were passed into the fire. The long lines of the bridges, the dim outlines of familiar buildings, and of all the familiar places in which London takes its pleasure, rose upon the view.

At no time did the balloon ascend much above half a mile, and at no time did that ugly, roaring, crackling clamour cease; but Mr. Godard was bland and brave, his fellow-countrymen were courteous and courageous, and the Englishmen held their tongues. At length, after crossing and recrossing the river, it was determined to descend—a feat which was not accomplished without much difficulty and some danger; for fire-balloons are naturally not so easily managed as their companions of the air. Instead of opening a trap door

and throwing out ballast, burning fiery furnaces have to be regulated; and in this case, 460,000 cubic feet of rarefied air had to be overpowered. However, the voyagers were not novices, and they got off with nothing worse than a few bumps.

Mr. Godard's balloon is an enormous structure, made of silk inside, and very plain canvas outside, of the ordinary pear-shape, covered with representations of the French Eagle, and having near the top a blue curtain rim, which serves to break the monotony of its white-brown surface. It is 117 ft. 7 in. in height, 95 ft. 9 in. in circumference, 300 ft. 6 in. superficial, 30,000 ft. in area, 2,005 lb. in weight, 498,556 cubic contents; contains 4,793 square yards of silk in 1,910 pieces of 96 stripes, 14,203 feet of stitching, 96 overlaps of joints 154 ft. long, making 13,848 ft. more of sewing. 17,244 ft. of balloons, which form the network; the balloons are stitched on both sides, and contain 34,349 more feet of stitching. 24 compartments in the parachute require 6,824 ft. of stitching. The total number, 62,324 ft. of stitching, contain 2,706 days of work, and the valve is 4 ft. 8 in. in diameter, and the appendix is 24 ft. 5 in.; to the opening of the latter are held, rigged by a wooden hoop, 32 cords to sustain the car, which weighs 585 lb., is dish-shaped, and 13 ft. 2 in. in diameter, with a border of 8 in., the whole constructed of several pieces, which can be disconnected for convenience of transport. The hoop and the car are also attached by 64 metal cords.

In the centre of the car is an 18-ft. stove, including the chimney, 980 pounds in weight, 6 ft. 6 in. in diameter, three cylinders, 3 in. apart from each other, invented by Mr. Godard, with a view to counteract the effects of the radiated heat upon the occupants of the car; inside the flue is a metal colander to intercept sparks. The combustible employed in lieu of gas is rye straw, cleaned from the ears, and compressed into blocks. The total weight of the balloon (including the grappling iron cords 400 lbs., two supplementary pumps 150 lbs., and combustible 500 lbs.), is 4,620 lbs. The inflation of the balloon occupied but forty-five minutes.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—The possibility of procuring a substitute for ebony and ivory has become an important question, now these materials command such extravagant prices. M. Ghoulston Ghislain has brought before the French academy a substance which he asserts answers this purpose completely. He produced it by the following method: Take 60 per cent. of the powder of marine plants, 15 per cent. of glue, and an equal quantity of coal tar; boil thoroughly mixed; dry in an oven at a temperature of 300 deg. Fah. till it becomes plastic. The compound will assume the appearance of ivory by heating it in an aqueous solution of caustic potash, and letting it macerate for several hours in diluted sulphuric acid; after which, subject it to the action of chlorine or chloride of lime, repeating the operation till it becomes perfectly white.

METAL TUBES FOR SUBMARINE NAVIGATION.

TOWARDS the close of last year, a description of Russian preparations for war stated that one means for the defence of the Neva approved by the authorities was a submarine boat of colossal dimensions, in the construction of which two hundred tons of iron and steel were to be used, and which was then rapidly progressing towards completion. The cost was set down at 175,000 silver roubles (about £27,000), a decree for the appropriation of which amount had been signed by the emperor.

"Great secrecy," the leading journal observes, "is being used about this boat. We can, however, say that it is to have engines worked by compressed air; to have a very strong beak, with provision for attaching large cylinders, charged with powder, to the bottoms of vessels, to be fired by electricity. The parties navigating the vessel will see what they are doing by means of 'bull's-eyes,' and they will be able to regulate the depth at which they swim, generally keeping quite close to the surface."

This statement, which attracted much attention when it was first published, we are now enabled to confirm; the manufacturing resources of the Birmingham district having been laid under contribution for the fitting out of the naval "monster," as it was designated by the authority we have quoted.

Messrs. James Russell and Sons, of the well-known Crown Tube Works, Wednesbury, several months ago received a commission for the apparatus which is to contain the motive power, consisting of above two hundred wrought-iron tubes, varying in length, the average being about twelve feet. The diameter of these tubes, which are intended for the reception of the compressed air, is thirteen inches, and the thickness of the plates used in their fabrication is nearly five-eighths of an inch, the material employed being the best Staffordshire iron.

The ends are first forged by the steam-hammer, and are inserted and welded by blacksmiths, so as to render each tube air-tight. They are afterwards proved and

screwed for connection pipes. The pressure which they are expected to bear is 1,500 lbs. to the square inch, but they are proved up to 2,000 lbs. per square inch, and those which are not equal to that strain are rejected. The average weight of the tubes is half a ton. It will be obvious that an undertaking of the magnitude we have specified could not be executed in a very short time; and, accordingly, it is only within the last few days that Messrs. Russell and Sons have forwarded to its destination the last instalment of the work. It is almost superfluous to add that the firm have been scrupulously careful to fulfil the task assigned to them in such a manner as will fully maintain the deservedly high reputation they enjoy.

ANOTHER CHROME GREEN.—A brilliant green for printing is said to be made in the following way:—Take 15 parts of bi-carbonate of potash, 36 parts of crystallized phosphate of soda, and 6 parts tartaric acid. Fuse the phosphate in its water of crystallization, and add to it the bi-carbonate rubbed to a fine powder, and afterwards the tartaric acid. Great frothing takes place on the last addition, and the colour of the mass changes from yellow to green. A porous brown mass remains, which dissolves in hot water and dilute acids, giving an emerald green solution. The porous mass is to be moistened with as much strong hydrochloric acid as it will absorb; it is then treated with cold water to remove the acid; and afterwards with boiling water to dissolve out the soda and potash salts. An insoluble green body remains on the filter, which, when more finely divided by levigation, becomes of a brighter shade. The 6 parts of tartaric acid may be replaced with 14 parts of Rochelle salt.

MILITARY ENGINEERING TRIAL OF GUN COTTON.

An interesting trial of the powers of gun cotton, as an explosive agent, was conducted at Newcastle. The work to be operated against is an ordinary stockade, similar to what is commonly used in fortifications. It was composed of a double row of timber; the first consisting of six balks, each 10 ft. long by 12 in. or 14 in. square; the timber backing being formed of five balks, 9 in. to 10 in. square. These balks were sunk about four feet into the ground, and firmly bedded. Two heavy logs, 7 ft. long by 14 in. square, were laid in front of the stockade, to form a bridge on which to place the shell containing the gun cotton. The timber was the best Menel. The shell was made at the Elswick Ordnance Works, and was made of 3/4 inch iron. It was 16 in. long by 12 in. in diameter, and in its general outline was similar in form to one of Sir William Armstrong's destructive shells. This cylinder contained 25 lbs. of gun cotton. To preclude the possibility of any accident occurring, no one was allowed to approach the stockade nearer than about 300 yards.

The cylinder was placed upon the bridge; and all being ready, the charge was ignited by the electric spark from a distance of 220 yards. The two centre timbers, with their backing, were blown clean away, level with the ground; one large fragment having been hurled a distance of 130 yards; the other had been torn up into splinters. The posts left standing were forced outward to an angle of 75 degs.; and a wide, gaping breach was left in the centre through which an assailant could easily have entered. One of the timbers forming the bridge was torn to pieces by the force of the explosion; the other was comparatively uninjured, but was hurled a distance of about 40 yards, although its weight was estimated at a quarter of a ton. The force of the explosion had made a cavity in the ground in front of the stockade, and immediately beneath the bridge, fully half a foot in depth. Portions of the shell were scattered in all directions; and many of the spectators carried away pieces of the torn and twisted fragments as mementos of this exceedingly successful experiment. The post and rail fence of the Blyth and Tyne line, which runs near the spot, were cut through in one or two places, without breaking the rails, as clean as if a man had done it with a chisel.

FACETIE.

"ARE you the fellow what's going west?" inquired a cabby of a gentleman, the other evening; "cause I'm the gentleman what's to drive you, if you be!"

WHAT is that which, if you had it, you wouldn't want, and yet you wouldn't take three thousand pounds for it?—Ans.: A bald head.

SHAMELESS persons seldom or never blush. Their faces seem, like cotton wool, to take all colours more easily than red.

A WELL-KNOWN City merchant visited the Zoological Gardens last week, when a very well-dressed and not at all ungentlemanly-looking person raised his hat to him. The gentleman was extremely puzzled to think who it was. He knew his face perfectly, but

could not recollect when or where he had met him. At length they came into close proximity, when the merchant, unable to restrain his curiosity, asked, "Where have I had the pleasure of meeting you?" The stranger smiled, and said, "I am out for a holiday; you will see me again to-morrow morning at the corner of — Street." The merchant laughed heartily when he recognised the street-sweeper whose crossing he usually "makes use of" at least twice a day.

THE NEWSBOYS.—The other evening, while waiting for the train, a gentleman lectured some boys at the depot for making such a loud noise in crying their papers. There's no use in making such a noise," said he. "Announce your newspapers in a plain but not boisterous manner, and you will sell them much more readily. His remarks were listened to with respect, and he seemed to have quite an impression, when he asked, "What's the news to-night?" "Oh," said one of the urchins, "give me a penny and I'll show you."

THE COMING COMET.

"THEREBY HANGS A TALK."

"A new comet is visible; at present it is to be seen in Aries."

Come, claret drinkers all,

Read that and gather from it

What's going to befall,

Because of this new comet.

Oh, won't the wine

Be extra fine

Because of this new comet!

Its praises then declare,

Dick, Harry, Jack, and Tom! It

Will make the claret rare,

Of course, will this new comet.

Oh, every boy

Will much enjoy

The wine of this new comet.

While overhead it dwells,

Like sky-rocket or bomb, it

With richer juices swells

The clusters, this new comet.

Let's hope that we

Our share shall see

Of wine of this new comet!

—Fun.

"Ah, John, since you have been to the city, the black ox died without any notice whatever." "Gracious mercy!" exclaimed John, "how fast we are passing away."

A GENTLEMAN talking with his gardener, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees. "Why, yes, sir," said the man; "please to consider that they have nothing else to do."

A RECENTLY-MARRIED gentleman was heard to declare that he was then as happy as the day was long. Rather unfortunately, however, he happened to be speaking on the twenty-first of December.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" asked a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the kitchen. "It is full on the bottom, sir," replied Biddy; "but there's none on the top."

THE EFFECTS OF FLATTERY.—An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity? "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me!"

A GRANDMOTHER.

As two urchins were trotting along together, one of them fell and broke a pitcher he was carrying. He commenced crying, when the other boy asked him why he took on so.

"Cause," said he, "when I get home, mother will whip me for breaking the mug."

"What!" said the other, "hain't you got no grandmother living at your house?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, I have; and I might break two mugs, and they daren't whip me."

SOMEBODY says that snoring is a spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake.

"Don't you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H.—"Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

MACREADY AND PHIL STONE, THE PROPERTY MAN.—During the last season of Mr. Macready's management, poor Phil Stone had given some offence, and was discharged from his long held office. Not knowing what to do, he opened a tripe shop in Drury Lane. It was during some very hot weather in the June following his dismissal, that Mr. George Weiland, a great wag in his way, informed him that the eminent lessee, though he had discharged him, would like to give him a turn, and said he was to have a hot sheep's head brought into Mr. Macready's dressing-room on such an evening, so that after his great

fatigue he might enjoy it. Accordingly Phil Stone brought his delicious morsel (as he thought) into the dressing-room, spread the little cloth, put the plate, knife, and fork, a little salt, and the smoking hot dish in the centre, and, farther, in acknowledgment of the honour conferred, presented the lessee with a cool pint of porter, in a new, and highly-polished pewter pot. The tragedy over, in stalked Macready, almost fainting with fatigue, and the excessive heat of the night. Phil Stone had squeezed himself into a remote corner of the room, in anticipation of the uncontrolled delight the great man would experience on beholding and devouring the hot sheep's head. No sooner had Macready entered the room, than he exclaimed in a tragic tone, "Why, what's this? from whence proceeds this obnoxious smell?" Phil Stone who was not quite clear as to the literal meaning of the word obnoxious, thought it might be an expression of delight. Darting out of his corner and rubbing his hands with joy, he said, "It's the sheep's head you ordered, all hot sir." "Hot, sir!" exclaimed the lessee, "sheep's head! what does it all mean? get out of the place you little rascal, or I'll—umph," and the tragedian showed his teeth. In a twinkling poor Phil Stone bundled up the whole affair, and scampered out of the room in a perfect fever, which was partially cooled by the entire contents of the pint pot being showered over him.

"SAMMY, Sammy, my dear son, don't stand there scratching your head—sir your stumps, or you will make no progress in life." "Why, father," replied the hopeful, "I've often heard you say the only way to get on in this world was to scratch a head."

THE RIGHT LETTER.—"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Dobbs." Nonsense! say right out. Which do you like the best. "Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U best."

A RARE CASE.—"Pray, sir," said a young belle to the manager of a circulating library, "have you *Man as he is?*" "No, miss," replied he, wishing to accommodate her, and with no other meaning; "but we have *Woman as she should be!*"

SIR WALTER SCOTT once stated that he kept a lowland laird waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and that when he came in he found the laird deep in a book, which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Mr. W—," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your book?" "They're very pretty stories," Sir Walter, replied the laird; "but they're unco' short."

A FRENCH gentleman, so say French papers, bought lately at auction several live Chinese ducks, of splendid plumage. Carrying them down to his country house, and having them transferred to the ornamental fishpond, he was astonished by his gardener presently coming to tell him that something extraordinary had happened. The brilliant colours had all disappeared from the ducks' plumage; but, on the other hand, the water had assumed a remarkable variety of hues!

PRINTERS' MISTAKES.—During the Mexican war one of the newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and 87 of his men had been lost in a battle (battle). Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown surtout was yesterday brought before the court on a charge of having stolen a small ox (box) from a lady's workbag; the stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat (raft), says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy were repulsed with great laughter (slaughter). Again: A gentleman was recently brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage-driver for demanding more than his fare.

LATEST FROM "LE FOLLET."—The sweetest thing in bonnets: The ladies' faces.—Punch.

THE YANKEE "DEVIL'S OWN."—Several of the commanders of the Federal army are said to have been lawyers. The American civil war appears to be the first in which troops have been led to action by attorney-generals.—Punch.

THE GERMAN BAND.—We wish that Mr. Bass, in his bill against bad music, could have shown some way of silencing that troublesome German band which has done so much of late to disturb the peace of Europe. The King of Prussia has been playing the first fiddle in this band, and playing it in harmony with the Emperor of Austria. Under their joint leadership, the band has done its best to make itself a nuisance, and very serious complaints have been on all sides urged against it; to which it has, however, paid but little heed. A meeting has been held to protest against the band, as disturbers of the peace; but

though everybody said that the nuisance should be stopped, nobody seemed willing to take active steps to stop it. As we abominate all rows, we trust this German band may shortly be bound over by somebody to keep the peace, though we know of no one who has sufficient faith in them to offer to come forward as surety for their doing so.—*Punch.*

NOTES AND NOTES.—A correspondent from America says:—"If Lee makes a dash at Baltimore, New York will quickly change its note." Yes, and may then find it easier to change its note that its greenback.—*Punch.*

A WAIF FROM WIMBLEDON.—"Pray don't hurry on so; it's really very dangerous," said Captain Charley to Miss Lightfoot, who was in haste to see the shooting. "Dangerous!" exclaimed the lady; "why, what is there to fear?" "Well," observed the gallant officer, "you see some of our fellows are remarkably good shots, and you might be mistaken for the Running Deer!"—*Punch.*

THE "GOVERNOUR" (one of the right sort).—"Yes, just as I and the boys have got comfortable, and our hands in nicely for shooting, to leave this quiet valley and go back to feather-beds and sheets and finger-glasses and turmoil and trumpery; I can't bear to think of it. Mix me another pannikin of brandy-and-water, Bob."—*Punch.*

A WARNING TO OLD GENTLEMEN

Who prefer forty winks after dinner to the ladies' company in the drawing-room.

Nelly:—"Oh, Charley, dear, what are you doing with grandpa's watch?"

"Charley, dear:—" Hush! don't make a noise; he will be so pleased when he wakes. I heard him say his watch wanted cleaning, so I am washing it for him!"

[And was grandpa pleased? Oh, delighted.]—Fun.

RAILWAY INTELLIGENCE.—We see there is to be a railway in Skye. We suppose the station will be in *sublimis*.—*Fun.*

STATISTICS.

A few days ago was issued an account of the gross public income of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in the year ending the 30th of June. The total revenue amounted to 69,992,960*l.* 4*s.* and the total expenditure (including 900,000*l.* for fortifications) to 67,543,078*l.* 2*s.* 3*d.*, leaving an excess of income over expenditure of 2,449,882*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* The balances in the Exchequer on the 30th ult. amounted to 7,839,271*l.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

POPULATION OF HONGKONG.—The census of 1863 shows the population of the colony to be 124,850; 1,644 Europeans, 1,336 Portuguese, Indians, and mixed blood, 100 aliens or temporary residents, leaving 121,770 Chinese. The number of boats plying in the harbours and bays shows a total of 4,019, with a population on board of 16,233 men, 6,519 women, 4,901 male children, and 2,184 female children, or a total of boat population amounting to 30,537.

THE EXPORT HORSE TRADE.—This trade seems to have increased considerably in extent and importance of late. Thus the number of horses exported in the fifteen years ending 1863 was as follows:—1849, 1,186; 1850, 1,823; 1851, 1,526; 1852, 2,485; 1853, 1,902; 1854, 2,346; 1855, 3,618; 1856, 1,708; 1857, 1,574; 1858, 2,072; 1859, 4,410; 1860, 3,199; 1861, 2,594; 1862, 4,288; 1863, 5,235. The value of these horses was as follows, year by year:—1849, 59,102*l.*; 1850, 88,004*l.*; 1851, 68,733*l.*; 1852, 98,867*l.*; 1853, 85,967*l.*; 1854, 117,719*l.*; 1855, 178,622*l.*; 1856, 100,349*l.*; 1857, 117,422*l.*; 1858, 130,873*l.*; 1859, 223,085*l.*; 1860, 205,033*l.*; 1861, 237,813*l.*; 1862, 267,956*l.*; 1863, 271,830*l.* Of the 1,708 horses in the first five months of the current year, 725 went to France; the total number exported in the corresponding five months of 1863 was 2,000; and in the corresponding period of 1862, 1,447. The value of the horses exported in the first five months of 1864 was 86,877*l.*, against 102,489*l.* in the corresponding period of 1863; and 105,111*l.* in the corresponding period of 1862.

BRITISH FISHERIES.—The return of the herring fishery of 1863 shows a total of 654,816 barrels cured, 276,860 branded, and 407,761 exported. The numbers are considerably less than in 1862, which was an extraordinary year; but it cannot be said that the fishing of 1863 was a short one. The experiment of fishing for herrings upon the ocean coasts in winter was repeated, and extended, with success. The returns of the cod and ling fishery show an increase in the quantity cured dried, which was 129,725 cwt., and also in the total quantity exported, which rose to 53,736 cwt. The little success experienced at Rockall in 1862 prevented vessels from being fitted out last season to fish there; and further experience has shown that the high anticipations formed of Rockall for the fishing of cod

and ling were illusory, and that its exposed position and other disadvantages will prevent its ever becoming the valuable fishing bank which at one time it was expected to be. In the year 1863, 13,191 boats, manned by 43,358 fishermen and boys, were employed in the herring, and cod, and ling fisheries, and the estimated value of the boats, nets, and lines was 845,724*l.*—an increase in boats and their value as compared with the previous year, but a decrease of 150 in the number of hands. Boats and nets are improving, and fishermen are becoming more thrifty and a better conducted class of men.

FOR AN ALBUM.

'Tis said that a friendship budded below,
If nourished and cherished with care,
Will certainly blossom in heaven above
More pure and by far more fair.

The flower that blooms with a fragrant breath
And scents the evening air,
Was naught but a seed in the cold, damp ground
Ere it bloomed in its beauty fair.

Our friendship below, though 'tis radiant and bright,
Is as yet but the seed in the ground;
In the future, 'twill blossom resplendent and fair,
And in heaven's own garden be found. A. J.

GEMS.

OLD men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

Joy is like the rainbow, which in the morning shines over evening, and in the evening arches over the East.

THERE are many things that are thorns to our hearts until we have attained them, and envenomed arrows when we have.

SOME people are always complaining and grumbling. Go where they will, they take with them a travelling-case of wrongs and injuries.

SOME men are called sagacious because they are avaricious: whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

WHY should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the Spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars. Nature never wearies of saying over her floral pater-noster.

THOUGHT AND FEELING.—The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time; and he who has much to think of must take many things to heart.

WEALTH bears more heavily on talent than poverty; under gold-mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried.

ALL artificial movements which come not from the very hearts of the people, but are made by money, are mere revolts. Revolutions are not possible only where there is a great reason for them.

WE should see to it that we are continually climbing in this life. There is no going down. It is climbing or falling. Every upward step makes another needful; and so we must go on until we reach the summit of the aspirations of time.

VALUABLE KNOWLEDGE.—Valuable knowledge can be obtained only by personal effort. Every one must traverse the hills and valleys for himself, and it is only by unremitting application and perseverance that the attempt will be crowned with success. But to the devoted, persevering seekers, success is certain. Their state of mind is such as to insure the best use being made of any accessible helps, and of the exercise of ingenuity and application in surmounting difficulties, even in absence of all foreign aid. Whatever may be his present deficiencies and disadvantages, the person—especially the young person—who is so sensible of the value of knowledge as to apply his heart to understanding—to seek for it as for silver, and to search for it as for hidden treasure—assuredly shall not seek in vain. Knowledge is the prize of application.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR BRANDY IN CASES OF EXHAUSTION.—In the "Transactions of the Obstetrical Society," Dr. Druitt recommends for this purpose lean beef, chopped up, enclosed in a jar, and subjected for an hour or more to heat, when it will separate into three portions, fat, fibre, and liquid essence. Strain off the last, and separate the fat by means of blotting-paper, when a clear amber liquid is obtained, of an intensely aromatic smell and flavour, very stimulating to the brain. Different samples of meat yield different quantities of it, and it contains a variable proportion of gelatinous matter. It yields on evaporation about

one-sixteenth of solid residue, which soon effervesces on exposure to the air, from the saline matters contained. This is not intended as a substitute for common beef-tea, but it is recommended as an auxiliary to and partial substitute for brandy in all cases of great exhaustion or weakness, attended with cerebral depression. It is free from bulk, and exerts a rapid stimulating power over the brain. In the sequelæ of severe and exhausting labour it is invaluable.

CHEESECAKE TO KEEP A YEAR.—Take 1 pound of loaf sugar, 6 eggs well beaten, the juice of 3 fine lemons, the grated rind of 2, and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is as thick as honey. Put it into a jar, and you will have it always at hand for making cheesecakes, as it will last good a year.

HOW TO HAVE SUMMER FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Gather the flowers on a dry day, and before they are fully spread in bloom. To preserve them you need a shiny-lined jar of earthenware, whatever size you will; but let the size be as it may, you must quite fill it. Then sprinkle with good claret or other light wine in which a little salt is mingled. Tie up your vase or jar carefully, and deposit in some safe cellar. You have no more to do but take out your flowers when you will, set them by the fire—and heigh, presto—bloom, life, perfume! Two hundred years ago you might have expired at the stake as a witch; now you are only the astonisher of delighted and admiring friends.—G. C. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Russian Government has given orders to close all the Polish libraries which exist in Lithuania.

A MEMORIAL, signed by upwards of 90,000 of the factory operatives of Lancashire, has been presented to Earl Russell, praying the Government to interfere in the American struggle.

AN experiment was concluded in Cumberland last week, which is interesting to farmers and others, as showing the relative feeding properties of malt and barley. On the 9th of April last, eight Irish heifers, as nearly equal in quality, size, and weight as it was possible to find them, were fastened up in the premises of Mr. Wyndham, brewer, Cockermouth, to fatten. Four of these were fed upon barley, and four upon equal measures of malt. The result, at the end of thirteen weeks, was in favour of barley by 39*lb.*

MATRIMONY.—When a young tradesman in Holland or Germany goes a courting, the first question the young woman asks him is: "Are you able to pay the charges?" That is to say, in plain English: "Are you able to keep a wife when you have got her?" What a world of misery it would prevent if the young women of all countries would stick to the wisdom of that question! "Marriage is not made of mushrooms, but of good round cake," is one of the pithy sayings by which our ancestors conveyed the same prudence.

THE Rinchington Tea Company, capital £60,000, in 6,000 shares of £10 each, has been formed, for the purpose of cultivating and manufacturing tea on three valuable freehold estates in the district of Darjeeling, Bengal. The directors anticipate that in two seasons from the present time a crop of about 16,000 lbs. of tea will be secured, and that when the whole of the estates are under cultivation, the annual production will amount to 60,000 lbs. It is well known that Indian tea, owing to its strength, commands high prices in the London market.

JUTE has now become the staple manufacture of Dundee; and in less than five years the consumption has more than doubled, being now 600,000 bales as the year's average, whilst the yarn is daily increasing in demand, as substitute for cotton goods. If jute is suited for this, it cannot fail to yield good pulp to the paper-makers also. For many years the flax-mills of Belfast have produced thousands of yards of hempen linen, if we may so call it, and this of such excellent quality that it requires a practised eye to detect the difference between the jute in its manufactured state and flax cloth.

HAVELOCK'S TOMB.—A correspondent of the *Bengal Hurkaru*, who lately passed through Oude, gives this sad account of the present condition of Havelock's tomb:—"I reached the Alumbagh about five a.m., and could not pass without visiting the grave of Havelock. I was much surprised and disappointed to find the place utterly neglected. It might be as well, perhaps, to leave the house as it now stands, for it bears good evidence of the fighting there; but why the garden should be allowed to remain as it is cannot very well be explained. One thousand rupees expended on the garden in clearing it out and planting shrubs, and fifty rupees per month afterwards, would, I think, do all that is necessary."

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Theoretical Astronomy Examined and Exposed. By "Common Sense." Parts I and II. London: F. FITZMAURICE. There is no doubt that, in the ordinary affairs of the world, common sense is the one quality chiefly needed; but it is, unfortunately, as rare as it is desirable. If people were only endowed with common sense, say philosophers, what a world it would be! How merrily this good old globe would spin through space and circle through the spheres! But stay—here is a philosopher—an astronomical philosopher—the author writing under the pseudonym above—who states solemnly that the world is not round, and that it does not move through space at all. According to the dictum of "Common Sense," the so-called exact science of astronomy, as at present understood, is all wrong, and astronomers, one and all, are mad as March hares. There is no truth in their science, and no science in themselves; and "Common Sense" tells them so flatly, and in good set phrase. They are men before their age—that is to say, they should have lived in the times of Ptolemy, and taught the Ptolemaic theory of the stars. That is what "Common Sense" proposes, as far as we can discover; for he utterly renounces—we had almost written denounces—Copernicus and Galileo, and will have nought to do with their astronomical dicta; and, as for the "lesser lights" of the science, Herschel and Hind, the astronomer royal himself and all other astronomers whomsoever, why, Harewell is the only fitting place for them. Our author proclaims aloud that they are false teachers, every man of them, and looks hopefully for the time when the doctrine they propound "will be saluted by the people at large as the most stupendous absurdity that ever entered the mind of man." There is no certainty as to what will or will not happen; still, we venture to say that we doubt the arrival of this period; and, meanwhile, we feel pretty sure that "the people at large" will believe in Galileo and his disciples, and exclaim, as the great astronomer did, when carried, bruised and bleeding, from the rack, for daring to publish the theory of the earth's rotation, "*E pur ce, muove!*"—"it moves, nevertheless."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. R.—Handwriting good, and adapted for legal purposes.
CLARK'S handwriting is very good and plain, as a lady's hand.
W. H. Manchester.—It was impossible for us to comply with your former request, no address having been given.
T. H. MORTHY.—All the numbers of THE 7 DAYS' JOURNAL are in print. Send your correct address to the publisher, who will forward you the numbers required.
CAROLINE R.—Handwriting of average merit; would be better if "Caroline" crossed her t's, and indulged in fewer flourishes.
DAISY is a lonely little maiden, with a heart that yearns for love. She is a blonde, about the middle height, not bad-looking, has golden brown hair, and is very domesticated.
A. Z.—There is a little work published by Longmans, on the nature and treatment of hesitation in speech, which you will probably find useful.
MELBOURNE.—The gold coinage of the Sydney mint is perfectly legal. Your handwriting appears to be adapted for most general purposes.
J. H. H.—A lad of sixteen years of age, who is 5 ft. 8 in. in height, has very good pretensions to be considered tall. Handwriting neat and distinct, but rather deficient in flameness.
A. M. P.—You are only right to this extent—that the keepers of the public parks do not belong to the regular police force. But they are sworn constables, nevertheless, and have all the power of regular policemen.
L. E. M.—It seems very strange that you cannot procure the back numbers from your newsman. Send stamps to the publisher for the numbers which you require, and also to defray the postage, and they will be forwarded.
AGRICOLA.—A man who has been divorced cannot marry again until the expiration of three months; that is, until the order of divorce has been made absolute. (See the reply to Yola, in No. 65.)
A. R. C.—We regret that we could not supply you with the address of the ventriloquist you name; and doubt very much his ability, or that of any other ventriloquist or mesmerist, to cure impediment in speech. (See reply to "A. Z.")
G. E.—"Commissions" are of various kinds, and procured in various ways. We do not know how you can obtain the particular description of commission you desire, except by active personal canvass or by advertising.
J. L. S.—We could not undertake to conduct such an inquiry for you; there are many so-called lists of next-of-kin published, and to the agents who profess to make such matters their business we must refer you.
COLUMBA.—The present resting-place of the bones of the great Christopher Columbus (or, more properly, Cristoforo Colombo) is, as we stated in the paragraph to which your note refers, the Cathedral of Havana. He was buried first at Valladolid, whence his remains were removed to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, near Seville,

where was placed over his grave the proud and memorable inscription—"A Castilla y Leon, nuevo mundo dio Colon" (that is, to Castile and Leon, Christopher Columbus gave a new world). For his reward, however, he only received neglect, and such anxieties as broke his heart.

LOUISE wishes to correspond with a gentleman desirous of marrying. Is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, has dark hair, hazel eyes, is considered passable, thoroughly domesticated, of a very loving disposition, and in a respectable position, but without fortune.

NELLY.—The lines,
Her voice, that even in her mirthful mood,
Has made me wish to steal away and weep,
are Coleridge's, and occur in the "Keepsake;" the other quotation,
I think of thee with many fears,
For what may be thy lot in future years,

is Wordsworth's.

SECKEL.—No; the popular air in America known now as "Yankee Doodle" is not of American origin. The words only are American; the air is an old English one, and was very popular in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth.

CHARLES S. M.—The eruptions arise from an unhealthy condition of the blood, which may be caused by excesses in diet. Use, as a powder, to be taken night and morning, Sowers of sulphur half a drachm; carbonate of soda, a scruple; tartarised antimony, one-eighth of a grain.

A LONELY ONE.—If your signature expresses a fact, and you are without friends in the colony, we should not advise you to emigrate thither; Australia being, if anything, rather more hazardous and unceremonious a destination than hitherto for female emigrants.

L. A. R.—The "duty of a midshipman" is to become a sailor, and qualified as an officer to direct British tars how to fight and conquer the enemy. You will be better told how to do this from the quarter-deck than from our columns.

J. KNIGHT.—In the last week's number you will find a recipe for promoting the growth of and strengthening the hair. Your handwriting is a fair commercial hand, and fitted for the junior clerk; it would be better if not characterized by so many flourishes.

CONFESSIONS.

What is he buzzing in my ears?
"Now that I come to die,
Do I view the world as a vale of tears?"
Ah, reverend sir, no! I!
What I viewed there once, what I view again,
Where the physis bottles stand
On the table's edge—is a suburb lane,
With a wall to my bedside hand.
That lane aloped, much as the bottles do,
From a house you could destroy;
O'er the garden wall: is the certain blue
Or green to a healthy eye?
To mine, it serves for the old June weather
Blue above lane and wall;
And that farthest bottle, labelled "Ether,"
Is the house o'er-topping all.
At a terrace, somewhat near its stopper,
There watched for me, one June,
A girl: I know, sir, it's improper,
My poor mind's out of tune.
Only, there was a way . . . you crept
Close by the side, to dodge
Eyes in the house, two eyes except:
They styled their house "The Lodge."
What right had a longer up their lane?
But, by creeping very close,
With the good wall's help—their eyes might strain
And stretch themselves to Oea.
Yet never catch her and me together,
As she left the attic, there,
By the rim of the bottle labelled "Ether,"
And stole from stair to stair,
And stood by the rose-wreathed gate. Alas,
We loved, sir—used to meet:
How sad, and bad, and mad it was—
But, then, how it was sweet!

ROBERT R.

S. J. R.—The term "Gothic architecture" is, no doubt, confusing to a certain extent. It is used very generally to contradicting the buildings of the middle ages from those of ancient Greece and Rome; but it is scarcely ever used with strict accuracy.

CURATOR.—Curacao is a liquor obtained by digesting orange-peel in sweetening spirits, and flavouring with cinnamon and cloves or mace. It was first made, and in great perfection, by the Dutch, in their island of Curacao, whence its name.

LOUISA T., who is twenty-two years of age, with dark eyes, fair complexion, tall, genteel, amiable, pretty, of good birth, and possessing a small fortune, desires to exchange *cartes de visite* with a gentleman about twenty-five years of age, of good family, and who is matrimonially disposed.

ROSE, a blooming blonde of seventeen, notifies all bachelors who have proclivities towards matrimony that she is ready to receive proposals for her hand and heart. The first possesses much domestic usefulness, and the latter is tender and loving, and this constitutes the sum of "Rose's" fortune.

R. S. V. P.—We cannot understand why your bookseller cannot procure for you the numbers of THE LONDON READER which you require, as they could be obtained on application to the publisher. The back numbers are all in print; and if you transmit stamps and your address to the office, they will be forwarded. (See also reply to "Melbourne.")

EDITH L., who is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 4½ in. in height, with dark chestnut hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes, would have no objection to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes de visite* with "Cavalier;" and being very domesticated, believes that she would make him a good little wife.

A. THOMAS, who is 19 years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, with light complexion, an accomplished pianist and singer, by

profession a civil engineer, and considered handsome, notifies his possession of all those gifts and qualities for the information of any young lady of good family who may be disposed to value them in a matrimonial light.

C. D. S.—A crypt is a low chamber, under a church or cathedral, with a vaulted roof, and with grained arches springing from short and massive columns. They sometimes extend under the whole building, as in Canterbury Cathedral; and formerly they were used for the performance of divine service as well as for places of internment.

P. P. O.—The examination of candidates for admission to the Civil Service of India is severe: comprising, besides English and continental history and literature, the mathematics, natural science, chemistry, &c.; natural history, geology, &c.; moral science, Sanscrit, and Arabic. But we do not state this to frighten or deter you; on the contrary,

E. A.—Umbrellas with steel frames are in some degree dangerous in electric storms, because they might convey electricity to the hand, and then transfer it to the body. But generally, when it rains, the rain itself, being a good conductor, diminishes the danger by conducting the electricity to the ground.

R. O.—The saying that a person is playing "the part of Bobadil," that is, acting in a truculent and domineering manner, arose from the circumstances connected with the tyrannical treatment which Columbus received from one Francisco de Bobadilla, whom King Ferdinand had despatched from Spain to America to supersede the great discoverer.

EMILY, who is 29 years of age, rather tall, with dark hair and eyes, good temper, and combining an excellent education with business knowledge, would be happy to correspond with a gentleman about 35 or 40, who is matrimonially inclined. She does not desire a large income, and would prefer a widower with a small family. Has no money to bring at present.

TRIBONIA.—Your question implies a distinction with a difference. In the abnormal state of the system which induces perspiration, and where the active and external cause is the warmth of the atmosphere, it would be more accurate to intimate the fact by saying, "I am heated." In another abnormal state of the system, in which the temperature of the body is raised, as by fever, it would be correct to signify the fact by using the words, "I am hot."

AN ONLY ONE desires to meet with a volunteer for matrimony, who must not, however, be a rifle volunteer, nor under six feet in height, nor a tradesman; but must be rather stout, gracefully proportioned, with fair hair, blue eyes, nice moustache, thick whiskers, a lover of music and of home, and be a Government clerk. The lady herself has auburn hair, dark grey eyes, dark complexion, is a good singer, domesticated, and although it seems rather paradoxical passionately fond of dancing.

CURPD sends us a somewhat enigmatical note. He states that he is about to return to "his native clime," and wants to wed before he goes. Now, everybody knows that Cupid's native clime is heaven; but the puzzle is, how he could take, or why he should desire to take, a wife thither. But let our fair readers read the riddle for themselves. Cupid, then, he states, is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, rather dark complexion, considered good-looking, of independent means, and always fond of a comfortable home; but sadly in want of a nice, kind little wife to share it with him. Now, who will dwell in this Cupid's bower?

S. E. S.—Houses being considered as let for the year, tenants are subject to the laws affecting annual tenancies, unless there be a written agreement to the contrary. And although the notion prevails that where the rent is paid quarterly, a quarter's warning to quit is a sufficient notice, this is a mistake; for in default of a special agreement defining the time of warning, six months' notice must be given, to expire on the corresponding day of the year to that in which the tenancy commenced. As you have no agreement, your landlord can, if so disposed, require from you a six months' notice to quit.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—"Clyde" desires to correspond with "Fanny," and is all she asks for—"S. J. H. Boulette" is quite charmed with "Edith," from whom he wishes to hear again, believing that she would suit him admirably as a wife—"Solitary Walter" acknowledges the replies of "S. S.," "Topsy," and "Idah-o," from either of whom he desires to hear more explicitly—"H. P.," twenty years of age, fair complexion, and 5 ft. 9 in. in height, would be glad to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with "Annie" ("Lizette" and "Annie")—"H. E. M.," who is nineteen years of age, about the middle height, good-looking, having clear complexion, rosy cheeks, black hair, and accustomed to domestic management, would like to enter on a matrimonial correspondence with "Cavalier"—"Rose" thinks she would just suit "Percy," with whom she desires to exchange *cartes de visite*. "Rose" is twenty-seven years of age, not handsome, but has a pleasing expression, dark hair and eyes, with very fair skin; is well-educated, thoroughly domesticated, is of a very affectionate disposition, and has a small income—"Snowdrop" thinks that "J. de S." would be the very husband she would like to obtain. "Snowdrop" is rather tall and dark, with dark hair and eyebrows, of lady-like appearance, of good family, an excellent cook and housekeeper, well educated, twenty-one years of age, and would make a loving and good-tempered wife for "J. de S.," whose *carte de visite* is requested.

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